ELIZABETH DE BRUCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CLAN-ALBIN.

O! GOOD, YOUR WORSHIP, TELL IT OF ALL THINGS; FOR I MIGHTILY DELIGHT IN HEARING OF LOVE STORIES.

SANCHO PANZA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH:
AND T. CADELL, LONDON.
MDCCCXXVII.



ELIZABETH DE BRUCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WHIM FAMILY.

"She'd study to reform the men,
Or add some grains of folly more
To women than they had before."

Mr. Hutchen, his family, and their guests, were assembled in one of the highly decorated drawing-rooms of the Whim, when Delancy's message and apology to "Mr. and Mrs. Hutchen" were delivered by a somewhat tardy messenger.

"Strange!" said Mrs. Hutchen; "after all the fuss I made to get the cook to understand that *servile de veau aux a crevice* Mr. Hutchen made such a work about."

"O, Mama, such French!" cried Miss Juliana, glancing and averting her eyes from her mother with contemptuous pity.

"My French, Miss Hutchen, did not cost my father the tenth part the money yours has cost your mother.—See that you make a better use of it now you have it, Miss Hutchen, than to insult your mother," said the justly offended lady.

"And pray what is it, after all?" asked Mr. John Hutchen, junior. "I never saw it at Tomkin's table; and he keeps the most famous cook."

"O! *cervelles de veau aux ecrevisses*," interrupted Juliana, with a mixture of real insolence and affected carelessness;—"something of brains."

"*Calves' brains*, John," said Lady Harriette Copely. "I'm surprised you don't know the dish.—But pray now, my dear Mrs. Hutchen, did you really make *a fuss* with the cook?"

"Indeed I did, Lady Harriette; I like to see all Mr. Hutchen's guests comfortable."

"Feasted on *servile de veau!*—My young cousin is the most unpardonable of men,—*such* a return for *such* hospitality!—But the dish must not be lost. Suppose, Mrs. Hutchen, we have it served to-morrow: or, as the cook is now so well instructed, that every company-day we have *servile de*

veau." Her ladyship, an exquisite adept in the art of talking *at*, saw that her bolt had hit her chosen victim. For the other members of the family she cared not a rush; and indeed Mrs. Hutchen took her speech as civility, and Juliana, as pure ignorance of that Parisian pronunciation she had acquired from the instructions of Madame Vipont.

"Strange!" thought Miss Juliana Hutchen, adjusting her hair in a French pier-glass which gave back her slight and rather genteel figure, in a robe of pale pink gauze with flowers of satin, worn for the first time,—and in which her waiting-maid had assured her, surveying her askance, that "she looked like a born angel, if she would only, as a *peticular favour*, allow her just to touch the top of the check with the *leetlest* bit of rouge that ever was seen in the wide world." "You are always asking some absurd favour," had been Juliana's reply. "Make haste with you then.—Strange to stay in that old odd place."

"So those that go to scoff, remain to dine," said the same Lady Harriette Copely, the fashionable wife of a client of Mr. Hutchen's, commended, if not formally consigned to his hospitality by her husband, who served in the navy and was now

abroad. The constraint was ill brooked by the high spirit of her ladyship, whose constant study and delight it was to revenge herself by tormenting the whole family; and in the science of civilly tormenting the talents of Lady Harriette made her a very tolerable proficient.

Her ladyship's secret thought was, "How shall this Sunday evening in Hutchen's be got through?" Mr. Hutchen, whatever might be his secret thought, made no observation on the desertion of his guest. In tones a little raised, and with a colour somewhat deepened, he merely ordered dinner—"dinner, *instantly*."

At this weary dinner no one came to admire or applaud Mrs. Hutchen's dishes, and Mr. Hutchen's wines, Miss Juliana's robe, or Lady Harriette's repartees, save a gentleman carelessly mentioned by Mr. Hutchen to her ladyship before he appeared, as "a Dr. Mallock," of whom she ever afterwards spoke as "the indefinite article." The poor man did his best notwithstanding; and Mrs. Hutchen at least was pleased, either from possessing more good nature, or from being less exacting than the other ladies; more probably because the Doctor really could better appreciate the merit of

her made-dishes, than either the beauty of Juliana or of her robe, or the wit and graces of Lady Harriette.

Lady Harriette, after indulging in a few skirmishes of wit with her shrewd host, whom she was beginning to detest as much as she had always despised himself, his wife, and daughter, got back to the drawing-room without, at this time, any open breach of the peace.

" I am sure he will fall quite in love with Elizabeth," said Juliana, pursuing aloud the train of her own reflections ;—" She is so beautiful." Miss Hutchen was one of those young ladies who pride themselves on excessive candour, and admiration of rival charms, particularly when they think none very eminent are visible to other eyes.

" Who will fall in love, with whom ?" said Lady Harriette, raising herself up in the couch where she had disposed her limbs to elegant repose. " We are shrewd guessers, but cannot quite follow all the zig-zag quirks of a wit so nimble-paced as your's, my dear Juliana."

" O !—Elizabeth de Bruce, and Delancy. She is quite a gentleman's beauty—one of their full, round, elastic figures."

" And what sort of thing, pray, is a lady's beau-

ty ?" said Lady Harriette, who herself, though still a very handsome woman, was rather inclining to embonpoint—" something with the finely rounded flowing proportions of a Grecian statue—or another *thing* exhibiting the spider limbs of an effigy on which to stick the fashions for the next number of The Ladies' Almanack." She half glanced her eye over the bare sharp elbows and meagre naked shoulder blades of Juliana.

" Every body knows what one calls a gentleman's beauty," replied Juliana, rather pertly.

" I am not quite so vain as to reckon myself every body, Miss Hutchen"—said the lady haughtily. " But pray, Mrs. Hutchen, is this the Diana whom Delancy's dogs nearly devoured with kindness the other evening; the lady of whose graces he gave me so picturesque a sketch ?"

" The same young lady, poor thing"—said Mrs. Hutchen. " She rambles about at a sad rate; but it is in the blood of the family—an hereditary malady. I did what I could for her, Lady Harriette, sent her a governess, and got her a new stays, and *reelly* took pains with her. But I have so many calls on my time, as your ladyship perceives."

" Many calls on your invaluable time," said

Lady Harriette, bowing low.—" And is this poor girl the daughter of that Lord de Bruce, whom I well remember as the very handsomest man I ever saw sit on horseback?" she added, addressing Mr. Hutchen, who had joined the party.

" Your ladyship's must have been very young eyes at that time," replied Hutchen gallantly.

" That unfortunate de Bruce still in confinement!" said Lady Harriette—" and his daughter similarly afflicted?"

" O! only flighty—only flighty," cried candid Mrs. Hutchen."

" But her father?" said Lady Harriette, looking for answer to Hutchen.

" Hereditary madness is a distemper not easily subdued, Lady Harriette."

" Alas! no"—she replied very earnestly—" but surely every means were, and are taken. The treatment of mental disease is so much better understood now than it was even a very few years ago. Who has the charge of his person?" Mr. Hutchen walked out of the room, either deaf, or afflicted with the equally troublesome disease of not listening.

" My dear Lady Harriette, I am afraid you have made a *leetle* mistake," whispered Mrs. Hut-

chen, in her most insinuating tones, and laying the tips of her fingers on the lady's hand in gentle remonstrance and friendly confidence. "Mr. Hutchen you know takes care of Lord de Bruce's affairs. Indeed they have half ruined Mr. Hutchen. He never speaks to me of his affairs, but I know the sums he has advanced are monstrous: it is incredible, I assure you, what the de Bruce estate owes Mr. Hutchen. The expense of his Lordship's insane establishment is enormous—as much as"—

"No, no; not half so much as some other insane establishments," interrupted Lady Harriette. "I know what you were going to say, my dear Mrs. Hutchen. But where, in the name of heaven, is this other splendid Bedlam? Scotland is not so broad or wide but we might have heard of it."

"Really I do not know," replied Mrs. Hutchen. "Juliana, where does your papa keep Lord de Bruce just now? Somewhere in the lakes of England, or France, or Lochlomond, or somewhere."

"Papa don't like conversation on this painful subject," said Juliana, at once pertly and sulkily. "They were early friends."

"And the tenderness and delicacy of worthy

Mr. Hutchen's disposition forbid all conversation on a subject so affecting to his feelings.—I shall spare him," said Lady Harriette, lowering her scornful eye-lids.

The evening passed heavily away, notwithstanding many laudable efforts made by Dr. Mallock, as in duty bound, to enliven conversation by good jokes and anecdotes of such rural neighbours as were "characters and oddities." Mr. Hutchen was moody and abstracted—at times almost rude to his wife and daughter—but scrupulously polite to his high-born guest.

There is a circumscribed and spurious kind of good-breeding, which neither the high-spirited, the truly polite, nor the really generous can tolerate: the good-breeding, for instance, which heaps their own trencher with delicacies, and deals out scraps to some poor relation or dependant placed far off near the bottom of the same table—the good-breeding which never descends below the salt; which makes the highly polished modern Russian noble have his dainty dishes arranged at the head of his board as a preserve for the privileged orders; and which at home dictates many amiable every-day acts foreign to our present purpose Lady Harriette Copely

possessed, in varying degrees, high spirit, politeness and generosity—all the qualities which make this bastard breeding appear contemptible and odious; and she felt and resented as a personal insult, the rudeness and bad temper which Mr. Hutchen sometimes permitted himself to display to his wife and daughter in *her* presence, as much as if the exacerbation had been levelled against herself, chiefly indeed because it was displayed in *her* presence. Lady Harriette prided herself on the frankness and spirit of her character, and made no secret at any time either of her feelings of displeasure or of kindness. The party broke up, if not in anger at least with that sullenness which leaves an opening either for oblivion or war, as temper or policy may next day dictate.

On the next morning Lady Harriette met Delancy in the breakfast parlour, before any one else had appeared. They were distant relations, and on the easiest terms of fashionable intimacy.

"Now tip your tongue with Irish pomatum, and tell me what excuse you have to offer for your delinquency of yesterday," said she. "What atonement for so flagrant a breach of our confederacy, offensive and defensive, against *ennui* and

Hutchen—especially as I had declared that I am able, and thrice willing to take the whole operations *offensive* into my own hands."

Delancy gave her a lively account of his visit.

"O this exquisite Monkshaugh!" was on her laughing lips, when Mr. Hutchen appeared and congratulated her on her vivacity and unusual activity that morning.

"How could mortal woman slumber longer in ignorance of the very existence of Effie Fechnie, Francie Frisel, Gog and Magog, Jacobina Pingle, and—who else, Delancy—your Diana?"

"The lady to whom your ladyship alludes must be left out of the play," said Delancy gravely.

"You say well, Delancy," observed Lady Harriette earnestly; "the unhappy girl is no subject of jest. But sooth to tell, Mr. Hutchen, I consider it as the greatest misfortune of my life—next perhaps to—no matter what—that your vile lawsuits cut us off from all intercourse with this exquisite family. Do empower me to sue for peace, or truce."

"The way to Monkshaugh lies fair and wide

before your ladyship," said Hutchen, too much offended to be politic.

"And my ladyship shall not be slack to prove it, Mr. Hutchen," returned the spirited lady, who was to the full, as prone to take offence as any one could be to offer her incivility. "O, Delancy, for a touch of your easy impudence!—bronzed in the Dublin Courts—fused in Dame Street—dipped in the Shannon—tempered to any thing!"—Lady Harriette wished to shew that her spirit was too lofty to be ruffled by the assaults of so low an adversary as 'this Mr. Hutchen.' And she proceeded—"Shall I pretend a Scotch cousinship with the ancestry of Monkshaugh; or be thrown from horseback among the old green hollies;—I wonder you have no old trees about your fine place here, Mr. Hutchen?—or beg to kiss the black beard of the Great Marquis?—or stay—you said, Mr. Hutchen—or was it you, Delancy?—that there was some rare old painting—a Teniers—or something of the Flemish Masters—a dance of devils or witches"——

The dark brow of Mr. Hutchen became swarthy red. He, in Jacobina's phrase, "let down his grandmother's lucken-brows," till the expres-

sion of his face became fierce, Satanic, and wolfish; but he said not one word.

"The devil rein in your ladyship's spiteful tongue," thought Delancy. "Here is a woman now—not an ill-natured one either—who, rather than not say her say when so minded, cares not what firebrands, arrows, and death she scatters; what ruin she incurs herself or brings upon others. Her husband is very much in the power of this precious Hutchen—so I fear is poor old Grahame."

"Both mute, gentleman," said Lady Harriette. "You, at least, Mr. Hutchen, who are so competent, indeed so excellent a judge in the arts, might surely inform me whether this celebrated piece will reward the trouble of a morning visit."

That Mr. Hutchen durst venture to understand her irony, much less reply to it, was beyond her ladyship's calculation; and her woman's heart inwardly quailed, whatever face her pride put on it, when he burst forth—

"I will not affect to misunderstand your ladyship. I disdain the paltry subterfuge. I am *not* a man of family; yet my wife and daughter have the honour of receiving Lady Harriette Copely as their guest. Your husband, yourself, and many

others of the same noble class, have done me gracious acts of kindness, which I can never forget"—

"Condescended to borrow your money," thought Delancy. "I give you credit, Mr. Hutchen. The right which they have to retain their pride and lay aside their dignity, let the College of Heralds shew for them."

—"Acts," continued Hutchen, "which have tended to make me too far forget the distinctions of birth, perhaps to despise them, and to overvalue the energy and enterprise which force their way upwards in despite of them; yet this dwarfed scion of Scottish gentry—this imbecile, pickling, preserving, pitiful beggar, who, by my humanity and sufferance alone, is permitted to remain under his father's roof, or to retain a sixpence to bless himself withal—this Mr. Robert Grahame—this gentleman! employs his useless hours, and trains his half-starved menials to turn my humble origin into ridicule, even to my guests, and to give currency to the vulgar gossip and malignant slanders of the lowest village rabble. It shall be my care to afford Mr. Grahame a fresh scene, and a fitter audience than your ladyship."

"My ladyship is every moment more and more beholden to your politeness—overwhelmed quite,"

said Lady Harriette, ready to burst with the indignation which she disdained to vent in loud passion. "May I hope that predominating quality of Mr. Hutchen's mind, will bring to his remembrance what seems to have totally escaped his memory—that, though he is Captain Copely's *homme des affaires*, Lady Harriette Copely regulates her matters by her own counsels. Delancy, be kind enough to order your vehicle for me a half hour hence. I must embrace the opportunity of visiting Monkshaugh while I may."

"Nay, a charge from your Ladyship, and a charge of horning, will be too much for old Monkshaugh in one morning," said Delancy, who was exceedingly vexed by the turn which the conversation had taken, and by anticipation of the consequences to which it might lead.

"I will take my chance of his hospitality, however, and of seeing the"——the eye of Delancy, chiding and imploring, arrested the word—"witch-picture."

"Your ladyship will do your pleasure," said Hutchen, in tones which implied—"and for your pleasure I don't care a rush."

"It were less than justice to myself, and to Mr. Grahame of Monkshaugh, were I to be silent

longer," said Delancy. "I confess, with shame, that I was idle enough to listen to a gossip's story which the country people and the household servants have of a painting in Monkshaugh. But, I give you my honour, Mr. Hutchen, that this tale which, in mere wantonness, I committed to the discretion of Lady Harriette"—("To the indiscretion of Lady Harriette," whispered her ladyship, smilingquietly:) "the *indiscretion* of Lady Harriette;—Your ladyship's happier choice of words I dare not dispute," said Delancy, bowing to her;—"this paltry tale was related to me by a domestic only—probably never reached the ears of Mr. Grahame: certainly to me it never passed his lips.—I am heartily ashamed of it."

"I claim like privilege with her ladyship to be judge of my own belief of what Mr. Grahame may say or may not say! whatever he may have said to you," said Hutchen, taking his place at the breakfast-table.

Lady Harriette was now rather alarmed at her own rashness, and even secretly repented of it, in so far at least as it involved Monkshaugh with a person who, she was aware, might only wait the first specious pretext to wreck upon him a long treasured purpose of vengeance for many petty

insults and affronts. She forced a smile, and also drew her chair towards the breakfast table, saying,

"I have heard, Mr. Hutchen, that 'he who is his own counsel, has a fool for a client.' In my own case I begin to believe that it may be so. Then pray let us bury this controversy about old Grahame beneath this cairn of muffins, or drown it in this lake of—tea or chocolate?—which shall I pour out for you, Mr. Hutchen?"—Mr. Hutchen said "Coffee;" but still looked sullen: and that her slightest overture for reconciliation—*hers!* the daughter of a peer of the highest English nobility—the grand-daughter of a duke!—hers to "this Mr. John Hutchen"—should not be joyfully, thankfully leaped at, was insolence unpardonable—and without altering a muscle of her face, though a nice ear might have detected a slight change of voice, she continued—"which shall I have the honour of pouring out for Mr. Hutchen, since good Mrs. Hutchen and dear Juliana withhold the sweet influences they shed last night so very long this morning that I am forced to usurp place."

The silliness of his wife, and the folly of his

daughter, were points on which the proud mind of Hutchen was morbidly sensible. The tone in which Lady Harriette spoke, was too accordant with his own estimate of the merits of those near relatives, not to be keenly felt, and resented as insult of the deepest kind. He bit his lip, accepted the tea offered in willing mistake by her ladyship, and kept an ominous silence.

Delancy stood apart, waiting the entrance of the ladies of the family ere he began breakfast. "Here now," thought he, "is a genuine slip of mother Eve. I have no doubt her better feelings prompted the commencement of that last sentence; but to finish in the same spirit, if the slightest irritation, or any ready piece of flibberty-jibbet came into that child's cabinet of puzzles and toys which she calls her 'mind,' was altogether beyond her ladyship's power. Who shall say that there is no original difference in the structure of the mind of man and woman? There sits the man composed and silent, chewing his roll and the cud of his resentment, implacable, unmerciful; and here the woman, pampering her lap-dog, trembling, and yet exulting in the success of her impertinence, ready to tear her hair when she shall be made acquainted with all its consequences, and equally prompt

to repeat the same folly, at the same risk, within the next five seconds."

And so it happened. Mrs. Hutchen and her daughter entered the room; and Lady Harriette secretly vowed that though her host might keep his tongue, he should not keep his temper. After carrying the compliments of the morning, and apologies for beginning breakfast, to that overstrained height which, from the grand-daughter of a duke to the wife of Mr. Hutchen, quite overwhelmed that good woman, she said, "I am glad you have appeared, my dear Mrs. Hutchen—Juliana, love, why so pale this morning?" Juliana's roses were fresh from the touch of her maid; and Lady Harriette well knew that this was one shallow art of decoration, which in his daughter Mr. Hutchen detested.—"No particular cause, I hope?—O! no—I see:—Well, my dear Mrs. Hutchen, I say I am so glad you are come to act as mediatrix; for here am I and your lord on the very eve of quarrelling, because, as he supposes, I accused his female relatives of skill in the black art. So help me! Hecate, Jean Wear, Witch of Endor, Lady Stair, and every sorceress, ancient or modern, as I never thought, believed, nor imagined Mrs. Hut-

chen a witch—nor dear Juliana possessed of one jot of a conjurer's blood."

"Witchcraft!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchen—"Goodness me, Mr. Hutchen, who would ever think me a witch! My dear, you must have known Lady Harriette was joking."

"They laugh well who laugh last, Lady Harriette Copely," said Hutchen; and made his bow. Again the coward heart of the lady quailed; for her courage, after all, was but that of a bush-fighter. She fought behind the shelter of her sex and rank, and dreaded the open field.

CHAPTER II.

AT HOME.

Call her the metaphysics of her sex,
And say she tortures wits, as quartans vex
Physicians.

CLEAVELAND.

In the course of the morning Lady Harriette, having prudently let her scheme of visiting Monkshaugh slip from her memory, prevailed upon Mrs. Hutchen to send Mr. Gideon Haliburton an invitation to the great impending party; and as Mrs. Hutchen and Juliana had lately learned that, among very great people like themselves, "*characters* and *oddities*, *originals* and *queer mortals*, and *lions*," were of approved fashion, those ladies were happy to oblige their guest; and an "At Home" was accordingly despatched to the Sourholes.

"What am I to make o' that pasteboard ticket,

my wee man? What for need the vain woman have telled me she was "At hame?" said Gideon to the Whittret, who was with him when Mrs. Hutchen's card arrived. Frisel had been sent by Elizabeth to reclaim the third volume of the "Border Minstrelsy," which the minister had carried off on his last visit to Monkshaugh; and Gideon was confident that the body servant of the "Pernickettie" Laird of Monkshaugh must be infallible in all affairs of etiquette, and therefore applied to him in his present difficulty.

Frisel turned and twisted the card round and round with a look of self-satisfied intelligence, and replied—"Ou, just write back—ye're glad to hear it, as she'll be the less fash to her neighbours."

Frisel went off; and Gideon taking the exact eighth part of one of those sheets of whity-brown foolscap, on which he was accustomed in an inconceivably small space to enrol the hydra-heads of his sermons, now indited a billet to the lady of Harletillum in his usual arabesque characters, which, in his own eyes, appeared wonderfully successful for a first attempt at complimentary writing—and also for uniting the honest discharge of duty with perfect civility.

A large and fashionable party dined at the

Whim on this day. Hutchen had recovered his temper, Lady Harriette her spirits. The dessert was just being placed on the table, when on a silver salver the ill-complexioned billet was presented to the lady of the mansion, by a black servant wearing white kid gloves that his ebon skin might not pollute the drawing-room. Taking it up between her finger and thumb with the slightest possible hold of one corner, Mrs. Hutchen said,—"From our Parson Adams, Lady Harriette.—Pray read it for the public good, Mr. Delancy; for I have no skill in black letter." She quite hugged herself upon the smartness and getting up of this speech.

"Do let us have it, Delancy," cried a half-dozen young female voices.

"Read, I command you"—said Lady Harriette.

"By your leave, gentle spittle," said Delancy, opening the wafered note; and in a grave steady tone he read as follows:—

"*Gideon Haliburton of the Sourholes' best respects wait upon the honourable lady of Harletillum,*" (*'Mrs. Hurcheon blotted out and this style substituted,' said Delancy,*) "*and is truly refreshed and edified in spirit to understand that,*

having seen the error of her ways, she is minded to enter on a better course, following the exhortation of the Apostle—which is also of divine authority—in being a keeper 'AT HOME'—'*not a slanderer,' first Timothy,* iii. *and* 11, *but sober, faithful in all things; not a* gadder '*wandering from house to house,'—same Epistle,* v. *and* 13, *and, not only idle but* TATTLERS *also, and* BUSY-BODIES, *speaking things which they ought not.*"

Peals of laughter, all veiled under the simplicity of Gideon, burst from every corner of that splendid board; and none laughed louder than Mr. Hutchen.

"He is the drollest original," said Mrs. Hutchen, reddening.—"Give me back the paper, Mr. Delancy; I am ashamed of exposing the poor man. —You see, Lady Harriette, he has quite mistaken our meaning."

"O! do go on," cried Lady Harriette, while she held her sides, and tears ran down her cheeks. "You cannot be so churlish as to deprive us of our share in the honest man's commendations."

In a sustained voice of entire gravity Delancy went on, taking up the catch word—"speaking things which they ought not."

"*G. H. would be loath to give ground of offence to any honourable lady, much less to quench the smoking flax and zeal of good works displayed by a new convert, but would humbly suggest that as the devices of the Enemy are many,—we are counselled to be* humble *and* watchful; *not like the Pharisees blowing a trumpet before our prayers, our alms deeds, and our good works, among the which, nathless, the Christian woman's being* 'AT HOME,'— a keeper 'AT HOME, *not a gadding Dinah,' is of no mean account.*

"*Sourholes, Friday.*"

"This exquisite G. H." cried Lady Harriette, again indulging in unrestrained laughter. "How goes it again?—'Not tattlers, speaking things which they ought not.' Quite canonical,—orthodox every syllable, Mr. Hutchen.—Positively, Delancy, I *will* know this Mr. Haliburton; and you shall attend me to the Sourholes to-morrow, although he should receive me as 'a gadding Dinah.'"

A few minutes after this reading, a learned, tasteful, and playful dispute arose between Lady Harriette and her host, concerning the relative merits of a bottle of Chambertin and a bottle of Richebourg red wine. The gentleman, as may sometimes happen, chanced to be in the right.

The lady unfortunately discovered this, and her displeasure became excessive.

"That he," she said afterwards to Delancy—"this pitiful quill-driving fellow, who was thankful, no doubt, to be swilling muddy beer, while her father's servants consumed as much wine in a month as might have inundated his whole estate—that *he* should give an opinion against hers!"

"And be in the right too," said Delancy, with provoking gravity.

Lady Harriette thus checked, smiled, and said, "Well, I shall be revenged of both of you."

"Repeat again, Delancy, for the edification of Mr. Hutchen who has so just a taste in poetry, those lines you bestowed on my private ear to-day at dinner," said Lady Harriette as a circle of gentlemen, and among the foremost Mr. Hutchen, mollified by his wine victory, drew near the ottoman, on which she had made her throne, and where she received homage from her worshippers.

"I am sorry that I cannot obey you, Lady Harriette; and ashamed to say that I have even quite forgot to what you allude. I indeed rather think"—

"O! that about wine—you remember," interrupted Lady Harriette.

"Come Delancy," said the now elevated and genial Mr. Hutchen. "Something from Anacreon, or Horace—or Tom Moore—or perhaps your own. Come! Io Bacchus! To 'lusty wine the nectar of the muses.'—Eh! Lady Harriette?"

"I have the most wretched memory in the world for verse," said her ladyship, with a look of abstraction, and rubbing her left temple with her forefinger, as if to brighten the sinister organ of memory.

"I am certain she is meditating some damned impertinence," thought Hutchen, who well understood her ladyship's physiognomy. "Here is a woman now! but what is the good of thinking of her?"

Lady Harriette tumbled over twenty splendid volumes which lay on an inlaid sofa-table near her, and at last exclaimed—"Come hither, Mr. John Hutchen—you who read poetry so well. Here is the Delancy passage."

Mr. John Hutchen, junior, thus honoured, placed his back to the fire, tucked up his collar, held the book at proper distance with one hand, laid the other on his chest, occasionally waving it with graceful expression, and proceeded—

"In silent ease—at least in silence dine,
Nor one opinion give of food or wine.
Wine hadst thou seldom—wilt thou be so vain
As to decide on Claret or Champaigne?

> Dost from thy sire derive this taste sublime,
> Who ordered Port, the dozen at a time,
> When every glass held precious in our eyes,
> We judged the value by the bottle's size ?"

" Excellent ! excellent !" cried Mr. Hutchen; " no satirist after all like our friend Crabbe."

" Nay, I was sure you must admire these lines. And then the inimitable emphasis of John," said Lady Harriette—" a second Charles Young, your son, I protest, my dear Mrs. Hutchen."

" Juliana, love, you must copy down those pretty verses in my new Russia gilt Album—those verses which papa and Lady Harriette admire so much," said worthy Mrs. Hutchen.

The evil star of Delancy led him on this night to speak of how well and gracefully Elizabeth de Bruce rode, " witching the world with graceful horsewomanship," he said ; and next morning great was his astonishment and consternation to find Miss Juliana in yellow boots and black plumes, ready to join the gentlemen in following the hounds.

" This you know is not to be borne," said Delancy to Lady Harriette, after he had been twice out with Juliana, or rather Juliana with him.

" Mortally fatigued poor wretch she is," said Lady Harriette—" but the eclat of following the hounds all the morning, daubing, reading, string-

ing doggrels, and scribbling letters till dinner, and then shining forth the brilliant enchantress of the evening drawing-room,—the reputation of exhaustless intellectual and physical activity, are worth sleeping for—even in the day time."

Next morning Juliana was brought home on—mortifying vehicle!—a sheep-hurdle, black and blue, contusions innumerable, and Dr. Mallock talking learnedly of a dislocation of the jaw.

"You have requited Hutchen's hospitality at last," said Lady Harriette to her young confident. "How?"—"By making the girl take that leap. It was genuine strong-hearted humanity—she would have been in a fever in less than a week—now she will have a little interval of quiet, poor dear soul, to recruit."

"Your ladyship is continually overrating my humble merits. She took the leap of herself. If it cure her, or any lady of the ridiculous affectation of a love of field sports, a week in bed is time well spent."

"But then to be all bumps and bruises, carried home on a sheep-hurdle. Why, Delancy, have we such contempt for contusions and black eyes, vinegar and plasters of brown paper, while sword-thrusts and gun-shot wounds are things so interest-

ing, though often both more easily won, and far more easily cured? But here come papa and mama, the former rather *glunsh*, as the Scotch say. I leave you to make your peace." The lady escaped by a side-door as the parents of Juliana entered.

"How could you, Mr. Delancy," said the mother, "suffer my heedless Juliana so to peril herself! You know that, as Lady Harriette says, her wild buoyancy of spirits leads her perpetually into danger."

"Leads her to the devil," thought Mr. Hutchen, who appeared in exceedingly bad humour.

"Delancy explained and apologized, and Mr. Hutchen walked into what was called his business room. Mrs. Hutchen requested that Delancy would breakfast by himself, and followed to mollify her lord in behalf of poor Juliana. Either the partition was particularly thin, or Mr. Hutchen spoke in louder tones than usual; for Delancy though deaf must have heard all that passed within. Lady Harriette again joined him.

"You make a fool of that girl, woman," said Hutchen; "and you will both soon find it so." Mr. Hutchen seldom deigned to talk to his wife even in this familiar style of rebuke.

" I make a fool of her, Mr. Hutchen? I am free to say that Juliana Hutchen possesses enough of the temper of her father's family, Mr. Hutchen, to take that task entirely into her own hands. But what would you have with her? For what have you educated her? Is she not beautiful, admired, accomplished, all that the fondest father could wish in his child?"

Hutchen had none of the good-humoured vanity and egotism of his simple lady. His pride demanded in his daughter what nature had denied her; and this his proud spirit felt with mortification and bitterness.—" But what comes of all this admiration of which you tell me?" said he—" Where is it to end? It does not *pay*, I tell you."

This was something so extremely different from the ordinary habits of thought and expression belonging to the lofty and polished Mr. Hutchen, that it was not wonderful his lady exclaimed— " Goodness me! what a phrase for you to apply to your daughter, Mr. Hutchen! Rather than submit to all that mortifying opinion implies, Juliana, I am certain, would"——— Mrs. Hutchen could not, all at once, fix on what her daughter would do, to prove her delicacy and assert her dignity.

" Poh! Mrs. Hutchen," returned the gentle-

man, "the girl is not an absolute idiot either. She is quite as willing to be married as ever her mother was."

"Heavens! Mr. Hutchen."

"And, the sooner she is decently disposed of the better," said the father, emphatically.

"Decently!—What a phrase again, Mr. Hutchen.—No, sir! my Juliana, even with her mother's fortune, is certainly entitled to look for both fortune and connexion—*connexion*, Mr. Hutchen—and lower she shall not stoop. I have no fears about the wretched folly of my Juliana falling improperly in love."

"Then the sooner you get rid of this young fellow the better." ('Who can that mean?' whispered Lady Harriette, laughing to her companion.) "If he had cared a damn for your daughter" ('Oh, shocking!' whispered Lady Harriette. 'A lay member of the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk!') "he never would have allowed her to take that leap," continued Mr. Hutchen.

> "Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
> "And falls on the other side,"

whispered Lady Harriette. "You must try whether the sanded parlour of the Grahame Arms will suit till Ernescraig Tower is ready for you,

Delancy. You perceive that Mr. Hutchen is a man of business as well as of fashion, and goes direct to the point." Delancy finished his breakfast in haste, and left her ladyship to enjoy alone the remainder of the matrimonial *tête-à-tête*.

In the meantime the fair invalid, whose hurts were rather ignoble than serious, with the assistance of her mother and Dr. Mallock, on whom Apollo had bestowed more than one of his gifts, made the most of the unlucky adventure; and next day when Mr. Hutchen took up the Rookstown Journal, which was laid fresh and smoking on the breakfast-table, Lady Harriette remarked—"Mr. Hutchen, you surely find something peculiarly interesting in that paper.—Do pray favour me?"

"Advertisements, your ladyship, I am always, as you say, hunting after

'Monies wanted and estates on sale.'

—And here—is a confounded mistake." He walked into his own parlour or library, the room immediately adjoining, and making the drying paper crackle in the hand, now clenched in fierce passion, threw it into the fire.

"The idiots!—the downright, beastly, natural fools!"—exclaimed he—"to make themselves the jest and scorn of the country! For what have I

been toiling,—for what struggling?—and—and—for what?—to heap up wealth for a booby and an impertinent, only to make their folly and my own disgrace the more conspicuous. That damned insolent woman too. Should her malicious eye light on this!"

The whole cause of Mr. Hutchen's excessive anger was only, after all, a "neat paragraph" in the newspaper, in which Dr. Mallock had expended all the point of his wit, and which he fancied worthy of any London, or even Bath fledgeling practitioner, though celebrated as peculiarly successful in female cases. It ran thus:—

"It is with the deepest regret we assume the melancholy task of this day announcing to our numerous readers," (the last words interpolated, probably by the Editor, as on an after investigation Dr. Mallock boldly pleaded 'Not Guilty,' as to 'numerous readers,') "a dreadful accident which befel the beautiful and accomplished Miss Juliana de Bruce Hutchen, in making the leap of the Balwhirlie pin-fold, when following the hounds yesterday-morning in company with the Honourable Mr Frederick Delancy, and the distinguished party who are at present enjoying the hospitalities of her father Mr. Hutchen's beautiful seat of the *Whim*. The attention and anxiety of Mr. Delancy were extreme. Attended by him, the fair sufferer was carefully conveyed to the *Whim* on a *litter*, and the best surgical aid immediately obtained.

"We are happy to be able to say, that though this lamentable affair 'has eclipsed the gaiety of counties,' as both Mr. Hutchen's grand dinner for the 10th current, and Mrs. Hutchen's fete-champetre, fixed for the 11th, are unavoidably postponed—the beauty of the young lady, through the skill and unremitting care of Dr. M——, the family-surgeon, will, it is hoped, sustain no permanent blemish; and

that, by the 21st she will have *medical permission* 'to trip it on the light fantastic toe,' as lovely and more interesting than ever. The fair sufferer has borne her contusions with admirable fortitude, soothed by maternal tenderness, and the darkness of her sick-chamber illumined by those irradiations of colloquial wit which flash continuously through every atmosphere brightened by the presence of Lady H——te C——y. The fashionable inquiries at the *Whim* have been most numerous."

Mr. Hutchen was an ambitious, an ostentatious, nay even a vain man; but he was more proud than vain. He had a better, or at least a more crafty understanding than the other members of his family; and he knew the world. His pride would not submit to his wife and daughter remaining in the respectable privacy of the circle in which nature had placed them; yet the alternate dragging, pushing, and checking, required in their upward march towards the point which his ambition coveted, was to him the source of everlasting discomfort, mortification, and shame. With the external insignia and trappings of wealth, as displayed by his family, he was tolerably satisfied. Juliana was elegant and fashionable in her attire; her mother, rich and expensive. There was, indeed, an occasional tendency to overdo, to vulgar excess, which his better tact perceived both in their attire and, more particularly, in their prompt adoption and zealous patronage of every new untried invention, whether in dress, furniture, or equipage.

But the lavish wantonness of exorbitant wealth, will ever, in a rich country, bear its own apology. Mr. Hutchen was indeed rather gratified than otherwise to see his drawing-rooms sumptuously decorated, with French draperies, French mirrors, rich carpets, silken couches, splendidly bound books, fine collections of prints, and nick-nacks of all sorts; but dreadful was his wrath when his delighted lady challenged the admiration of her visiters to those trappings of his new-born greatness. His inordinate pride required to be lulled in the belief that these luxuries were part and parcel of himself, things of natural right and inheritance; and yet, with all this, Mr. Hutchen felt an overweening pride in the talent and energy of business, and enterprise in speculation which had raised him to his new rank.

The only within-door ornaments which he was ever known to point out to his guests, were the cornice of the dining-room, which was at once tasteful, rich, and appropriate,—the young Bacchus, dancing nymphs, and festoons of vines; his drawing-room chimney-piece of exquisite sculpture, and the grate of the same apartment, "fitted up," he said, "on philosophical principles by his friend, Professor ———."

Of his cellars and out-door possessions Mr. Hutchen talked with more freedom. His young plantations, belts, clumps, drives, drains, horses, salmon-fisheries, and rural improvements of all kinds, were indulged and favourite themes; there, instead of being outstripped, he took the lead of his aristocratic neighbours. He was of those

> "Whose skill assigns the prize
> "For creatures fed in stalls, and pens, and sties;
> "Who plans encourage, and who journals keep,
> "And talk with lords about a breed of sheep."

Mr. Hutchen, notwithstanding the sneers of Monkshaugh and Lady Harriette Copely, was not altogether one of the recent productions forced up in the hot-bed of manufacturing speculation. He was a man of money by several descents; and his own education was liberal and solid. The history of his family, for three generations, was that of the commercial progress and prosperity of Scotland. His grandfather, Matthew Hurcheon, the son of the reputed witch, commenced life indeed as a "saut-cadger," but gradually rose to be an extensive carrier and dealer, noted for the forecast, enterprise, and long-headed sagacity, which for a time appeared hereditary in the race. His father was an extensive wholesale victual-dealer and ships-

husband, in the west of Scotland; and, at his death, was said to have bequeathed to John, his eldest son, twenty-five thousand pounds, and the miserable pendicle of moor-ground which gave him the title of "Harletillum."—A second son became a West India merchant, and settled in Liverpool; a third, an Exchange broker; and a fourth, a Scotch distiller,—all men of enterprise, prosperous, and reputed rich.

The wealth of the family had been acquired by frugality and patient accumulation. Mr. John Hutchen was got a step beyond this. His style of living and appointments were upon a scale of magnificence unknown even to the richest of the old provincial gentry of his neighbourhood. His resources seemed unbounded—his offers of money to his embarrassed "landed friends," liberal, frank, and gentlemanlike; 'till in time half the neighbouring estates were his *in trust*, if not in actual possession.

Mr. Hutchen might reasonably have expected to marry his daughter to advantage; but for her he had early formed his own plans. The character of his only son, John, confirmed his purpose. At a certain era of his progress, and, indeed, in what externally appeared the very zenith of his

prosperity, Mr. Hutchen began to feel that all was not right. "He had too many irons in the fire," as the homely phrase goes,—too many to be kept all hot at once in cool cautious Scotland.— "Lord de Bruce," it was remarked in the neighbourhood, "had now been eighteen years sequestered from the world, and his debts were still not diminished one farthing—Monkshaugh rode to church and market on an old roan pony, in view of the various splendid equipages of his former *Trustee*—and Captain Wolfe Grahame, the heir to both estates, was living on the bare pay of a dragoon officer." Mr. Hutchen knew the world too well not to aim at standing fair in its opinion. Could he unite Juliana with Wolfe Grahame— no one durst surmise any remarkably selfish motive in such a connexion. Her reputed fortune was ample, her person agreeable, her education— "confound her education" was the substratum thought of Mr. Hutchen—her education the best that could be bought. Mr. Hutchen had at all times, on this his favourite project, very great doubts and misgivings; but the baronial Tower of Ernescraig, with the ancient title, the old trees of Monkshaugh, and above all—we must do him justice—the desire to obtain for his family the al-

liance of a man of sense, spirit, and worth, was deserving of trial, fair or foul.

Mr. Hutchen was too acute a man to be duped either by his natural affection or his vanity. He had educated his son in England—at Harrow and Oxford—and at great expense, intending to "push him" into Parliament. Indifferent eyes saw in tall John only a vain, good-natured lad—rather a handsome peg for a tailor to display well-made clothes upon—who rode, fenced, talked familiarly of lords and men of family with whom his father's wealth enabled him to associate, and fancied his father the greatest and cleverest man on earth, and himself heir to all this grandeur. Hutchen alone, loathing while he loved, saw in John a mixture of fop and fool, galling to his affection, disappointing to his hopes, and hateful to his pride. His wife, his daughter, and his son, sinking by gradation into silly, sillier, silliest, appeared to him in a more contemptible point of view than to any one else; because his pride writhed under those varied manifestations of the vanity, folly, and marks of a mean spirit which nothing could elevate. That Wolfe Grahame, with his natural taste, pride, and understanding, should admire or love Juliana, Mr. Hutchen, though a father, strongly doubted;—

but, as we have said, he piqued himself on knowing the world; and what adept in that science does not know the variety of motives which influence a sensible man's choice in marriage.

"I married her mother," thought Mr. Hutchen; and this was so far conclusive—for Mr. Hutchen, among all his doubts, never once doubted of his own taste and judgment; or that other clever men were swayed by the same sordid or ambitious motives that governed himself.

While Lady Harriette was railing, laughing, half crying, and wholly stamping over the newspaper where her name appeared, and of which she had with difficulty procured a copy, Mr. Hutchen rode out in the direction of Ernescraig, to look at some wood lately consigned by him to the executioner's axe, and there had an unexpected encounter which nearly overset all his schemes.

CHAPTER III.

THE JUS MARITI.

> "There swims no goose so grey but soon or late
> She finds some honest gander for her mate."
>
> *Wife of Bath.*

THERE never was, we will venture to say, a creature, that is a female creature, married with her own consent, who did not, in the midst of all the cares and delicacies of her situation, give some passing thought to the personal decorations and equipments befitting her state, no matter in what climate or state of society. The principle is safe with the new rein-deer skin vest of the Lapland maiden, or the flowery chaplet of the girl of the South-Sea Islands.

About this time sundry manifestations of this nature began to be put forth by the sedate Effie Fechnie. True, Mr. Gideon Haliburton had made no actual overture for her fair hand—all

hands given in marriage are fair—yet she had assumed the point, and this, it is well known, may, with good management, often come to nearly the same thing. Her *providing* had been duly aired on the green hollies—that is the store of blankets, bed-tick, curtains, and sheets and towels, to an amount which must have obtained the suffrage of Malthus himself; for it would have been deemed a mere tempting of Providence, in Effie's days of prejudice and home-manufactures, for any lass to have thought of marrying before her *providing* was, by her own industry, first got together. Effie, who had reached the mature age of fifty-seven, was indeed doubly and trebly provided. Besides the indispensable prerequisites above-mentioned, together with fine linen for a corpse *shroud* and a wedding-shirt to the bridegroom, and a pair of neat red pocket-Bibles, Effie boasted the possession of a "clear copper tea-kettle," a glazed corner cupboard, with crockery garnishing for the same, a set of wainscot drawers, and a King George and Queen Charlotte "coloured stucco images"—the last brittle articles a gift—besides a variety of other odds and ends which only Effie or a magpie would ever have thought of hoarding. Her silk mantua and black mode cloak had been likewise

aired along with the *providing*; and the annual ceremony had been performed, of bestowing a libation on certain ends of pearlin, net lappets, and flowery lawn aprons, which were as duly purified as a Dutch parlour, and afterwards as regularly locked up from sun and wind, till the next year's boukit washing.

Already had Effie made two visits to the shop of Ailie Sellathing, the general dealer of Castleburn, to chaffer about a printed calico at fourteenpence per yard, "the very lowest bodle—stout fabric—fast colours." Effie had washed and bleached the swatch at the pantry window for two days in the sun, and found it proof; and there was good hope the bargain might be struck on this third conference, as the belligerents had agreed to split the original difference of a farthing on the ell, which wonderfully simplified the negociation, and now only stood out on twopence of a luckpenny, which Ailie wished to pay in kind, and Effie, who found plenty of "idle Leddy 'Lizbeth's lost thread," insisted on having in hard black specie. On this third embassy, Effie plodded towards Castleburn, "not in her best Sabbath things," but in her second best—"decent"—she said, "but not gaudy," —inventing arguments wherewithal to combat the

avarice of Ailie; and revolving subjects of more real, though to Effie at the time of less relative importance, when at the junction of the Pechs' Path with the road to the hamlet, she met Mr. Hutchen riding Captain Wolfe Grahame's favourite Arabian horse.

"Think o' the de'il and he'll appear," thought Effie. And her perked pinched-in waist nearly touched her heels, as in zealous worship of Mammon she curtsied with profound reverence, "hoping the lady and the bonnie family were weel," and so forth.

In former years, when it was both profit and distinction for the young agent to visit at Monkshaugh, Mr. Hutchen had been very well acquainted with Mrs. Effie Fechnie. "Suits of ribbons," which when a lad he had presented to her, retained in Effie's fancy and chest-coffer their first blush and lustre. Mr. Hutchen had too much good sense, and was too secure of his place, to feel, or fear any taint of degradation from frankly returning the salute of his old acquaintance. Inquiries for Monkshaugh and Elizabeth, with jocular congratulations on the rumoured event to which Gideon alone now remained a stranger, all passed frankly.

The maiden blushed blue, looked as bashful and conscious as her rigid facial muscles would permit, and replied—"It was anent that same, Harletillum, I wanted a private word wi' yoursel', baith as a man of buzziness, and a man o' conscience. One scrape o' your pen in a bit minute, and jottin', saying the langest liver should brook a' as it were, as in the course o' nature, the minister being like twenty month and three days my undeniable major:—and no reasonable charge grudged to the sum and compass o' my sma' means, forbye payment of the stamp."

Some dignitaries of the law would have been offended by Effie's application—not so Mr. Hutchen, bad as his humour was on this morning.

"An ante-nuptial contract, Effie:" said he—"very proper—but I am afraid I cannot serve you here. Go to Rookstown, to Gled or Gripem, sure hands both." He drew bridle to end the conference.

Effie seized the stirrup. "But, Harletillum, there's my twa or three pennies i' the Laird o' Monkshaugh's custody and keeping. It cannot be muckle, considering my small fee, and the lang, dour sickness o' my auld mither; but as I am

entering, with the Lord's blessing, on a family mysel'"—

"You would like to get your money, I suppose? Well, Effie, you must just seek it. You have proper vouchers, I dare say."

"Black and white for ilka farthing. But if the tailyie binna broken, and the land selled, where is the siller to come frae to pay aff my bit band?" inquired Effie. "I have my ain reasons for thinking—but I say nothing—that Captain Wolfe"—

"Captain Wolfe—well, what of him, Effie?" said Hutchen, beginning to be interested. "What is the rare matter—out of cash again—outrun the constable—eh?"

"Worse and worse," groaned Effie; "and that was bad enough, that auld sair o' his first year's extravagance, and the eating moth of eight hunder, they say, flung to the cocks for a commission, that were the lad to die this night, is lost gear in a' time coming to the family of Monkshaugh, house and heritage."

"Ay, Effie, but you know his widow would have a pension."

Effie started bolt upright.—"The Lord be

about us, Harletillum; and has the lad's infatuateness reached even your length. O! the poor house o' Monkshaugh! the ruined house o' Monkshaugh! and my bit siller band, barking and fleeing! fleeing and barking!" And Effie beat time with her open palm and spread fingers upon her flat stomach, as if all her wrongs were sticking there.

Mr. Hutchen alighted, led his horse forward a few paces, and in five minutes was possessed of all Effie's knowledge, real or conjectural. Here then fell to pieces his favourite towering scheme of ambition and family aggrandisement! He had imagined a thousand obstacles; yet this insurmountable one never once entered his thoughts. But the marriage was secret—perhaps irregular—it might be regretted—Mr. Hutchen's ideas were all tumult and confusion.

"Your caution is prudent and commendable," said he at last to his fair client, who stood alarmed at the workings of passion visible in his face, attributing them all to one cause.

"Can we no' break the tailyie?" cried she.

"At any rate I shall take care that your trifle is safe; and we must see what can be done to secure it to yourself independently of your future

husband. You say Frisel knows all the particulars of this strange story? I must hear farther of it. And as for Mr. Gideon——"

"Ay, bind him sicker; tether him weel, Harletillum," and she demonstrated the necessity of this with her open hand on Hutchen's sleeve;—"a simple man that wad harry and ruin his family wi' his ain ten fingers! Abundance of law does na break law. We are a' death-like and life-like. Black and white wears weel——." Again Mr. Hutchen cut the bead-roll of Effie's legal and prudential truisms.

"Frisel you say knows the particulars? The entail cannot be touched till I know all. Let me see you to-morrow."

"Certainlie! certainlie!" cried Effie. "I'll wait on your honour the morn by noon. As my near cousin, the auld Gudeman o' Hungeremout said aft—'When ye begin a plea'——"

"A very judicious person, Effie; but be punctual to your hour; you know the private entrance to my library."

"If it should be like the quarter or may be the twenty minutes more," said the anxious Effie; "for your honour must know that I am washing up my bits o' sma' muslin duds, giving them their yearly

drink, as I ca' it. Nae doubt the leddy will ken that the strength o' March water, Harletillum, for bleaching linens, beats a' the months frae June to Januar'—though I am minded, wi' a blessing, when I change my state to put off my great bouk-it washing every year till after the Sourholes Preachings, to clear out all our dirt at once."

"The devil confound your great duds and your small duds," thought Hutchen, who stood out all this maundering, in the hopes of gleaning some grains of information among the plenteous chaff of Effie's future domestic plans. "Old, blinded, ava-ricious devil, in whose stupid mind a lappet lost in the washing, or a bill for the half you possess, appears an evil of the same magnitude."—"As punctual as you can, Effie," he cried aloud; and mounted and put spurs to his horse.

"Then bind him sicker. O! bind him sicker, Harletillum!—and get me infeft and indorsed;—d'ye hear!"—shouted she;—"yird and stane!—Two hundred and sixty-five pounds, eleven shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, is no sic a trifle. Ye maun make a bit memorandum o' the soom:—hard and fast tied down to me and the lawful heirs o' my body—and a fig for the *juice mariti*." By this time Mr. Hutchen was gallopped to at least a quarter of a

mile's distance. "Francie Frisel, spitefu' sparlan! wi' his *juice mariti*," continued Effie in soliloquy— "had raised my nerves to sic a degree that I had a'most rued bargain.—*Juice mariti!*—*juice o' a hazel rung* to their auld backs, Lords of Session though they be—and that I wad be bauld to tell them to their red faces, if a' their feifteen muckle wigs were hinging there a-row—to gi'e waster, wan-thrifty men, the power and spending o' a douce maiden's sair-won penny o' tocher gude!—But there can be nothing in it, or Harletillum—the de'il they say is no sae ill as he is called—wad surely have given me an inkling o' a whaup i' the rape, and perils by water:—troth I was frightened from the bare mention of it to him;—for, if the marriage were to gang back now, and I were sent to bewail my virginity upon the mountains, it wad put me in my cauld grave."

The purchase of the wedding garment was this day happily completed; and no farther obstacle remained in the way of Effie's felicity, save indeed the trifling one of obtaining the consent of the bridegroom elect.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TROOPER.

"A soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass."

Love's Labour's Lost.

It may be imagined that Elizabeth waited the opening of Frisel's budget with considerable interest and anxiety. But what was her astonishment on finding that the papers submitted to her next morning, as soon as she entered the parlour, was the private correspondence of Mr. Hutchen with the medical attendant of Lord de Bruce, and with Monkshaugh's people of business in Edinburgh and others. The letters were indeed unsealed and labelled on the back; but Elizabeth was not casuist enough to perceive the distinction between opening papers for the gratification of unwarrantable curiosity, or merely perusing them when found open. The temptation was powerful and urgent. Filial duty and affection—the interests of those she loved—her own dearest hopes of

the future—all urged what she clearly felt to be an act of meanness—a breach of honour and of self-respect. For an instant she paused:—But the creed of her understanding was simple and uncompromising. There was no paltering or juggling between the right, and the expedient. Her short mental struggle lay wholly between the right clearly perceived, and the wrong insidiously seductive. Had the temptation come in the decided form of a crime we know not how the trial might have ended; for who shall answer for mortal strength! It appeared as baseness and degradation, and Elizabeth thrust it from her, despising herself for this brief hesitation. This momentary weakness seasoned her rebuke with humility when she turned to Frisel and commanded him to take the papers from her sight, and instantly return them to the proper owner. Her tone admitted of no parley; and Frisel conceiving himself a very ill-used man, swept them up in silence and left the room.

On farther reflection, in the course of this day, Elizabeth thought that there could be no harm in endeavouring to ascertain whether the woman she had met in the Pechs' Path was the quondam wife of the Corporal; and the afternoon being very fine, followed by the Whittret, she accordingly di-

rected her stroll to Fugal's habitation.—A lovely though lonely spot it was. A broken and winding track dived sheer down from the Pechs' Path into the bottom of the dean of Ernescraig. This romantic path, straggling on through natural copses, and in many a curve and link following the maze of the stream, was chiefly frequented by children in the nutting season, or during the time of birds' nests ; and by solitary fishers or sportsmen in search of woodcocks, or bent on grave consultation with the skilful veteran touching horse diseases, dogs' worming, or the other branches of his multifarious vocation.

"How does the poor old fellow contrive to roost here ?" said Elizabeth, as the path all at once developed upon the small platform in front of Fugal's shed. The hut itself rested against a bluff red rock which formed the back wall and one gable, its low heath roof garlanded with streamers of ivy, and tangled masses of plants and bushes, all hanging in rich and inextricable confusion.

"He gets his will," said Frisel, "and that's a great matter to an auld trooper. He calls himself the Lord de Bruce's game-keeper"—and Frisel pointed to the dead birds, and the wild skins of animals with which Fugal had tapestried his outer

walls; and which, with its other silvan decorations, gave his hut a very picturesque appearance. "He is baith man and master—mistress and maid, wi' a' the brocks and fowmarts for his vassals; and a blithe hame-gaun he makes here under cloud o' night,—the burn roarin' down the linn a speat—the howlets skreighin' i' the woods—the winds soughin' and wailing i' the craigs, and auld Blunderbush himsel' palmerin' down the glen wi' his horn-bowet glintin' through the busses like Spunkie. But an auld rough-rider of dragoons fears neither de'il nor dragon—eh, Fugal?"

For while he yet spoke, the warrior lord of the dingle, hearing voices approach, had evolved from his den, drawing up his tall, spare, rigid figure in front of it, till the wonder grew from whence all this length of man had come. Advancing *en militaire*, he received the lady on his span-breadth lawn, with the stately bearing of a Field Marshal.

Fugal had not, unless about pension time, much of the jolly, bluff swagger of an old bold English dragoon—yet his whole air and figure were strongly symptomatic of his ancient profession. His long legs and curved-in knees still seemed to press the sides of his charger; and, spite of the seedy bareness of his weather-stained uniform coat,

his clouted spatterdashes, and the browner shade of a tri-cocked hat, garnished with the skeleton of a cockade, he might, with the inexperienced, have even passed for a decayed military man of rank—so grand was his mien—so high and Roman was his nose—so terribly arched were his brows. Round the "bald polish" of a very Martello tower of forehead—let the Phrenologists make what they will of its height—there still straggled a few thin tresses of the colour and consistence of that beautiful substance called spun-glass. These were in part drawn into thin military side-curls; the remaining few hairs, twisted *en queue*, hung midway down a long stiff back still as straight as a drumstick. It was, altogether, a countenance, form, and bearing, which gave one a complete idea of the mock-heroic: its general effect was irresistible.

Fugal was regarded as an incomparable person in this parish. Indeed Mr. Gideon was often compelled to rebuke the unlicensed delight, which his relation of marvels communicated to the audience drawn into the intoxicating atmosphere of his tales and his tobacco-pipe, on a Saturday evening in the smithy of Castleburn; where he usually earned a dozen pence, by reaping twice as many black beards of a week's standing. To these cam-

paigning wonders, it was to be feared, many of the younkers listened with fully more unction than even to Mr. Haliburton's pious discourses of the next day.

No one had ever listened with such unquestioning faith and entire delight to Fugal's narratives as Elizabeth. When advancing years led her most reluctantly to doubt those wondrous relations, still the excessive glee of the narrator—the enjoyment, the fire, the freedom of his soldier-like air, prolonged the charm. She had been a very great favourite with the veteran in her childhood; and now, "Ma-dame 'Lizbeth," as he styled her, besides being a "fine 'ooman," was, moreover, the only person in the neighbourhood, except himself, who could speak a word of what he called "high English." Nothing, in reality, could be more inoffensive than Fugal's gazettes, which involved no scandal of more recent date than Marlborough and Prince Eugene, or the German wars of George II.; unlike Frisel's stories, whose inventions were sometimes intended to set half the parish by the ears, and not seldom produced the desired effect. Though Fugal's tales had ceased to delight, they never offended his present guest.

Elizabeth's frank address corresponded to her

early recollections of the old trooper, who, besides having been her father's attendant, was an exceeding favourite with Wolfe Grahame.

"You have chosen a lonely dwelling," said she. "Monkshaugh would like to know if we can send you any thing to make you more comfortable here, now that you have lost your friend, Captain Wolfe Grahame."

"Ay!—boddies used to biggit houses might fare but so so here; but we of the *Greys*, Madame 'Lizbeth, would ha'e been thankful of worse quarters in Flanders—d'ye take me? Every man sleeping at his bridle-rein, knee-deep in water—ready to spring at the cry—'Boot and saddle.'"

"So I have heard you tell, Corporal," said Elizabeth. "These were the days of men!"

"Ay, Ma-dame 'Lizbeth! but when the day did come—the day of days! It was scarce dawing yet, when Grandboy dashed gallopping along our line on his favourite grey Sally Dunn"—

"The Laird has twenty times told ye to call the brute Saladin," said Frisel.

"Has the Laird of Monkshaugh sârved, I should be glad to know?" inquired the trooper with a swell of dignity; and he proceeded.—"The Flanders cocks were just crawing, I remember.—

'Up and to the gate, my lads,' quoth he; 'for, by Jing, there's a spring a-playing yonder away, and we are not at the dancing of it!'" The animated veteran flourished his arm, and threw out his leg, his eyes sparkling with triumphant recollection. "Jintlemen of the Light hô'se, take ilk man an infantry behind you." And there he pranced and curvetted down the line, putting Sally Dunn to the caper-roll."

"Ay! and are the Flanders cocks up and at it, as soon as our ain cock-a-leerie-las?" said the Whittret.

"Like an hour earlier yon morning, Francie;—but then, Madame 'Lizbeth—then came the rousing craw making a man's heart thump like the cry of 'Mount and away.'"

"I could twist their scraighin necks whiles—baith at The Place down yonder, and mair especial up at Ernescraig Tower;" and Frisel sung the old ditty.

> "But the cock proved fause unto the sweet lass,
> For he crew an hour owre soon;
> The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
> But it was but a blink o' the moon."

A slight blush mingled with the half-angry smile with which Elizabeth listened to the seeming-pert but unconscious glee-man.

"Go on, Fugal," he continued. "All ready my lads!"—mimicking Fugal's manner.—"That comes next I think."

"Yes, Francie.—'All ready my lads?' cried Grandboy.—'All ready General!' shouted our troop, every man bowing to his saddle bow, and tasting a sup of his brandy flask: as plenty as ditch-water with us in Flanders.—'Where lags Mons Meg?' cried Grandboy."

"And who might she be?" said Frisel.

"Mons Meg!" replied Fugal, with an air of ineffable contempt for civilian ignorance; "why, the great gun with which Sir William Wallace blattered down the walls of Troy and Dumbarton.

'Prime me weel, and keep me clean,
I'll carry a ball to Calais' Green.'

It's a pity Francie, so mettle a chap for your few inches had not got a touch of sârvice.—*You* must have read in history, you who are a scholard, of *Meg*, Madame 'Lizbeth?"

The shake of Elizabeth's head confessed ignorance; and Fugal launched out into a romantic description of this marvellous piece of ordnance, which exceeded even the patience of the gentle Elizabeth.

"Weel ha'e done man—Mons Meg carried the field I fancy," said the Whittret.

"No such matter, Master Frisel——"

"Weel, but it's your wife Bess the Lady 'Lizbeth wishes to hear about—and no Mons Meg."

"And that's the very thing. He has hit the touch-hole now, Madame 'Lizbeth—d'ye take me? for this was in Kitty Gehaghan's the first 'ooman's time. She was the very first that used the Italian iron in our troop——"

"And what has this to do with a battle gaining?"

"Halt, Francie!—and ye shall hear——'Aid-de-camp de Bruce,' cried Grandboy, 'take that fellow Scrymmager with you, and off at a hand-gallop to yonder steeple, and tell me if you see them lazy, cowardly scoundrels of the Artillery coming up. It was the steeple of Mall Plackie, from which one could see a hundred miles over them long flats of Flanders——"

"At cock-craw from Malplaquet!" said the Whittret.

"'Devil a speck of the blue-coat trundling *rascallie* to be seen'—called I.——'Confound the lazy scoundrels'—said Cornet de Bruce.—Your own grand-uncle, Madame 'Lizbeth.—'Here Fugal, dem you, bring us out Kitty Gehaghan's Italian

iron—that shall be our artillery for this day.' So said, so done. We primed and loaded—made a breach—and long before the Artillery came up had carried the field, Madame 'Lizbeth !—I heard there was a talk of a devil of a fellow with a long nose, a little o' one side," Fugal just touched his own prominent member.—" I say nothing—but the monsheers remember that day. D'ye take me? and no thanks to the blue-bottles of the Artillery neither."

" Take ye for an auld blastin blunderbuss," mumbled Frisel, while Elizabeth said—" But you surely had another wife, Fugal ; I remember when a child, a tall woman with a red-cloak, not called Kitty, who used to be very kind to me. I think you must have had another wife."

" O! sâvral women—sâvral women," said Fugal carelessly. " We gentlemen of the *Greys* always had our own luck with the ladies. But this for sartan was in the first woman's time ; for I ha'e gone three times through the rigg, Ma-dame 'Lizbeth. If you would sit down I would be proud to tell you all about it."

Fugal spread a dried deer skin, and Elizabeth seated herself on a rustic bench made of twisted tree roots which leaned on his porch. Frisel, on

her bidding, squatted like a frog on a stone opposite to her, but some yards off. The veteran placed himself beside Frisel, deliberately lighted his pipe with his old campaigning apparatus—projected his nether lip lovingly to embrace its short blackened stem—threw his long right leg over his left knee—pushed back his tri-cocked hat, till spite of its scanty dimensions it took something of the rakish, reckless, reprobate air of a bold dragoon's headgear—placed his left arm a-kimbo; and the whole man had assumed the bearing of the privileged story-teller who reckons on an attentive audience.

Fugal's native dialect was the broadest dialect of Pitbauchlie; but he had enlisted when very young, and in Ireland his original speech had undergone such purification and refinement, that now the delicacy or affectation of his accent, when in his altitudes, often placed him far beyond all ordinary comprehension, and completely baffled Elizabeth.

"So I am to understand that you have been three times married, Corporal," said she, to set him agoing, in the hope of extracting some information.

"The gi'ls would so ha'e it—God bless their

kind h'arts! We were bould swashing blades in them times—we of the Grey Hó'se.—Did you ever see a review of a regiment of hô'se, Madame 'Lizbeth?"

Elizabeth mentioned that she had lately seen a yeomanry corps—the gentlemen of the county—reviewed.

"Faugh!" cried Fugal, making a horrible face of disgust: but prudence checked the rest, and he reverted to himself. "Bould swaggering blades—and go where we would, played the very devil among the gi'ls. But poor Kitty,—she washed for the troop.—It was a han'some thing, let me tell you, Francie, a troop's washing in Flanders—the small plat frills were all the go then. She was well paid, and reckoned honestly to me for every farden. To be sure, she had not the spunk of Bess—the last 'ooman.—Poor Kitty! I lost her in Flanders o' the shaking fever—or the Hollands she took to keep off the fits. It comes all to one, as the Doctor said." Here Fugal made a few rapid whiffs, sacred to the manes of "poor Kitty," and then resumed.

"No bad country neither, them same Lowlands of Hollands. I might ha'e laid something han'some

to the fore then, for a sore foot; but the gi'ls and the Scheidam ever played the deuce with huz jintlemen o' the Greys."

"But you married again, Fugal," said Elizabeth, anxious to lead him to the point.

"The next 'ooman, Madame 'Lizbeth, if I don't misremember, was the Dutch Frau Vanschnaps," said Fugal—a little doubtfully, however, as if the fact were not quite clear to himself—"a jolly bouncing widow of Ha'rlem."

"I have often," said Frisel, "heard Richie Whands of the Royals, tell of the great organ there, by which the fat Fraus make their famous salt butter. They just fill a' the kirns round the country-side, set the organ a booming, and in twenty minutes take out the yellow lumps without woman's hand touching milk or cream."

"I have seen the butter come in like ten minutes, Madame 'Lizbeth, by your grand-uncle's gold repeater," said Fugal, gravely.

"Now, Fugal, ye never saw butter made by the great organ in your life," said Frisel, who had indeed just made the story for the occasion.

"Did I not a thousand times tould, sir? Do you think the Royals saw more in Flanders nor huz of the Greys? They're not a bad corps them

Royals either—but a leetle"—Fugal lowered his voice and winked—" you take me?—indicted to lying:—too bad—too bad in jintlemen.—But a jolly bouncing widow of Ha'rlem, as I said, on whom I and Robin Ramage of *ours* was billeted —a fine strappin Ruglen lad he was too—but you ladies ha'e your own fancies, Madame 'Lizbeth. I was the lucky man for sartan! That Dutchwoman might ha'e made a man's fortin in the sutler line —a portly woman too—four-and-thirty stone Dutch, if she weighed an ounce, Francie; wi' as much gould in her ears as would ha'e bought the Harletillum property twice over; but kept every stiver like the cockles o' her h'art; and when the Greys embarked—mutinied—would not *ma-arch* —d'ye take me?" Fugal knitted his brows in terrible wrath over the conduct of his refractory Dutch spouse.

" Let her go!" continued Fugal, after a pause, snapping his fingers, and puffing the *Frau* down the wind with the smoke of his pipe. " So, when down at Kilmainham, I forgathered wi' this Bess Slattery, with whom I had kept company at Cork even before the first woman's time. So being once more a free man of the forest, the Frau being a forender, and more-and-over deserting her colours,

Sargent Sabretache ga'e us a word over the swoord, which was always in war-time held good matrimony in our troop."

"And this was your last wife?" said Elizabeth, a little disappointed.

"The last 'ooman," replied Fugal, nodding acquiescence with the assumed opinion. "And a mettle wench too, the slut! We did a noble stroke of buzziness, let me tell you, in the flying stationer and hard-ware lines—"

"Ballants, pans and horn-spoons," said Frisel. Fugal glanced contempt from under his dauntless brows, and went on—

"Keepin' mostly them Hill-side parochines—or striking landward it might be the length of a Crieff fair, or a Kenmure market."

"And taking a tout on his drum,"† said Frisel.

"We made a good rough-and-round livin' of it, let me tell you," said the veteran, deigning no notice of Frisel's pert remarks. "But Bess, you see, was all for a town life and a hot supper! So we went to Glasgow—Were you ever there, Madame 'Lizbeth?—a malefactorin' city of great taste that.—What a pipe the jade had! I ha'e seen us draw

† Kenmure's Drum—a cask of brandy.

a matter of five shillings in a fore night o' winter—from lamp-lighting till the ringing in o' the pie-bells, with—

'We are all for the ma-arching, love farewell.'

Bess was very choice o' her songs ; and this to be sure was war-time agin, when the gi'ls are ever tinder-h'arted.—That was, I think, afore we brought out 'Donald M'Donald.' Purdigious run it had too—five-and-forty nights before we tried Paisley !" Fugal made a few reflective puffs. What a speaking—what a tell-tale thing of the moods of mind is a tobacco-pipe in operation ! It ranges through the whole scale of the passions.

"Well, Fortin the jade will not smile always—them were fine times."

"And so poor Fugal is a disconsolate widower once more," said Elizabeth rising, now concluding that the long hour was completely mispent.

Fugal from his distant seat regarded her with a face full-primed with weighty meanings—drew three short in-breathed whiffs—then sucked in one of seemingly endless duration—took the pipe from his lips, and compressing them strongly, placed his arms a-kimbo, and puffed abroad on the soft clear evening air to right and left, through both

his bristled nostrils, whole rolling volumes of smoke —a terrible accomplishment which he had acquired in Flanders, and with which he used to astonish his Saturday night pot-companions at the Grahame Arms. Through this tabernacle of cloud, Elizabeth could just discern the prouder arch of his nose, and the more terrible vibration of his whiskers.

" I would not, Madame 'Lizbeth, ha'e minded it that"—and he flourished and snapped his fingers once more over his head till they cracked like his own holster pistols—" had the jade gone off with one of *ours*—a jintleman—but this fellow was a—*Marine*, Madame 'Lizbeth !" Fugal lowered his emphatic voice—frowned—and shook his head bitterly and rapidly over the utter degradation, baseness, and vulgarity of spirit, discovered by his last and favourite sultana.

Elizabeth, a little out of countenance, knew not how to minister consolation. It was a task too delicate.

" Then may be your bonnie Bess is roaming hereabouts yet ?" said Frisel.

" No—the jade keeps the Galloway and Dumfrish bounds when not over in the kingdom," said Fugal. " But I care not, Madame 'Lizbeth. I ha'e

the King's pension—God bless him!—Nine pounds, two shillings and sixpence—the receipt for shoe-blacking, o' which I makes a han'some thing let me tell you, Francie—my fishing-rod, and the use of the Joe Manton—long life to Captain Wolfe for that! So the King on his throne is not happier than I sitting here in my own dominions—thinking of our men in Flanders, and having a pop at them woodcocks when the sun is wastlin' yonder;—if I could hear any tidings of Bess the slut, and sometimes had a little mair tobacco."

For the last want Elizabeth readily engaged—the first was beyond her power. She hovered a minute behind Frisel; and took leave quite as wise as she had come to the dell, except, perhaps, in the achievements of Mons Meg.

Frisel, meanwhile, alternately sprung and climbed to the towering summit of Fugal's protecting rock, with the agility of the animal from which he took his name. There, capering and dancing, he shouted aloud—" All ready, my lads?—By jing there's a spring a-playing at the Grahame Arms, and we're no' at the dancing o't! Light hô'se, take each man an infantry behind you." And he hovered over the ledge as if about to leap on Fugal's shoulders.

Fugal, grinning betwixt anger and mirth, took aim at the mocker with stick and stone; but the Whittret dexterously ducked to avoid every missile, and only left his vantage ground to follow Elizabeth up through the woods.

"It was seven half-mutchkins ye drew for Corporal Fugal, yestreen," said Frisel next day to the female waiter of the Grahame Arms.

"Na, man!—it was just only five, for as clever as ye are in your counting.—Ane to Madame 'Lizbeth's health—ane to Captain Wolfe's—ane to the Army———"

"Weel, I dinna begrudge auld Blunderbush Leddy 'Lizbeth's half-crown, though I got nae share."

CHAPTER V.

THE FLANDERS' MIRROR.

"For still in form he placed his chief delight,
 Nor lightly broke his old accustomed rule,
And much uncourteous would he deem the wight
 That ere displaced a table or a stool;
And oft in meet array their ranks he placed,
 And oft with careful eye their ranks reviewed;
For novel forms, though much those forms had graced
 Himself and maiden minister eschewed."

The Old Bachelor.

It remains open to any debating club, who choose to entertain the question, whether the old-fashioned, stationary—indeed immovable—obstinate, hereditary plagues of household servants once known in Scotland, that wont to talk of "our house,"—"our master,"—"our ground,"—and "our young folks;" or the modern breed of smooth, supple, selfish, hackneyed menials, who come on their virtuous written character, and go on their month's warning, be the greater domestic nuisance. There were days in every year, and hours in every

week, in which Monkshaugh gave the point wholly against his own staunch retainers, and vowed to make a clean sweep of them.—This determination had never been more violent than on the morning following Effie's secret negotiations with Harletillum.

Various petty causes of irritation had occurred for several days; and the receipt of certain official despatches from the Whim did not mend the Laird's humour. While he sat at breakfast with his fair guest on the morning following her visit to Fugal's hermitage, the voices of Effie and the Whittret were heard, in open, indecorous, and outrageous clamour. Off went the parlour-bell, speaking wrath and denouncing vengeance as shrilly as ever bell-clapper spoke. Both culprits appeared as if in a leash—Effie smoothing her apron—Frisel composing his features, both determined on self-justification,—both excellently skilled in the noble art—the one relying on her sex and length of service—the other on his address and voice potential in the family. Passing over the real cause of dispute, for she prudently avoided extremities, Effie grounded her complaint on *vicious intromission*, with a certain modicum of brandy she had set apart to flavour an "Eglinton

pudding, as his honour, Monkshaugh's leddy mother had liked it."

"Ey, Lord, to hear her now! as if it were love of drink made me swallow that thimbleful of brandy!"—And Frisel turned up hands and eyes in utter astonishment.

"Let us hear, Francis Frisel, what reason else folks may have for drinking brandy in a morning. I'll hear them out, coolly, Lady 'Lizbeth; and then shew them who is master here."

"Reasons for drinking brandy, Monkshaugh, your honour!—Conscience!—I only wish we had brandy for gi'eing reasons. My sang, we should no be slack," said Frisel.

Monkshaugh would not smile, and the manikin went on—"Did not your honour order me privately, the day Mr. Delancy dined here, and was so delighted wi' The Place, to rub up the grand Flanders' mirror?"

"I did, sirrah, a full week before then. I'm a well obeyed master among ye!"

"Weel, then," and he demonstrated with his fist in Effie's face, "was I to go to spit in the bonnie face of the grand Flanders' mirror, next my heart, without swallowing that trifle of brandy to

enrich my spittle as it were. Mortal man will never brighten a mirror wi' a fastin' spittle.—I refer that to you, Lady 'Lizbeth."

"Now, after that ony thing!"—And Effie turned up her white and her green eye in wonderfully more sincere than that which she had excited:

> "They have need o' a lang spoon that sups wi' the de'il;
> They have need o' a rough grip that handles an eel."

"I trow I may say sae when I come to close grips wi' you, Francie."—And Effie put her apron to her eyes.

"The Lord o' Session's mirror—ten hunder year auld if it be a day! The like of it for grandeur is no in all Rantletree-house. Was I going to shew it, or this family, the disrespect of spitting in its face a black-fastin' spittle, which I'll go to death upon that I never did in my born days.—I better ken my place."

Had Elizabeth not smiled it is probable the Whittret might have got clear off upon this; but her mirth roused all the master in the soul of Monkshaugh. Effie was sternly ordered from the presence.—"We must look about for another lass," said he.

" 'Deed, Monkshaugh, we maun ca' canny.—*We* have neither meat nor wark for anither lass-quean, till ane o' us change our state." And Effie quietly walked off—the bare possibility of dismissal never once entering her mind.

" As for you, Master Frisel—that's been the plague of my life for two-and-twenty years—wherever ye come frae, either you or I must quit this house, I tell ye that."—And he looked round as if to challenge Elizabeth's admiration of his spirit with his saucy menials.

" Are ye positive, Monkshaugh ?" inquired the little man, placing his hand on his haunch and looking up with entire *sang froid.* The Laird's heart turned cold with secret dread ; but his pride angrily answered " Positive."

" Then I do not know where ye'll be sae weel, Monkshaugh. Ye've been lang accustomed to The Place. For my ain part I have no thought o' changing my cozie quarters. I ne'er was wan-restfu'." And with a swinging bow he also walked off.

" 'Lizbeth de Bruce, ye're laughing—are ye ? What was Job's patience to mine ! Better I had married a leddy at once, and dared the worst."

"And if I laugh, Heaven knows my heart is sad enough. I know it is not these kitchen-squabbles could so ruffle you this morning, Monkshaugh. Would that I were older, or wiser, or any thing that might fit me for deserving a larger share of your confidence."

"'Lizbeth, my dear, I never doubt your judgment—though few are gifted with the strong mind of Lady Tamtallan; but why need I grieve and harass you about John Hurcheon, or his bills and bonds, hornings and poindings."

"Then you will write to Wolfe."

"He has done too much already;—dinna speak of him, 'Lizbeth; it vexes me."

"Shall we summon Mr. Haliburton to our conclave? He may not have your knowledge of life, nor your legal abilities; but he is a very honest man, sincerely devoted to your house."

"I weel believe it, 'Lizbeth. Bring him over to dinner with ye. We must have something done for him. Oftener a salt herring than a roast at the Sourholes' mid-day meal, I'm thinking.—Christy Grahame speared a gallant salmon in Oran, behind The Place yestreen.

'Speered nae John Hurcheon's leave:'

As Francie sung.—It was a very natural feeling that of his about the mirror too. To spit where so many brave and bonnie faces had been gleaming for, we'll say, one hunder years—not ten, 'Lizbeth—for the family ye ken—"

Elizabeth knew the age of the family so well that she required no fresh remembrance; so, escaping as respectfully as possible, she bent her steps to the tabernacle of Gideon.

"A blithe good morrow to ye, Burd 'Lizbeth," said Gideon, taking her hand, while welcome and glee unusual shone in his tawny eyes.—"Here ye come, like a fresh lily on its stalk, or a red rose new blown—blithe and bonnie!"

"I see you have made gallant use of my 'ballant-book,'" replied Elizabeth, laughing.

"That remains to be shewn, 'Lizbeth. Nathless, as bound in duty and in conscience, I ha'e done my best."—Elizabeth looked amazed.—"Step this way into what the lass ca's the study."

Elizabeth followed her old friend into a little, damp, mud-floored crib, eight feet by six, lying between the kitchen and spence of Gideon's abode, and lighted by four panes of dull green glass. Round this apartment he had ranged a few worm-

eaten folios of divinity, along with some of those thick squab volumes which prove their Dutch origin or descent even by their figure.

"Muckle better pleased would I have been had an abler champion ta'en up weapon in this cause, Elizabeth—a grave Doctor or a learned Professor. But since it is left to me to buckler honest Janet, her champion shall not be found wanting in courage and zeal, however he may lack ability. The measure of our gifts is not in our ain hands. Lucky it was I stumbled on your ballant-book, 'Lizbeth; for such clinkum-clankum gear, unless it be the Gospel Songettes and Blind Harry's Wallace, finds small place in my slender stores o' human learning; though, when I sojourned in tents o' Kedar amang the shepherds o' the southland dales, as an instructer of youth, I own I inclined e'en but owre muckle to their toys o' harping and gramarye."

Gideon, modestly, but still with the conscious air of successful authorship, now placed before Elizabeth a manuscript of nearly a cubic foot in size, on which she read inscribed as a title—

"*Vindication* of the name and fame of that precious Scottish reformer and singular Christian woman, *Margaret*, otherwise, *Janet Geddes*, from the calumnious aspersions of certain prelatic ma-

lignants, and more especial from the wanton attack contained in the notes to the Ballant-book, entitled 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border'*—tom II. page 7."

"'Lizbeth, mine indignation was roused!—my zeal consumed me," said Gideon, "from the moment these calumnious passages fell under my notice! I felt myself imperiously called on to gainsay and confute the false accusers of the brethren, and clear the memory of her who was the very Joan of Arc of our Reformed Kirk; except that her inspiration came from another guess quarter than idolatrous Joan's. I said to mysel', tossing on my bed in the night-watches, I said to my-

* "Impatient to accomplish the total revolution (in religion) which his father's cautious timidity had left incomplete, Charles endeavoured at once to introduce into Scotland, the church-government, and to renew, in England, the temporal domination of his predecessor, Henry VIII. The furious temper of the Scottish nation first took fire; and the brandished footstool of a prostitute gave the signal for civil dissension, which ceased not till the Church was buried under the ruins of the Constitution; till the nation had stooped to a military despotism; and the monarch to the block of the executioner."—MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.—*Dissertation on Lesly's March.*

"'Out, false loon! wilt thou say the mass at my lug (ear),' was the well known exclamation of Margaret Geddes, as she discharged her missile tripod against the Bishop of Edinburgh, who, in obedience to the orders of the privy-council, was endeavouring to rehearse the common prayer. Upon a seat more elevated, the said Margaret had shortly before done penance, before the congregation; such, at least, is the tory tradition."—MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

sel', when at even-tide I walked forth to meditate on the banks of Oran, 'to this am I called.' It was darted into my brain at seasons when I could ill divine whether it was a call, or a temptation of the Enemy puffing me up with vanity of letters and scholar-craft. "If a bluidy Richard, a profane, ribald Falstaff, a manslaying Mary Stuart have, as ye tell me, each found a champion in this age of clearing and redding up of characters, yea, even a Mary Magdalen, out of whom were cast seven devils, shall this mother in our Israel be handed down to posterity, branded, and stigmatized with odious epithets, unseemly to mention in this presence, from prelatic levity, to call it no worse."

"However that may be," said Elizabeth laughingly, "I conceive that we are very little indebted to Mistress Janet Geddes, if it be she that has kept you all this time from Monkshaugh."

Elizabeth was sincerely attached to her uncouth old instructer, though it is to be feared, that her affection sprung more from early habit, and from the truth, kindness, and simplicity of his genial nature, than from any higher qualities which he possessed, whether of grace or knowledge. His breach with Monkshaugh was now of three weeks dura-

tion, and all parties secretly longed for oblivion and renewed intercourse. The mediatrix was empowered to bring him back with her to dinner, on the understanding that he was to plead guilty to "Prinkie boddie," and throw himself on the Laird's mercy. But what with the vindication of Janet Geddes, and a visit to the Sourholes, which had been announced from Lady Harriette Copely and "the Harletillum ladies," as they were called, far were such sublunary matters as dinners and pardons beneath the mind of Gideon.

"Ladies are rare guests in my chalmer," said he; "and to square my spiritual duty with my breeding to women of degree, come to consult me as one entrusted with a message to sinners—"

"Insolent dames!" cried Elizabeth, giving way to her indignation at what she was sure was the real purport of this menaced visit—this making sport for the Philistines.

"So ye think it is to spy the nakedness of the land they come," said Gideon; "that is the dirt and confusion of an ill-rede up house. Throw me my gramaches, Francie."

The Whittret set himself to clear a space for the admission of the expected visiters.

"There seems a providence in your looking af-

ter Effie," said he, twisting up his features to a grotesque expression of gravity. " As she is but a dour, din, dry-haired, elderly maiden, it cannot be supposed, to the scandal and detriment of your profession, Mr. Gideon, that ye use your Christian liberty in leading about a sister as a wife to——"

" Peace, Frisel !" said Elizabeth, " your reasons and apologies for matrimony are not lacked here."

" Then your wig is lacked there, Mr. Gideon," said Frisel, handing the hairy meteor to its owner, from the stool on which it had lain all night. " I am sure our Laird ance gifted ye wi' an auld wig-box.—Ye needna glowr round and round.—It will be as weel out of the leddies' road, on your ain head, as bestowed any where else."

" True, Francie, I'se fling it on. He says truly, 'Lizbeth.—I'm not fit to guide mysel' wi' common discretion—I have lang kenned that—and how am I to wrestle and contend wi' men of carnal craft and worldly wisdom, fu' o' their mocks and jeers, anent the matter of Janet Geddes, or put to nought a runagate, nimble-witted gentlewoman—*I* that do not even ken, till reminded by the Laird's knave, that my ain head is the best quartering for

my ain wig." Gideon, humbled and mortified, shook that head ruefully.

"My dear sir," said Elizabeth, "you know what is so much better—so infinitely better—that it drives all meaner knowledge from your mind.—But why not run off with me if you dread the encounter?"

"Dread the encounter!" thundered Gideon, again roused.—"No, 'Lizbeth, I may be a simple man, but I am the bearer of no mean message. If these light gentlewomen come to flout and gleek, the shame be theirs."

Honest Gideon, though wonderfully free of spiritual pride considering the place he occupied, was not, altogether, without a certain portion of that self-esteem of which no human being was ever wholly devoid; and Elizabeth half smiled as he went on to say,

"Honourable women not a few, inclined to the ministry of the Apostle—Lydia, the seller of purple, Priscilla and Dorcas, once in the gall of bitterness—yea, he himself, though far from being that powerfu' man in a pulpit that some of his younger brethren were honoured to be, might have his small gift. Divers Christian gentlewomen, and more especial the widow of the auld gudeman o'

Hungeremout, and Mistress Euphan Fechnie, had sat under his ministry, they said, wi' great fructification of spirit, and found it a banner o' love."

Elizabeth knew it was in vain to dissuade Gideon from his meditated display of eloquence to his expected fashionable proselytes, or from lifting up his testimony against their vanities, errors, and enormitics. The humour in which she found him had frustrated one main object of her walk, which was, to ask his counsel in accepting or rejecting an offer which Mr. Delancy had made of forwarding letters to Captain Wolfe Grahame, under cover to his uncle who held a high official situation in Ireland. She meant also to acquaint him with her fears that the foolish pertinacity of Monkshaugh, and the petty provocations it was the daily study and delight of Frisel to offer to Mr. Hutchen and his servants, might have drawn down that gentleman's implacable resentment. She was aware that Mr. Hutchen had the power, by a very summary process, of consigning the person of the representative of all the Monkshaughs to a prison, and firmly believed that he was only withheld from this extremity by a lingering respect for the opinion of the country-side.

The Whittret, who acted but too often as his

master's privy-counsellor as well as henchman, was, at all times, ready to encourage that petty jealousy and rivalship which gave scope to his own powers of derision and sarcasm. A few evenings before this, he had quarrelled with Mr. Hutchen's gamekeeper in a casual rencontre on the moors, through whom, as he openly boasted on his return home, he had bravely, in his own and his master's name, " given the dare to the seed and breed of *Muckle Meg*, skin and birn."

It must be owned that slighter insults have, before now, stirred the bile of country gentlemen, and carried their animosity to the extreme point.

Monkshaugh had that overweening conceit of his own family consequence which lulled him in the belief that John Hutchen, of Harletillum, would not, could not, durst not have the audacity to imagine, much less to offer, any real outrage to the dignity of the family of Grahame of Monkshaugh, or to the actual head of that renowned house. The entreaties of Elizabeth, that he would be on his guard and provide against the worst, were therefore treated with scorn as wanting in spirit, or with pity as made in girlish ignorance. Beside her well-founded apprehension of the resentment which Monkshaugh was drawing upon

himself, by maintaining this futile and ignoble warfare with his rich neighbour, feelings yet more painful, apprehensions more distressing were pressing on her mind. To her true and devoted affection it appeared humiliating and ungenerous to doubt of *his* regard whom she so ardently and so entirely loved. But that leaden torpid sickness which alternates with the acute agony of "hope deferred," was creeping around her heart in her own despite.

From the date of the conversation which Elizabeth had so unfortunately overheard, every changeful mood and fluctuation of her own spirits was become another cause of horrible anxiety and disquietude. As often as the agonizing fear of the family malady of the de Bruce seized her, the native energy of her mind was promptly exerted to dispel or banish those phantom terrors which, when indulged, do too often, it may be feared, obtain power to realize themselves. To a mind oppressed with the fearful consciousness of being liable to hereditary mental distemperature, it must ever be a dangerous occupation to watch those misty and ill-defined boundaries which sometimes are all that seems to divide exalted passion and enthusiastic excitement from mental aberration. Of this Elizabeth was well aware. Yet there are acute and

fanciful minds to whom this habit of self-contemplation, and a morbid watchfulness of morbid sensation, and of the varying symptoms of the mind's health, is peculiarly seductive; and Elizabeth's was, at this time, of this class. To guard against indulgence, in a study so dangerous, she had for some weeks inured herself to a life of incessant bodily activity, worked, and rode, and walked, and sung, and bravely struggled to conquer this besetting desire of shaping out of the dark future the misty forms of unknown evil. She had entered actively and zealously into all the household improvements and reforms of Monkshaugh, joined whatever rural society offered in their secluded abode, and obtained the suffrage of her own mind for exertion and fortitude to which she had indeed few external excitements. But on her return from visiting Gideon this morning, notwithstanding the amusement she had derived from his literary and proselyting schemes, the nervous depression and langour of her spirits became so excessive, that, shutting herself up in her solitary chamber, she gave way to the woman's weakness of those slow-dropping and yet soothing tears which can be assigned to no certain source, but which gush up in silence, relieving, by their quiet flow, the hidden and surcharged springs of the soul.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ARREST.

> You have undone a man of fourscore years,
> Who thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
> To die upon the bed my father died,—
> To lie close by his honest bones.
>
> *Winter's Tale.*

WHILE submitting for once to this weakness, Elizabeth heard the trampling of feet in the court, and in the space of a minute the thrilling cry of some one as if in extreme pain. With the speed of thought she rushed into the parlour, which she found filled with strange faces, hardened, and coarse, though seen by her but as in a dream.

"The villains have killed my auld master," cried Frisel, in deep grief.

"Oh! what is this?" exclaimed Elizabeth, throwing herself on her knees beside Monkshaugh, who lay on the floor insensible.

"Killed! What call ye killed?" said one of the men surlily. "We showed him our caption; and gude right, were he Duke o' Montrose instead of Laird o' Monkshaugh. But gi'e him a drap brandy, Francie. 'Od, a wee drap poured owre Craig's close, as we say in Edinburgh, will bring back a man's spirit like fanging a dry pump waal. And blame na us, Madam; we but showed the caption, and owre he popped as if shot by an air gun."

"Leave the room, sirs," said Elizabeth; "and do you Francie take horse instantly and ride for aid, on your bare life, as you ever hope to prosper by the name of Grahame."

"Small need of that counsel," returned Frisel. "But, oh, gin Captain Wolfe Grahame were here to stand his ain; for we are feckless folk at the best!"

"O, that he were!" thought Elizabeth.—She bathed the temples and chafed the hands of poor Monkshaugh, who was lifted to a couch; and watched his recovery with the most intense interest. He began to move his eyes.—"Leave the room I command you," said she to the men, in a low but firm tone. "You have authority to arrest, but surely not to do murder."

The men began to mutter some surly reply, when Effie interposed.

" Worthy gentlemen, honest gentlemen—this young leddy, a near cousin of the Laird's, and the dochter of the great Lord de Bruce, is distraught wi' grief, and kens na weel what she says. There's cauld beef and ale in the pantry; plenty o' baith to refresh ye. Och, sirs! och, sirs! think ye is he coming round? If he coup the crans wi' the entail unbroken, that's a clearment o' a' scores, bill and bond—though surely the servant's wage will be like a debt on the estate, tailyied though it be."

The arguments of Effie were much more clear and conclusive with the officers of the law than the commands of Elizabeth. They withdrew to partake of the offered refreshment, the principal personage saying, as he led the way, " We cannot arrest a dead corpse, to be sure. That is a natural superiority of the law of England."

" Follow them, Baby, woman," sung forth the housekeeper, in the same whining tone in which she bewailed her master and the soundness of the entail. " Canna ye follow them. There's a junt o' corned beef behint the cann wi' the kitchen-fee— Och, when will I see anither roast within the warm wa's o' Monkshaugh!—there may be twa or three

mauchs about the bane; but it's ne'er a hair the waur to them that wots na, and e'en owre gude for greedy gleds like them. But stay, I'll gang mysel'.—Think ye is he coming round? Och hone! the bonnie house o' Monkshaugh!—full and bein—blanket and feather bed—cod and bowster!—poinded and harried—rouped and scattered!—man-servant and maid-servant fleeing on the four winds like peelings o' ingans.—And och hone! that headstrong laddie that wad na be counselled! for an he had mooled in wi' John Hutchen's dochter, this day of dule and dyvourship had never visited our house!"

It was thus Effie took up her lamentation, and made her wailing exit.

Elizabeth was too clear in judgment, and too high in soul to indulge the slightest feeling of self-reproach, from having been the cause of preventing the matrimonial union to which Effie, in her own worldly wisdom, looked for the salvation of her master's house, and of her own wages; yet it was with delight that she saw Monkshaugh start up like a returned spirit and exclaim:

"Hold your profane tongue, ye time-serving auld quean, and mind who is your master. I would rather rot in the deepest dungeon of Rookstown

tolbooth, wi' toads and askes to neighbour me, than owe land or liberty to so black a bargain !"

"Hush ! hush ! my dear sir," cried Elizabeth. "Are you better ? Say but that you are better."

"O ! 'Lizbeth, I am better ; but I am a helpless auld man—sore bested this day !" And dropping his head on her shoulder, he shed a few natural tears, while Elizabeth's eyes rained fast.

"Leave the room, Baby," said he. "All of you leave the room. Ye need na greet, ye silly tawpie. I'm not angry at ye. But see ye that all things be clean and in order, to be made over to the creditor, as becomes the keeping of a well-ordered household."

And the tender-hearted Baby, the huge-boned, sturdy, waiting damsel of all the cows and stirks in Monkshaugh's fold, with cheeks and chin of a deep but fresh red, and face and limbs covered with a short, soft, amber-coloured down, at this pathetic injunction burst into a hysterical "Ugh ! ugh !" and throwing her apron over her head in guise of Iphigenia's veil, sobbing, withdrew in haste.

"Puir hizzie !" whispered Frisel, who was already returned, having met the surgeon, who seldom forgot to call at Monkshaugh in the course of his visit-

ations. "As for the ither auld rigwoodie fadge, her heart is as boss as a bourtree bush."

Monkshaugh still leaned on the shoulder of Elizabeth, waiting the arrival of the medical man.

"If this should be my last hour, Elizabeth," he said, "then my last word shall be a blessing on you, who have done a daughter's part by me. Reach me my ebony and ivory box, Frisel. Surely they will pay all the arrears of the servants' wages—my poor knave?"

With a small gold key attached to his watch chain, Monkshaugh undid the box, and then the tiny spring lock of a casket which it contained; and took from thence a very valuable necklace.

"The carcanet of my ever-honoured mother," said he; "no mean gift even to the daughter of the Lord de Bruce. I meant it for the bride of Wolfe Grahame; but it could not grace a fairer bosom, nor a dearer to me. It is your own, 'Lizbeth. I am not to be refused this day. The ways of Providence are not as our ways, or a fairer bride ne'er entered the court of Monkshaugh since the day that my ever-honoured mother, attended by twa score gentlemen riders, and as many ladies mounted gallantly, forbye hundreds of the common scaff-raff——But the Lord be merciful to me

a sinner!" said he, checking his pride. "I have been even overly vain of my name and my gifts; and sorely am I chastised."

These last words were spoken with some difficulty. It became evident to Elizabeth that he had sustained a severe shock of some kind, though her slender medical skill could not trace its nature.

Monkshaugh submitted quietly and patiently to the various remedies prescribed by the surgeon, and lay all day in the same condition, an object of deep compassion and strong interest to her who was now become his only stay.

Gideon, who had hastily abandoned his fair proselytes on the summons of Frisel, kept watch during this night by the bedside of Monkshaugh, and while thus stationed, Effie opened through Elizabeth a masked battery on his warm and simple heart. Her clamorous outcry about "the dear young leddy killing hersel'," was all set down by him as kind-hearted, motherly consideration; and on their united entreaties that she would retire to rest Elizabeth withdrew, thus leaving Effie in possession of a clear field for her meditated operations. From this, however, the shade of Janet Geddes protecting her champion put Effie to rout; and for yet another day averted the fate of the minister.

In the family of Monkshaugh there was little slumber for the eyes of any one on this distressing night. Elizabeth devoted the hours of rest to detailing to Wolfe Grahame, with the genuine eloquence of feeling in the glow of its first impulse, the melancholy circumstances in which she found herself, betraying the depth of her anguish in the care with which she strove to conceal its extent from him who must suffer in all her sufferings, while he endured what was fallen upon himself. Love, passionate love, has its transports; but it is in hours of suffering and trial that the unfathomable kindness, the fond and generous solicitude of a woman's bosom, can be wholly known even to herself. Sorrow is the soil in which her affection—gentle and strong—best flourishes; tears are the dews that nourish it. It is in moments like those in which Elizabeth and those whom she loved were placed, that woman's affection becomes conscious of all its dormant energies, and puts forth its whole power.

In glancing over her very hasty writing, Elizabeth chided herself for having given too much way to despondence, if not to actual complainings. This was amended by those earnest expressions of

tenderness, firmness, cheerfulness and submission with which she concluded her letter.

" From the ends of the earth this summons will bring him to me," said she. She then arranged her dress, and with a humble and earnest spirit, touched by the merciful compassion vouchsafed to all who call upon it, but so tenderly and emphatically promised in the day of trouble to those who have none to help, she recommended herself to the heavenly protection, and breathed her speechless gratitude for the goodness and mercy which had followed her all the days of her life. From the performance of this duty—from the enjoyment, more properly, of this highest privilege of a rational, a feeling, and a suffering mind, she descended at dawn to the watchers of the night.

Monkshaugh was reported better, and the family were summoned into his chamber to prayers—or to " Family worship," as was Gideon's better phrase.

Meanwhile the worshippers, at least some of them, had not spent the night in idle sorrow. In the general wreck and confusion which they foresaw, the servants wished to save something for their master, and probably a little for themselves. Frisel had accordingly stowed away about six dozen

of the choice old claret in a fox-earth in the dean of Ernescraig, near Fugal's hut, and with the connivance of that retired veteran.

" Aye, sorrow is drouthy, Francie," drawled Effie in irony.

" Then de'il swallow the drop o' that wine shall cross my halse if it should gizzen," cried the Whittret, in indignation at the ungenerous suspicion.

The cares of the prudent and foreseeing Effie took a more remote flight. She, in the first place, secured all that *spreacherie* which she called her " ain gear," as charity begins at home; and then thus addressed her gossip in the hamlet :—

" It is a sore matter, Ailie, that the auld leddy of Monkshaugh—peace be wi' her !—should have left sic a wardrobe of silks and satins, forbye sixteen full-mounted beds o' eider-doun and the grey-goose feather, and her gallant Oe not ha'e a bed to streek him on, if ever he returns from the wars to brook his ain in the Ha' house of Monkshaugh."

" I'm the wife will haud the grip for Captain Wolfe, blessings on his bonnie face ; if ye be my warrant that it's neither theftdom nor receipt o' theft," said Ailie ; "for though, but in a small way, I am in gude credit, and wad like ill to hear my

honest name routed in Bailie Court or Birlie Court, in matter o' stolen bed or bowster."

"Ye misleard woman," replied Effie; "think ye wi' such prospects as mine, I would either thieve, or connive at theftdom or theftuous receipt:—though this at the warst would be but a rescuing and redeeming o' the prey frae the Amalekites. There is scripture warrandice for that; and I have law enough, and from a sure hand, to ken that the *juice mariti* cannot 'tach a gudewife like the auld Leddy's providing o' sheets, napery, and paraphar-nals marked in leal-steek wi' her ain maiden name E. F., be she gentle or be she semple. But take your will, Ailie. The house of Monkshaugh ha'e lang been gude customers to you. In a week or twa I may, wi' the blessing o' Providence upon my poor endeavours, be in condition to gi'e thae bits o' bundlies quiet quartering till the young Laird's pleasure is known anent them; an' ne'er a thanks to ye."

The last argument prevailed with Ailie; and under the denomination of "bits of bundlies," some cart-loads of trash, with a few articles of value, were that night smuggled out by the pantry window, with the ostensible purpose of benefiting Captain Wolfe, the young laird; but in reality,

not without some distant view to salvage and cellarage entertained by both the fair conservators.

The wardrobe of the old lady of Monkshaugh had, "even from Effie's girlish days," been to her an especial object of adoration and reverence, disinterestedly beloved for its own sake; though, unless the property-man of a provincial theatre, or a detachment of the antiquarian society had attended the sale at Monkshaugh, the whole array would not have brought five pounds; for private theatricals were yet unknown in this quarter. Effie regarded with utter contempt those light and flimsy productions of the modern fly-shuttle, gossamers and spider-nets well so named; but the massive productions of the "old masters"—silk brocades and silver tissues, "that could," she said, "have stood their lane," were to her as things of life. Touched, viewed, handled with tenderness and affection, her foldings and unfoldings were like fond caresses; and all this trash she carefully treasured up for the young soldier, for whom she had as much affection as for any one, and that is not saying much.

But, as we have said, the summons to family-worship put an end to those midnight practices, which it was judged highly expedient to keep from the eye of Elizabeth.

The sacred duty was performed by the bed-side of the master of the house as quietly as was at all compatible with the rumbling school of eloquence in which "Godly Gideon" had been trained. It could not, however, be expected that he was altogether to resist the opportunity of one hit, or even a second side-blow, at "the extortioner" and the "oppressor of the orphan," to which Effie groaned in cadence, the more naturally and pathetically that Frisel, who knelt near her, ever and anon bestowed on her lank sides an illustrative dig with his sharp elbow, enjoying his own shrewd commentary, at least as much as he did Gideon's text. Elizabeth, who knew that her friend, with all his uncouthness of manner, possessed much of the delicacy which, in all ranks, is inseparable from true feeling, was gratified alike by his pious and earnest supplications for the family, and the wonderfully slight notice bestowed on "the young handmaiden, who, in the course of providence, had been called on to share in the troubles of an afflicted house."

It was immediately on rising from his knees that honest Gideon resolutely buttoned up his single-breasted coat of Galashiel's grey, as if casing himself in armour, seized his oaken cudgel, and prepared to fare forth to withstand to the death "the

tyrannous man who had," he said, "broken faith and truce with Captain Wolfe Grahame, and laid his heavy hand on the feeble."

"But, my dear sir, you must tarry breakfast with me," said Elizabeth, who had great doubts as to the discretion of the volunteer ambassador. "And"—— she hesitated a little—"if it were not too much trouble—if you would, before going, make yourself—a little—clean—"

"Clean!" thundered Gideon. "I wish, 'Lizabeth, we had clean hearts!—This is a weary wark about the outside o' the cup and platter!"

Elizabeth would not have seriously offended him for the world; and Gideon had the same feelings towards her. So, with mutual hasty repentance and hurried explanation, but well understood kindness, they parted,—the lady, when afterwards questioned by the Laird on the state of the minister's beard, candidly owning that she "had often seen it worse."

CHAPTER VII.

THE AMBASSADOR.

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin—
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within."
COWPER.

THE family had assembled in Mr. Hutchen's breakfast parlour early on this morning. Lady Harriette Copely sat at a distant window playing with her favourite spaniel, Daphne, and talking apart to Delancy: Mr. Hutchen was reading letters with intense earnestness, Mrs. Hutchen making tea; and Juliana, with her arm in a silken sling, and dressed in a rich laced cap, India-muslin wrapping-gown and Cashmere shawl, apologizing for being so ill-dressed, and looking the unrouged, if not pale, interesting invalid with all her might.

"Delancy, can you riddle me what really brought you and me to this delectable place?" said Lady Harriette.

"I could give a shrewd guess," returned the young man. "Your ladyship had nothing better to amuse you withal—or your lord and husband thought so—and I was much in the same predicament."

"My lord!—I thank his cares. Well, I have the consolation of thinking Hutchen's voluntary office of groom of the chambers to Lady Harriette Copely, has not been a sinecure. But what do they want with you, Delancy?—unless, indeed, you were needed to bring in the hand of dear Juliana, as young anglers, you know, are taught to rake for gudgeon to fit them for better throws.—Don't be wroth now. Here we are brethren in adversity—let us at least be true to each other. There are still many weeks of my engagement here to run. I would certainly run from them—if—I had horses. But can you tell me what detains you, Delancy?"

The gentleman had no ready reply. Something he said of field-sports, and the beauty of this part of the country, and his promise to remain till the end of the month; and, finally, the impossibility of tearing himself from her ladyship, or obtaining possession of Ernescraig Tower for some time yet.

"That of course," she replied, and added, "I thought of setting fire to the house to get out of it. Have you any more novel schemes?—smoking the fox in his hole.—See where he sits scowling—hatching black mischief.—How I loathe that man!"

The lady was in the height of her play with the dog while she uttered this incongruous speech.

"Your ladyship is assuredly, as Hutchen says, your own mistress, and may leave a place so odious to you when you please."

"True; but I fear my—our—*my* extravagance I suppose is the word, has made this fellow, for the time, poor Copely's master. How blessed for me, Delancy, had there been added to the decalogue such a commandment as—'Thou shalt not spend;' or—'Thou shalt not play at cards'—'Thou shalt give no balls!' I believe the degrading consciousness of these wretched inthralments makes me more rude and impatient with this fellow than I otherwise would be; as a man on the dizzy brink of a precipice is tempted by the very sight of his danger to take the leap.—But, lo! the apostle Gideon."

And so it was—clearing the way in huge strides,

his head and neck in his haste pushed far in advance of his large loose-jointed limbs, Mr. Gideon Haliburton was seen brushing the dews off the nicely shaven lawn, and advancing to the great man's door, not by the meandering roundabout approaches and gravelled carriage sweeps, but straight as the crow flies, now shouldering his staff, now striking it into the turf, and muttering to himself.

"Come to explain all about his absurd mistake of the '*At Home*,' I dare say," said Mrs. Hutchen. —"We will be obliged, with your permission, Lady Harriette, to give the poor man some breakfast."

"I wonder what the creature eats," said Juliana.

Now, pray, Lady Harriette, and Juliana, my dear," said the mother, "be on your good behaviour. Mr. Hutchen you are always so much occupied. Here is the Sourholes' minister come to see us."

Mr. Hutchen was accustomed to hear the prattle and tittering of his womankind with as much indifference as the buzz of the house-flies in the same apartment. He, however, looked up as Gi-

deconcentered; and civilly joined his wife and daughter in requesting him to be seated at the table and accommodated with breakfast.

"I am beholden to your civility, Mr. John Hutchen," said Gideon, gravely and formally; "but I will neither eat of your bread nor drink of your cup till I have done mine errand with you."—That this errand was, at least in the estimation of the bearer, of great weight and importance, might be gathered from the expression of interest, which, for the time, gave something of dignity to the attitude and homely features of Gideon.

"Now pray do, my good sir, have a cup of chocolate," said the affable Juliana. "And do sit here by me. I am not accustomed, I assure you, to be refused by gentlemen;"—and she nodded significantly to Lady Harriette. "You must have had a long appetizing walk this morning over the moors."

"I have had a sight this morning, young Madam," replied Gideon, "which puts length of road, and roughness of path, and bodily needs out of head. I am here on the part of a frail, feckless man, whom it could surely never be your design to prosecute to the extremity, Mr. John Hutchen; and of a young lady of gentle blood and

gentler nature, borne down with the double burden of his sorrow and her own grief, and far from all that could feel for her, or fend for her in this strait."

"Good heavens! what has happened?" exclaimed Lady Harriette; and Delancy repeated the question in tones of yet deeper interest.

Mr. Hutchen, compressing his lips as if to restrain the boiling passion which was ready to burst forth, said, "At this table we discuss bread and butter, Mr. Haliburton—neither business nor preachments, whether the text be from the Wisdom of Solomon or the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Sit down and follow my example, or wait my leisure in the next apartment."

"In that I will do your bidding, Mr. John Hutchen," said Gideon formally; and much to the disappointment of Lady Harriette's curiosity and Delancy's anxious interest in this supposed business, Gideon moved towards the door.

"Young gentleman," said he, turning back, "if you bear the appellation of Delancy, I was charged by the Honourable Elizabeth de Bruce, in name of her afflicted kinsman, Mr. Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh, to intrust this packet to your keeping; that, through the medium of your noble connexions in that unhappy country

in which Captain Wolfe Grahame sojourns for the time, you would safely transmit to him, of whom we can glean no tidings, what will go near to break his noble heart when he learns how his auld uncle, and ane that is——I say when he learns how his auld uncle is bested."

"I will surely do my utmost to have this packet conveyed with safety and speed, unsettled as the country is, and difficult as such commissions are at the present moment. May I now entreat to know what has happened—how it fares with Mr. Grahame—if I can be of any further use to—— the family?"

"Yes, young gentleman, if your liking reaches so far, you may tell your host there, Mr. John Hutchen, that it will neither advance his fame nor increase his stores, to pursue to the death a harmless auld man, who, though maybe a wee thing flory and vogie of his nature, has, with his respected forebears, lived in credit and honour in this country-side for near four centuries, and who, though sic boasts and brags are but idle toys, is come o' the blood o' the de Bruce, to the whilk you, Laird of Harletillum, owe wealth and standing."

"Blood of a black puddin'," said Hutchen, with

vulgar fierceness quite unusual to him. "And that to you, Mr. Gideon, were I think the more cogent argument. Stop your mouth with a muffin, man. Many a cause, besides this, might thank the counsel who did so. If your friend Mr. Grahame has contrived to get himself over head and ears in debt, he must, I suppose, bear the penalty of his folly like others,—unless 'the blood o' de Bruce' wipe off the score. The same chance has happened before now to as good, and to much wiser men.—Another cup of tea, Miss Hutchen?—I will be with you in five minutes, if your business goes farther, Mr. Gideon Haliburton."

"Bear me witness, ye false man and cruel oppressor," cried Gideon, uplifting his voice. "Yea let your conscience bear me witness, as it one day must, stifle it as you will, and that loudly, that ye have stung and goaded on the vanity and pride of that silly man, who has run into your snare, even like a foolish bird into that of the wily fowler, till he is dragged from house and hold into captivity—and peradventure unto death; for the proud spirit will ill submit to your thraldom: your messenger was to it as the bolt of death. But I came na here to upbraid you, or to take up a railing accusation against you; but the rather to entreat, that

for the shame of the world's word, and the sake of that orphan maiden, whose kith and kin have made ye what ye are, and, above all, for your own soul's sake, and as ye would find grace with God or favour with man, that ye stay your hand from what, if ye persist, may even amount to blood-guiltiness."

While Gideon was thus remonstrating, the fair Juliana was familiarly whispering Lady Harriette. "How shockingly vulgar Papa talks at times! yet he is a person of fine taste; but vulgarity is inseparable from a Scottish education. I must rate him about his pronunciation, and old Grahame—" And she went on aloud:—"Indeed Papa I must insist on having something done for old Mr. Grahame. I recognised him, Mama, in leaving church the other day; and the poor little man was so grateful, so delighted, you can't imagine."

"Peace!" cried Hutchen, striking the table.—"And for you, reverend sir, who thus thrust your meddling snout into matters above your understanding, and which concern you not, I presume your mission to this house is ended." He beckoned to the door, and looked fiercely and angrily round, sparing not even Lady Harriette in the

rapid ireful glance, as if, finding retreat and evasion too late, he stood at bay and braved the worst.

"I am a man of peace, Laird of Harletillum;" replied Gideon, making his stand in the middle of the floor, and striking his staff in a not very peace-like attitude. "I am the bearer of a message of peace and good-will to men; but my brow shall not blench, nor my heart quail, because ye exalt your horn. Roar like a bull of Basan, and I mind it nae mair than the chirping of the kattie-wren on the moor. I will tell you, man of pride, to your face, that I have the fear of God before my eyes, and that this matter is concernment of mine:—that I have red blood in my veins, and lips which, though auld and withered, have been steeped in woman's milk—and that your cruel oppression is concernment of mine!—and of yours, noble lady—and of yours, honourable young gentleman—and of all who would help the fatherless and the oppressed unto their right, that the man of the earth be no more exalted against them." And, in brief and energetic terms, Gideon enumerated the ancient wrongs heaped upon his friends, till the present arrest of Monkshaugh had filled up the measure of severity:—of treachery too, he said, since Captain Wolfe Grahame, before leaving the

country, had entered into arrangements with Mr. Hutchen for the protection of his uncle's person, at all the risks which he, the presumptive heir of two estates, could take upon himself, and which Mr. Hutchen at the time had accepted as sufficient guarantee for his own security. In confirmation of this engagement, Captain Grahame had, on Mr. Hutchen's giving the hint, stooped his pride to bargain with his great neighbour for his favourite horse, and for those sporting dogs that still remembered their former home and friends.

A pause of dead silence followed the bold statement of Gideon,—and then Hutchen, with wonderful composure, replied in a low tone.—" Mr. Gideon Haliburton, I pay no stipend to your kirk, and will accordingly excuse you from farther missions to this family. I meddle not with your gospel; and let me tell you that I brook no interference with my law. I wish you a very good morning."—Mr. Hutchen walked out of the room.

" Pray excuse papa, my good sir," cried Juliana.—" You see he is so busy.——I must countenance the poor man a little you know Lady Harriette."—*Aside.*

" He is so admirably countenanced already," said Lady Harriette.

" I promised to sing for you, and shew you the gardens, and my album and pictures, and those sort of things, when we were at Sourholes; but you perceive I am an invalid.—So good bye.—Love to your pupil, Elizabeth. She does not draw I believe—nor care much for poetry." The young lady laid her small hand upon the horny brown fist of Gideon.

" So have I seen," said Lady Harriette, " at a country fair, the jackanapes, with playful grimace, leap up and perk himself on the shoulders of the huge and solemn bear, which looked on the gambols of his pert associate, even as Gideon does now."

Awkwardly bashful, actually blushing for himself and the young lady, and yet looking as if strongly inclined to give the fair Juliana a cuff in guerdon of her affability, Gideon, perceiving the merry eye of Lady Harriette upon him, manfully rallied; and, after a hideous preliminary chuckle, said,

" Elizabeth de Bruce keeps no album; but she has an old rhyme, Miss, that may do for yours:

> ' Maidens should be mim and meek,
> Swift to hear but slow to speak.'

Do you ken that amang your other poetry and accomplishments? Accomplishments!—If you were

to take the whittle, and lose the use of your forefinger some day, what would come o' them a', I wonder ?"

"Such a libel on modern education !" cried Lady Harriette, laughing; and she curtsied to the retiring guest with greater personal effort than she was usually in the habit of making for Mr. Hutchen's casual country visiters. Gideon bowed in return, as if she had been Moderator of the Associate Synod.

"He is indeed, Julie, love, all you have ever said—quite a gem !—Some touch of humour too, Delancy—apt at quotation."

"Very apt to be impertinent—like"——the rest was muttered.

"Like what, Julie ?—Your governess must surely have told you that nothing can be so ill-bred as to mutter and mumble."

"It is not worth my while," said Juliana, tossing her head as she walked off.

"Right, Julie, love.—Lady Harriette Copely is not worth Miss Juliana Hutchen's while." Her ladyship's brow flushed the deepest hue of anger.

"I am very much—certainly very much interested in what this worthy man has been telling us," said Delancy; "yet will your ladyship

pardon me when I say, that the vexation which I feel at seeing you—you, with your fine talents, taste, and spirit—descend to altercation, or to bandying inuendo with that paltry girl, puts it half out of my head. Pardon my freedom."

"Very well said, Delancy. But what would you have me do? Yet in general I never do notice her save when her father is by—unless I can seeth the old goat in the blood of the frisky kid. This very talent and spirit you talk of urges me on. It is my curse—my demon—the attendant spirit of the sorcerer given on the condition of being always kept in employment, else it will turn and rend its master. Michael Scott tasked his to reckon the sands on the seashore, and mine must just now, for want of nobler employment, submit to teasing our sweet Juliana."

"But has your ladyship never yet seriously set about assigning this your genius some nobler occupation? Pardon the freedom of the question."

"O! yes. I tried if it would knit, or knot, or play, or paint, or class plants, or embalm butterflies. These pretty pastimes were nothing to my indefatigable imp. The set tasks were concluded in an instant; and it was as importunate as ever with its wretched mistress for fresh work While

it had love-letters to write—not to Copely—and my noble sire's displeasure to brave and contend with, it was the happiest devil on earth; but that you know is an age ago. Happiness cannot last for ever."

"And has your ladyship never once, since then, fallen upon some suitable occupation for this perturbed spirit?"

"Ye—yes! Gaming I think was a rather congenial element; but this raised another fiend, whose name was Legion—so that was on the whole a losing bargain."

"Will your ladyship permit me to be serious? Perhaps this restless demon requires to be appointed to a higher sphere of action—to be exercised in social duties, intellectual pursuits—to be entertained by society—particularly by female society of a more exalted kind than you find here?"

"Social duties! Surely, Delancy, you must have heard that I ruined myself in discharging social duties—in health, spirits and fortune." Delancy shook his head in hopelessness. "As for mental cultivation, and exalted female society, and all that—pardon the ill-breeding of repeating your words; I assure you I am not laughing now:—I tried all these too—clever women as a last despe-

rate remedy ;—not mere notables, and managers, and educators, but genuine literary ladies. 'Spare the bores of hearing!' An Irish nurse, the most garrulous of all female creatures, is precious to me in the comparison. Of all the diversified forms of ennui, in this its native empire of England, a conversazione is to me the most appalling—to be regularly and formally cited to the bar of the *bas bleu*, who, full-primed, ready to explode, bears down upon you, reading, quoting, prosing, versing, flattering, corresponding, friendshiping you to death, or to ennui worse than ten thousand deaths! My demon will not, I assure you, be quieted by such sublime engagements. To it there is no female wit tolerable above the degree of a market-woman, no Muse beyond the sybil who in Connaught screams the Ullaloo. And pray, Delancy, what makes you so long from dear Connaught?"

"Driven by my demon, belike," replied Delancy, smiling.

"There our imps differ. Mine has made the tour of Ireland with great pleasure. I even began to think that the clearing blessing of St. Patrick, besides rats and reptiles, extended even to *blue devils;* not that my demon was originally blue, it

was quite *couleur de rose*, though to this complexion all devils must come at last." And the lady sighed with the lady-like mixture of affectation, intended to disguise natural feeling.

" If it does, the blame must be all your ladyships. It is a pleasant though a humorous sprite, pregnant with all quaint, mirthful, mischievous, and imaginative devices—with innocent delights, too, were it properly tried."

" It was tried. I once forced my imp upon the round of the innocent pleasures," said Lady Harriette ;—"it was *forcing*—birds, and flowers, and conservatories. It was like the French lady who avowed she had no taste for innocent pleasures, a candid sensible person sneer at her who may."

" I fear I can suggest no other employment for the busy devil that so haunts and torments your ladyship, though given, I doubt not, to minister to your power and pleasure if properly trained and governed. Suppose for a trial you task it to take an especial interest in performing useful service to some friend."

"It shall knit a pair of mittens for Mr. Gideon," said Lady Harriette, gravely.

" I presume too far in thinking my opinions worthy of your ladyship's serious notice."

"Nay, proceed, Delancy: I never heard you with half so much edification in my life. I know you wish to speak of Elizabeth de Bruce. Out with her."

"Then permit me to say that I would be happy to see you, Lady Harriette, give your attendant genius some duty to perform that will outlast the moment—of consequence to humanity—unconnected with self. The situation of the young lady you have mentioned is one for which every generous female mind must—"

Lady Harriette reddened in the slightest perceptible degree. Blame, directly implied, however delicately, was what her spirit could ill brook. In a gay tone, and after a moment's pause, she exclaimed:

"Pshaw! I tell you mine is a mischievous as well as a useless devil, and, moreover, it loathes women. It knows there are among them many good creatures enough in their own way, as mothers and daughters, and sisters and wives; but it has nor mother, nor daughter, nor sister, nor wife. Women to it are a mere blank in creation. Oh! the sickening vacancy—the torpor of heart under which one may suffer in festal halls, blazing with lights, crowded with slim misses floating about in light drapery, with clusters of well-brushed

curls—'sweet creatures,' and 'elegant creatures,' and 'most accomplished creatures'—barring Mr. Gideon's whitlow—and 'talented creatures'—these last chiefly Irish—with all their 'excellent,' or 'pleasant,' or 'respectable,' or—deeper and deeper still—'very superior' mothers. Yes, Delancy, my imp has felt delight in watching in such assemblies the rise, and progress, and workings of vanity, and envy, and malice, and all uncharitableness, which the gauzy veil of politeness mellows down into something so delicious. 'Tis after all an odious study. It dimples the cheek, but corrodes the bosom. The lip smiles, but the heart withers. Yet leave—O leave me, my tall John, and my little Juliana! After all I have tasted, she is to my sated appetite as the refreshment of 'that poor creature, small beer,' to which the sufferer of fevered thirst returns after having, in double and quadruple draughts, quaffed stronger stimulants, till he has got sick and headached upon them."

Delancy dropped the conversation; and at the request of the lady went to order his carriage for her use.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARON BAILIE.

Dogberry.—Is our whole dissembly appeared?
Verges.—O, a stool and a cushion for the Sexton!
Sexton.—Which be the malefactors?
Much Ado About Nothing.

Mr. Gideon Haliburton was not one of those wits, who, in the success and popularity of their own jokes, overlook their ill-nature. His honest heart smote him for the unkindness of his lips the instant he heard the applausive laugh of Lady Harriette. "She is but a light leddy that, too, or I am mista'en," thought he; "and, to say truth, my rebuke to John Hutchen's tawpie lassie was mair frank than friendly."

He had passed Castleburn hamlet on his return from his bootless errand, when the hue-and-cry, issuing from the gate of Monkshaugh, met him in full swell. Here were two of the sheriff's officers

who had come from Edinburgh to arrest Monks-haugh, dragging along between them Miss Jacobina Pingle, who screamed on the very stretch of her throat, kicked and sprawled, and offered every impediment in her power to the course of justice. In the rear were Effie Fechnie, Frisel, and Corporal Fugal, who usually officiated as baron officer on the barony of Ernescraig, and now attended in that capacity.

"Rescue !—rescue ! Mr. Gideon," screamed Jacobina, "in the name of the Laird and the King : see you how the thief-taker loons are guiding the bride o' Monkshaugh !"

"And, if thief-takers, the fitter to guide you, ye thieving limmer," said one of the officers ; "to steal the King's caption in your bedlam fits. But, by the officer of Pharoah's household, I'll make this a Bill-Chalmer job, simple as I stand here."

"Is this the gait o't ?" said Gideon, who was well acquainted with Jacobina's propensity to filch all written papers. "Be gentle wi' the pitiful creature, honest men. She has a sinless infirmity.—But whither are ye bound ?"

"For the court o' your brave baron bailie," said the officer, "the learned host o' the Grahame

Arms—me, a King's messenger at arms, that ne'er bowed to less than the floor-head of the Council-Chalmer of Edinburgh, Portsburgh, or the Potter-row at least.—But, Miss Jacky—now there's a bonnie leddy," and he patted her on the shoulder and clasped her waist;—"tell this good gentleman what ye did wi' yon bit paper, and I'se gi'e ye—'od I'se gi'e ye a kiss."

"*Ye'll* gi'e *me* a kiss, Tam Thief-taker," cried Jacobina, bridling with the ineffable disdain of a high-born matron insulted by the offered salute of an unbred hind. "Keep your distance, fellow!"

"Now, this dings dinty!" cried the man, provoked by the general laugh which Miss Jacky's rebuff had drawn upon him. "Jacobina Pingle, ye mad slut, what did ye with my caption?" he shouted in her ear, as he shook her by the shoulders—"Did ye burn it?"

"Na, man, I didna burned it," cried Jacobina, shutting her left eye, and twisting up her mouth in derision of his rage. "I gave it to one will keep it safe, and that's mine own body-servant, at least the Laird, my gudeman's. Effie Fechnie there is my waiting-woman; for ye ken it wadna be in character, nor seemly for a married gentlewoman like

me to ha'e a man body about her person; though, I dare say, Tam, i' the *Warld's-end* close, in Edinburgh yonder, ye are a' reel-raal through ither."

This information, worthless as was its source, put the officers on a new scent. Frisel, however, had generalship enough not to give them the advantage of making the attack.

"Gi'e it to me, ye poor demented creature!" said he, in tones of quiet pity. "But the gentlemen have mair discretion than mind a word comes out o' the daft mouth o' ye."

"Awa wi' ye!" cried Effie. "The jougs is e'en owre gude for ye. To dern yoursel' in a widow gentleman's chalmer to the disparagement of his gude name.—Your waiting-maid indeed! A bonnie disgrace ye bring on a family o' faithfu', honest, creditable servants, to haul them before John Baillie's judgment-seat, though but in a way of witness-bearing!"

"Fair and softly," said the officer; and he resolutely collared Frisel, crying—"Produce the caption, or by —— I'll break every bane in your bouk —and it's no big—forbye the award of the courts to follow."

"Bridle your profane tongue, and let the man go," roared Gideon, interposing the powerful arm

of the church militant. "Ye shall have justice, but misguide the man ye shall not."

"This wont pass!" cried Fugal in his most military, stern, and affected tones; and he attacked the other flank of the enemy. "This wont go down my lads—them tricks of the foot with we jintlemen of the light hô'se. If ye did not hear of me before, I am called the 'dacious Corporal,—d'ye take me?"

"Let them do their worst," cried Frisel bravely, cresting and ruffling like a sparring bantam cock. "Captain Wolfe Grahame" ('of the light hô'se,' said Fugal,) "will show them, and John Hurcheon at the back o' them, what it is to assault his servant, an innocent man, on the King's highway, or near by it, on the word of a mad woman—(but that's no you, my leddy," patting Jacobina's shoulder, and smirking in her face.) "If ye can prove on me the theft, or receipt o' theft o' the caption—that no a beagle in a' Rookstown could be found to execute on my auld and honoured master, till you Edinburgh blackguards were gotten—I'm an indweller in St. Serf's parish, and law-biding; so I dare ye to lay a finger on me, but in course of law.—Soap your beards wi' that birkies!"

Frisel snapped his fingers in defiance in the blank faces of the officers of law. They would, however, probably not have much heeded his exposition of the statute regarding the liberty of the subject, but for the martial frown of Fugal, who stood in parade attitude, toes squared, arms a-kimbo, hat cocked fiercely back, and for the hazel rung of Gideon, which promised to be in his friend's case an able and shrewd forespeaker.

The men consulted apart for a moment, during which time the Whittret tipped a sly wink to Jacobina, which sent her to the braes like "shaft from a bow"—screaming like a lapwing when the hounds are on its young.

With a volley of oaths the officers gave instant chase, while the Whittret hallooed and clapped his hands, cheering now the beagles, and now the hare.

"That's your sort, Miss Jacky!—Double down the briery baulk there.—Weel skelpit, Tam Thief-taker!—Na, Tam's souple.—Fair play to Jacky though!—Hands off there!—Ye brag ye're messengers at arms.—'Cod, Jacky will make ye a' messengers at legs.—There he goes, heels owre gowdie!"—The man came tumbling down.

"For shame o' ye, Francie Frisel," cried

Gideon; "to make your May game o' a demented, pitifu' woman. I fear me, man, ye've done a morning's darg will work your master's house baith shame and sorrow."

"That's between me and my ain conscience, Mr. Gideon. In thae days of law and gospel we must gar wit mend weapon. But I wadna like to displeasure you, sir, at ony rate."

"I must see that they misuse not the pitifu' thing," said Gideon, rapidly striding off in the direction of the chase, which was now hid from his sight by the intervening banks.

Poor Jacobina was run down much sooner than suited the merry humour of Frisel; but not till she had so far enraged Tam Thief-taker, a fat, short-winded, bull-necked fellow, with the front of a water-horse, that he menaced with his fist, as if to strike her down.

"Hold your hand, villain, or I'll hew ye down like an Amalekite," thundered Gideon, in those tones which at tent preachings fulmined over the Church of Rome, and, like an earthquake, shook the seat of the woman throned on the seven hills. "Will you lay your hard hand where the Almighty has laid the hand of chastisement so heavily already, doubtless for wise and righteous purposes?"

Gideon, in reverence, closed his eye-lids for an instant.—"Come with me, Miss Jacky," he then said, and kindly drew her arm within his own; Jacobina the while panting from her exertions, yet bridling, mincing, smiling, and looking round daintily and delicately as she hung on his arm.—"It's a daft job frae tap to tail, and a ravelled hasp to wind out; but I must see the end of it," said he, sighing. "Fit court for sic a prisoner; the judge fou thrice a day, and ree a' day-lang; and the culprit—but we say nought—*a-hem*—Jacky!" and he looked down on her.

Peace being again restored, the cavalcade moved forward—Gideon and the lady he squired in advance, Effie in the centre flanked by Fugal and Frisel—the one marching statelily and overtopping her, the other reaching to her sharp elbow. The officers brought up the rear.

"A brave sight for sair een," said Jacobina, "to see the Leddy o' Monkshaugh oxtering down the green loanings, in a fair May morning, wi' the godly minister o' the Sourholes!"

"A brave sight indeed!" cried the jealous Effie, indignantly tossing her head. "I wish the Session saw it."

"Ay! but I'm cauld, Mr. Gideon," continued

the poor shivering mad creature, clinging to the arm of the minister. The morning was drizzly and chill, and Jacobina, whose head had rested on no pillow for the last night, nor probably for many previous ones, was, moreover, clad in the motley garb of looped and windowed wretchedness, which gave the rigour of the elements full scope on her emaciated person.—" Ay! but I'm cauld,—and, what is waur, the mist will take gloss and gum out of my Lunardi bonnet and black lace Theresé."—Jacobina drew away her arm, and began charily to wipe these favourite ornaments.

" Could ye no gi'e the shivering, pitifu' thing a bit blanket or plaiden coat, Effie, to fend her this raw morning? for these popinjay rags of hers—"

" Blankets and plaiden! troth, minister, I ha'e other uses—" cried Effie, interrupting him.

" Blankets and plaiden!" screamed the insulted Jacobina, interrupting Effie in her turn; and the whole party stopped. " Set ye up wi' your blankets and plaiden, ye Sourholes' apostle! Have I not my black satin manteel lined wi' minniver; my red cardinal faced wi' ermine; my silken railie, my gold-laced green Joseph, I got frae Lady 'Lizbeth de Bruce?" And she volubly ran over the catalogue of her wardrobe.

"May Providence be good unto me!—and I wish 'Lizbeth de Bruce were here e'en now; for it is beyond the skill of mortal man, an it be not hers, to wile this popinjay-woman to Castleburn this day. And there, as I'm a living sinner! is the merry lady and the young gentleman whom I met at John Hurcheon's; a pretty plight they see me in here for a gospel minister!"

After the conversation with Delancy before related, Lady Harriette, by way of "airing her demon," as she said, requested that gentleman to drive her along the valley, where she might see were it but the chimney-stalks of Monkshaugh's dwelling.

While Gideon explained the meaning of the strange procession, Jacobina pranked herself in emulation of the fine lady who glittered before her.

"I have never been in a Scottish court," said Lady Harriette. "Do let us go, Delancy: we have an interest in the case as the guests of Mr. Hutchen."

"And a pretty swatch ye'll get for a beginning i' the Bailie Court o' Castleburn!" whispered the Whittret.

"Poor Tom's a cold—" said Lady Harriette,

looking with compassion on the shivering crazy woman.

"What are ye to give me for this now, Miss Jacky," said the compassionate Gideon; "this to keep the rain draps frae your brave lace Theresé?" and he put his blue chequered pocket handkerchief about her miserable naked shoulders.

"Ou, I dinna ken," drawled Jacky, holding her head aside, pouting her nether lip, and looking askance on the gift. "I'se warrant we maun come to the Sourholes some time soon and gi'e ye a day's hearing."

Gideon smiled grimly at this equivocal compliment to his pulpit eloquence, which had made the graceless bystanders laugh aloud.

"Never heed these graceless laughers, my douce friend," added Jacobina, quite archly. "Is it not written, 'The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee?'"—Lady Harriette probably thought that this was proceeding too far, so she interrupted the general mirth and the flashes of Jacobina's lively wit, by throwing from the carriage a scarlet silk scarf which she wore, requesting Jacobina to put that also round her shoulders.

"Eh! an' what am I to gi'e your ladyship's

grace for this?—call ye brave and weel-favoured, whether I think sae or no?" And Jacobina laughed loudly, in conscious triumph of her own wit.

"Whisht, ye misleard tawpie!" cried Effie, with more zeal than tact. "Her ladyship wants nae propine frae the daft face o' ye, wha are neither kith nor kin, her ladyship should ken, to the minister o' the Sourholes, though it pleasure him, this morning, to be leading ye down the loanings like a Queen o' Sheba." And Effie grumbled in her grief, shame, and jealous displeasure.

The word to proceed was again given; but now a fresh difficulty arose.

"I'll no stir a foot," screamed Jacobina. "Tam Thief-taker, I tell ye that—no the length o' my muckle tae but, wi' my coach and liveries; as gude my right as that painted Diana o' the Ephesians;" and she nodded towards the carriage.

Gideon groaned in extremity, and clasped his hands in the attitude of bemoaning himself; while lady Harriette laughed aloud, and Effie and Tom Thief-taker, at the same instant, prepared to pounce upon and drag forward the refractory prisoner. The wit of the Whittret found a remedy.

"Ye shall go grander than i' your coach, my

leddy," said he coaxingly. "We will put ye on the King's cushion—'carry my leddy to London town,' ye ken."

"Will it be beseeming for me, Francie, to play my part in sic a puppet-show?" said Gideon, ruefully.—"Or ye shall walk before us a'—and I will bear your train," added Frisel, with happier device, "like Queen Charlotte with her pretty pages, grand and genteel like a leddy as ye are,—as ye have seen the Lord Commissioner marching up the High Street to auld jingling St. Giles."

"Ay, but that was before the great fire—before the Lord de Bruce's bairn, or any other bairn was buried below Luckie Metcalf's hearth-stane. I whiles think I'm no just what I was then; for whiles I'm cauld, cauld,—and whiles I'm hot and burning. But troth, Francie, to tell you a bit o' my private mind, ye are the only discreet, feasible body I meet wi'; sae I'll e'en do as ye say." And Jacobina tossed him the skirt of her tattered silk mantua, and ambled into the front, while, with all possible gravity, he arranged the drapery of the train over his arm.

Fugal marched next, with the solemnity of an Indian Sachem and the stately gait of a field-marshal; and Effie followed, holding her thin blue

nose at the angle of a nose which is sensible of some evil odour. Gideon was undoubtedly somewhat scandalized by the peals of unrestrained laughter which burst on his ears from the carriage, and also by his own part in the absurd procession; yet, clear in his humane motive, he condemned his own pride and vain-glory, and kept close by poor Jacobina. The officers stepped aside for some time; and then rejoined the party with bursts of exulting and coarse mirth.

"What's i' the wind now?" said Francie. "It's no for naething the gled whistles."

"Ware hawks then," said the officer in irony.

"Keep the step, Ma-dame," called Fugal authoritatively to the ambling Jacobina, who turned round in wrath.

"Keep the step, ye saucy trooper?—And, as I'm a gentlewoman, the villain page has fastened my train to his buttons for the ease of his own body!—Ye impudent thief!" And she flew at the face of her page like an enraged wild cat.

While the Whittret, repenting his contrivance, parried her blows and scratches, the company in the carriage were again in convulsions of laughter; and Gideon started away, crying, "Mortal flesh and blood can thole this no longer!—Ye'll find me,

Francie, i' the Baron Bailie Court before ye." And he strode on, leaving Jacobina to settle with her page.

The court was held in the naked, hungry, and cold parlour of the Grahame Arms; the floor sanded, yet far from "nicely sanded," dilapidated and creaking at every step; the window-frames dropping out with dry-rot; ill-plastered walls, once yellow, now risen in blisters of all hues, and the ashes of a last week's fire reposing undisturbed in a broken-down rusty grate.

Great was the consternation of "mine host" at the approach of guests of such distinction as the open carriage boded; but when he understood they were come for justice and not dinner, he took heart of grace along with his meridian, having much more confidence in his legal stores than in the contents of his larder; besides, he had a high and sustaining sense of the dignity of his office, and of his personal dignity and abilities in discharging its functions.

The Court had been regularly constituted ere the other parties arrived. On a long oaken table, ornamented with hieroglyphics and tracery notched by guests of all different ages, tastes, and conditions, the customary *Mace* was placed in form of a

large pewter measuring stoup of ale, flanked by a vessel of the same metal, but of smaller capacity, filled with brandy. The carriage party were invited, as in other great cases, to a seat on the bench; the grimacing culprit was placed at the lower end of the table betwixt her accusers, like Susanna between the elders; and Gideon and the witnesses were ranged on the sides.

"Get behind us, baron offisher," cried the Lycurgus of Castleburn, addressing Fugal.

"To cut short all this trumpery nonsense, and save precious time," said Gideon, "whilk in its lapse summons all of us, and me at this moment in mine own peculiar, to weighty duties;—and, as I'm a living sinner, I believe I have not broken my fast yet!—let me tell you in one word that these honest men, ignorant of this poor woman's sinless infirmity—" The Whittret held Jacobina in play, or she never would have sat out this: "ignorant, I say, John Baillie, of her——"

"See-lence!" cried the judge, striking the board, and imitating, as nearly as he could, the braying of certain officials whom he had heard at the Rookstown Circuit Court. "There is no John Baillie here, sir.—The bailie here, sir, is Baron Bailie of Ernescraig, for fault of better, sitting in judgment

in a fenced court, Mr. Gideon Haliburton; who does not wear the sword in vain, minister of Sourholes.—Soh! pursuers make out your mitty mus!"

"Pragmatical cuiff!" muttered Gideon.

"We know the grave forms of business and office, Mr. Haliburton," continued the judge. "Form is the soul of law, my lady. Form is the very kernel o' the statue."

The officers, with contempt of the court and the judge, which they took no care to conceal, told their story. They stated that "they had been robbed of their papers while asleep in the house of Monkshaugh, on the night of the 28th of April, or on one or other of the days or nights of that month, or in the month of March preceding, or the month of May following, on one or other of the days of those months," &c. &c. &c.

"The man talks like an Irish counsel at an election—against time," whispered Lady Harriette to her friend. "He has some mischief in view."

"You woman, Jacobina Pingle, commonly called the Leddy of Monkshaugh," said the judge——

"That wont pass!" cried Fugal, frowning with the most martial air of an old trooper.

"Mend your phrase, John Baillie," cried the Whittret. "My master's back is at the wa', but we, his friends, keep the crown o' the causey yet."

"That's it!" cried Effie, in whom *l'esprit de corps* was raised by this insult to the master whom she served, and who owed her wages. Gideon also nodded approbation.

"I spoke but in daffin, ye spunkie," said the judge. "We say pro-ceed, woman, to give in your re-plies—but first we must 'tarrogate you a bit.—You call yourself Jacobina Pingle, do you?—then where is your domy-cell or common place of lodgement, or harbourage, or quartering, or habitation?"

"As seldom in your hospitable weel-rede-up chalmer of dais as you or I can help it, gudeman," said Jacky.

"What idle jaunders is this?" said Gideon. "Let me tell you, John Baillie——"

"Don't disturb the court, sir," cried the judge. "What is your age, woman?"

"As auld as my little finger, and some aulder than my teeth. Ye got a bargain o' that answer, John.——Nicked him there my leddy," and the prisoner smiled, nodded, and winked slily to Lady Harriette.

"*See-lence!*" again shouted the man of autho-

rity. "Gentlemen, pursuers, prepare now to give in your du-plies."

"Here," cried he of the bull-neck, "are our du-plies, or our moniplies, if your worship so pleases;" and he snatched from a servant in the Harletillum livery, who had just entered, a warrant for the committal of Francis Frisel, which was immediately executed in all due form.

"Soap your beard wi' that, birkie," said the officer, winking to Frisel.

"Fiend care," cried Frisel, rallying on the instant. "I am an innocent man, and have stood a worse brush than this. Dinna be down i' the mouth, Effie. Send me a clean sark, and whatever else ye can spare to comfort a prisoner. Ye shall not follow me a foot one o' ye; your kindness would only cumber me. Lead on, my lads. Bear my love to Baby Strang, Effie. Make my respects to my kind and honoured master, Mr. Gideon. And as for you, Mr. Tulcan-judge, ye ken; or, if ye were not an ass, ye might ken, that ye have no more right to hold your puppie-show of a court on us, than Prester John—or that messan turn-broche."

As the prisoner passed Gideon, who was struck dumb with consternation, he earnestly whispered—

"The Sanctuary—the Sanctuary!—My last word is Halyrood. For mysel' there is still cat's room, and dog's room, and room to rin; and let the master e'en turn courtier for a season. He had aye a fancy that gate."

Before the minister could reply the speaker turned away. Jacobina was now dismissed *simpliciter* by the pursuers, with a push which, but for the eye of Gideon, would certainly have been a kick; and the whole party dispersed, the officers, judge, and prisoner, under pretence of important business, having first done more zealous homage to the Mace than the presence of the strangers in court had formerly permitted.

And now Gideon was left alone with Effie, the poor madwoman having escaped him. "Where away did the poor thing daunder?" said he. "I wanted to gi'e her a groat, and send her to the Sourholes for her morsel dinner."

"Gi'e her!" thought Effie. "If his lugs were loose he wad bode them away! simple, weirdless man as he is; the Gude kens if he needsna a manager. But I'm determined to be aff or on wi' him this day.—Time when the master is boune for prison that the maiden were looking out for hersel'.

He will, nae doubt, be gaun to see his dandilly pet, Leddy 'Lizbeth, and may spell opportunity i' the lang loaning if he want to ken a piece of my mind.—Weel, I declare I'm a' in a nervish twitter.—But he'll surely speak this time!"

Vain was the fond presentiment. Field after field was passed; stiles were crossed at which lovers might have dallied; turfy banks were neglected where they might have reclined; breckens and broom were left behind which might have screened them from prying eyes and evil tongues. Of all these inviting localities Gideon made no advantage, but steadily stepped on, muttering—"The Sanctuary—the Sanctuary!" and, in maiden desperation, Effie broke silence.

"Ay, a Sauntawary! and sore is the need of it for the feckless eild o' Monkshaugh, and the unfriended youth o' that dear young leddy. Sair did she greet yestreen, poor dear, when nae ee was upon her but my ain, whilk, though I say it, was a kind ee and a trusty; and aye the owrecome o' the ditty was—'If there were but a Sauntawary, a cleanly weel-rede up house, wi' a respectable mātrone like yoursel', Mistress Effie, (she was pleased to say) at the head o' it, be it ever sae humble a

beild, where the Laird and me could scoug till this blast blaws bye.'—They could pay a small trifle nae doubt o' a board wage," added Effie.

There was just as much truth in this statement as saved Effie's very accommodating conscience. Elizabeth, who had before now foreseen and dreaded the late event, had indeed bestowed a passing thought on Gideon's habitation as a temporary asylum; and had even listened to Effie's plans for a general cheap clearing out of the Sourholes' cottage, even for the comfort of its present inhabitant.

"My poor place," said Gideon, "it would be boldness to bode on the Laird of Monkshaugh and Kippencreery Wester, far more on a dochter of the lordly line of de Bruce: nor is it for me to speak their welcome to what it would ill become me, a pilgrim and a sojourner, to refuse e'en to the most weirdless wight that ever ran thereout. I could sleep i' the byre. In the dark day o' the virgin daughter of Scotland, glorified saints and blessed martyrs, Effie, would have thought it blithe quarters to lig down on a battel of oat-straw behind Black leddy.—Monkshaugh could get the spence; and the young leddy, who is easier put up, the study."

"Lig behind Black leddy, indeed!" cried Effie.

"Na! na!—our Laird, fikie and fussie as he is, wi' his *this* and his *that*, has mair sense and manhood than to set a douce married couple out o' their bein bed for his four dainty quarters."

"But, Effie, woman," said Gideon, "I'm a lanely man. Ye forget—I'm o' weel-grown stature it's true; but I'm no just a couple."

"Alack, and a woe is mine! an that is as true, minister," returned Effie, with deep pathos—"a pelican i' the wilderness!—a sparrow on the house top! The mair the pity—in the especial that the congregation think it a great bar in the way of your usefulness—and, let me tell you, a puir compliment to the memory of the worthy mātrone now in Abraham's bosom, that ye dinna fill up her stead and room. It's no for me to counsel and advise, who am but—as the apostle says—the weaker veshell; rather for me to listen in scelence to the words o' truth and wisdom, that deschend like honey and the honey-comb on the highly flavoured people o' Sourholes. But we have scripture warrandice and godly example, minister, for boldly entering a second, yea or a third, or fourth time on holy matrimony—wi' a blessing—if the days o' our yearthly pilgrimage are drawn out sae lang. No to mention David and Solomon, wha had

routh o' wives, there was godly Abraham, the father of the faithfu', who, upon the death of Sarah, took to wife Keturah, who bare him Zimran, and Jokshan, and Medan, and Midian, and Ishbak, and Shuah, and——"

" Nay, Providence forbid, Effie," said Gideon, with a grim smile, interrupting the bead-roll of the Patriarch's posterity; " Providence forbid any Keturah should bring me such a progeny! If we cannot put up the little Laird o' Monkshaugh i' the Sourholes, we could ill fend a' that generation. But speak out your honest mind, woman," continued Gideon, checking himself in what he called " this unseemly crackling of mirth like thorns under a pot," into which he had been betrayed—" a simple ae-fauld tale will gang farther wi' me than a' that beating about the bush. If it were so ordered that I needed head and hands to set the Sourholes in trim for a refuge to this distressed family—"

" The Sourholes wad be a paradise to me—yea, a garden o' Eden wi' goodly boughs on a wall!" sighed Effie, interrupting him, in perfect ecstacy.

" To set the Sourholes in order, I say," continued Gideon, half smiling, and elevating his

voice, " ye would be my marrow yourself? Is that what ye would be at?"

Three times did Effie dip to the ground, each curtsy, in regular gradation, lower than that which preceded it, while she sighed out, " It's no for the humble hand-maiden to gainsay the will and visible finger o' Providence to be seen in this dispensation."

" Tuts! tuts!" cried Gideon, who dealt in " russet yeas, and honest kersey nays," much more than was usual in his day and calling; " that's a' true; but a purpose o' convenient matrimony, between elderly folks like us, Effie, is as much in the nature of a civil contract as——"

" Civil!" exclaimed Effie, " Yea, indeed, civil! and mair than civil—worthy, kind Mr. Gideon—now I may say my ain Mr. Gideon."

" Weel, but, Effie," said Gideon seriously, " ye must na fa' in love wi' me, nor mak' a phrase, for I can thole that at no hand." Thus checked, Effie endeavoured to restrain the outward demonstrations of her fondness.

" And when may *it*—the ceremony—be gone about? Whitsunday is at hand, and I will be in a nervish twitter till it be weel owre our heads,"

said Effie. "But the Session will surely be conforming?"

The Kirk Session of the Sourholes, like the cabinet ministers of a limited monarch, expected at least a *veto* in the alliance of their pastors; but Effie, a wily politician, had already sounded them at a distance, and disposed them to her purpose. Her last web had been given to Saunders Clews, weaver and elder in Sourholes—her last shoes had been prospectively ordered from Lowrie Lingle, shoemaker, and also elder in that place. She was, moreover, a member of the congregation, a flaming professor, and "a douce, weel-tochered, auld lass—a great gear-gatherer," as her fellow-christians termed it—so that, upon the whole, the course of Effie's true love promised now to run very smoothly.

During the short walk which brought them to Monkshaugh, Gideon vouchsafed not another word to his timid love, who walked by his side in joy and pride; and at last fairly ventured to touch his coat-sleeve with the ends of her fingers—at arm's length off however, and in the gingerly way in which a sagacious, yet luxurious rat approaches a well-baited trap, aware of the danger, but unable to resist the bait.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLIGHT.

' How came my man i' the stocks ?"

Lear.

At the threshold the plighted lovers parted; Effie to compose her ruffled spirits and enjoy her triumph in her own regions of sovereignty, and Gideon to give an account of his unsuccessful embassy. Monkshaugh was up and dressed, fretful and feverish with eagerness to leave a mansion in which every article was now the property of Mr. Hutchen, polluted by the contamination of legal seizure.

Not Lear, when with bitter and indignant anguish he exclaimed in the words of our motto, could have felt hotter displeasure than the Laird of Monkshaugh, when informed that his favourite servant was a prisoner. Elizabeth, alarmed lest his violence might bring on another paroxysm of illness, tried to sooth him by every gentle art; and he gradually became more calm.

Gideon, in rendering an account of his mission, did not spare himself; and on his acknowledged imprudent defiance, which was a balm to the irritated spirit of Monkshaugh, Elizabeth founded a new hope, and ordered Baby Strang, now the only useful servant of the household, to saddle her little Titania.

"Be not displeased with me," said she, "if I entreat of you, even for my own sake, permission to wait on Mr. Hutchen. If his heart be not as hard as the nether millstone—if he be not a fool as well as a knave, he must consent to your retiring to the Sanctuary till we obtain the advice of Wolfe. There too you will obtain the best medical assistance. It cannot advantage that man, Hutchen, to bring himself still more under the lash of tongues by cruelty as wanton as it is useless. I will obtain from his prudence, from his dread of opinion, what his justice would refuse to us."

"So your kindness would make me an Abbey Laird—the first Monkshaugh that ever sought sic harbourage," said Monkshaugh, peevishly. "This ye would humble yourself to crave as a boon from John Hurcheon? No, Elizabeth, by my consent, never! If I have not lived in all things with the spirit of my forebears, let me at least die with it."

" Alas !" returned Elizabeth, " where is the dignity of idly braving those we cannot subdue? Allow me, I entreat you, to make the trial. No fear of undue humiliation on my part. As a de Bruce I never stood more proudly than now ; as a Grahame, if you will allow me this affinity," and she sighed and blushed, " never half so proud. The honour and pride of both families are safe in my keeping."

" Then do your pleasure, 'Lizbeth," said Monkshaugh.—" I yield to her, Mr. Gideon.—I never could withstand her yet in the most senseless prank she ever asked me to countenance. In that place I may give her my protection ; elsewhere—in prison—I could not endure to see a woman, much less a de Bruce near me."

" Many, many thanks for this concession !" said Elizabeth, with animation ; and, pressing his hand, she flew off to equip herself.

" My best blessing goes there in that lassie," said Monkshaugh, much affected. " And from a dark quarter it came ; and, blinded and thankless man, I was little grateful for it.—But there has been good company in Holyrood ere now, let me tell you, Mr. Gideòn," he added, changing the subject. " Sir John Tillyho ran a ram-race wi'

horse, and hound, and horn, till he landed there. Mr. ——, of ——, (a family not much under the degree of our ain) the great miner and agricultural improver, wrote there his Treatise on Ruta-baga and Mangel-wurzel, highly approved both. Pity that the drainers of bogs should so often land i' the mire themselves. My friends cannot accuse me of being an improver, at any rate."

By quoting precedents, and talking over the matter, Monkshaugh, in a short time, became wonderfully reconciled to a temporary retirement; and even, such was his mental constitution, began to feel something like excitement, and to enjoy the eclat of his persecution.

The reception of Elizabeth at the Whim was, if not kind, yet courteous even to the extreme point of the most scrupulous politeness. She found Mr. Hutchen alone; and perceived that he resolved, by holding her visit as one of civility to the ladies of the family, to elude, as long as he possibly could, the purpose for which she really came. "Juliana," he said, "who had come by an ugly accident, was gone out for an airing with her mother." He was exceedingly sorry that neither of the ladies were at home to have the honour of receiving Miss de Bruce.—"If I am right in my style

of address," said he, with an expression of face that gave emphatic meaning to the words.

"And if wrong," said Elizabeth, while her colour rose as much from pride as from modesty—"Mr. Hutchen will the more readily understand the purport of this visit—the interest I ought to feel in whatever affects the honour of the house of Monkshaugh."

"Madam?" said Mr. Hutchen, with real or affected astonishment; and Elizabeth, apprehensive that she had gone too far, in a few words explained the purpose of her visit.

"Miss de Bruce is surely aware that the creditable trick which was played last night—I say not by whose instigation—has made Mr. Grahame master of his own actions for the time, and put it out of my power either to grant or to refuse what Miss de Bruce truly calls her first request to her noble father's agent."

"You know little of the character of Mr. Grahame, if you suppose him capable of making his personal advantage of any one's fraud," returned Elizabeth. "I have not lived very long, Mr. Hutchen; but I have nevertheless learned that the power of intellect, and the sentiment of integrity, are things very different—or at least are not

necessarily allied. Mr. Grahame, in the house that was his ancestors, awaits his fate whatever that may be. It is in your power to make him a prisoner; but to make him a dishonourable man is beyond human power. Mr. Grahame never once hesitated, never once considered for a moment the part which it became him as a gentleman to act on the unexpected emergency created by the loss of your people's papers."

Whether it was that the alchymy of Elizabeth had power to extract the soul of goodness from things evil, or that Mr. Hutchen was really glad of an opportunity of doing a gracious act, while he staid that clamour of tongues of which the echo had already stunned him, his part was instantly decided; and, that resolved, his manner became so frank and specious, that the generous heart of Elizabeth smote her as if her former suspicions and evil opinion did him wrong. Under this impression, she made her acknowledgments for the frank courtesy with which her request was granted.

"Tell my worthy friend, Godly Gideon," said Hutchen, smiling, "that young ladies are more skilful negotiators than bearded divines. Had he, and another person whom I need not name, been more sparing of insulting speech, Miss de Bruce

would have been saved the trouble of the visit which does me so much honour. There are things —trifles too—which no man can, nor ought to bear. Gideon's zeal consumes him, honest man; but I can forgive him since he gives me an opportunity of speaking to you, Miss Elizabeth, of your noble father."

"What, of my father?" cried Elizabeth, who for years had sickened over the unvarying monthly bulletin of the medical attendant of that unhappy nobleman—"Same state"—"no better"—"no amendment," prefixed to some disgusting technical jargon, alike revolting to her filial feelings and her womanly tastes. Long had she regarded the condition of her father as utterly hopeless. It was misery to think of it—misery useless as acute; and, in compassion to herself, she tried to banish the idea.

"Few things could give me so much happiness as now having it in my power to tell you, that my Lord is wonderfully improved of late," said Hutchen. "I saw him myself about ten days ago, and could not have imagined such a change possible. I certainly entertain—though I dare not be sanguine—very good hopes indeed. My Lord is still in the prime of man's life; his natural constitution

is excellent; many happy years may await him yet."

"Grant it Heavens!" cried Elizabeth, fervently clasping her hands, while her eyes streamed in an ecstacy of gratitude and tenderness. "Now then, at last, I may go to my father!"

"Not to be thought of yet!" said Hutchen. "All agitating emotions are to be avoided. You remember the dreadful paroxysm your presence formerly threw him into." Elizabeth with agony remembered this, though her age at the time when the interview took place did not exceed seven years.

"The feeble spark must be cherished, and permitted to gather strength gradually," said Hutchen. "I am advised to have my Lord removed hither to the happy familiar scenes of his boyhood; and the opportunity is favourable. My wife and daughter are devoted to my wishes on this subject; his Lordship shewed a marked predilection for Juliana when she was a child."

"And I may not see my father?" said Elizabeth, in tones of the deepest emotion. "Oh! surely he could learn to bear me—perhaps to love me. God knows how much it is my wish to devote myself to him!"

"You know best how your duty and wishes square," said Hutchen, with a marked smile. "At all events, your kindness in this instance would frustrate its own purpose. You will easily, on reflection, perceive how improper such an intercourse would be at present."

If the physicians think so, I must and will acquiesce," said Elizabeth; "not otherwise. But even now, surely, I may be informed every day of the progress of his recovery? It is now, indeed, I regret that I am pledged to follow Monkshaugh; not, however, if I can be admitted to attend my father."

"Happy father of a child so dutiful!" said Hutchen, with a lurking sneer, that withered the conscious heart of Elizabeth.—In the agitation of the moment she forgot to leave compliments for the ladies, or condolences for Juliana. Winnowing the wind, the feather-heeled Titania soon reached, with her fair rider, the old mossy avenue of Monkshaugh.

While Gideon was breaking his fast, which, being so long delayed, was done at last with a vengeance, the blushing Effie communicated her happiness to her master, and made him a rather premature offer of the hospitality of the Sourholes,

"for a reasonable board wage" she insinuated. The proposal so made stirred up to wrath every drop of gentle blood in Monkshaugh's body.

"Ay, quotha!" as Gideon wiping his mouth, upon "returning thanks," rejoined him. "This is a brave march ye have stolen on us this morning. And yet I cannot help thinking, that though John Hutchen's debtor, I'm Effie Fechnie's master yet, and have been so going forty years, and might have been acknowledged in a step that was to deprive me of a housekeeper—though ye might think this was the less matter, as Ebbie Stanchels, the captain of the Rookstown tolbooth, was now likely for some time to keep house for that 'Prinkie boddie,' the auld Laird of Monkshaugh,—the dead lion that ilka carle may now have a fling at."

"De'il a muckle o' the lion!" whispered Frisel, who glided into the room by his private waiting door, as if shod with felt.

"Laird of Monkshaugh, this is less than kind!" said Gideon, in a quivering voice; and his tawny-grey eyes glistened as he turned away his head; "but it ill becomes me, either as a man or a Christian, to take amiss the curt word that anger wrings

from sorrow." He walked forth to compose himself.

"Master mine, ye wrang the kindest soul that ever tabernacled in earthly clay and Galashiels' grey cloth," said the Whittret. "I clapped behint the hedge in the Ducot park, and heard ilka word o' the courtship."

"And where come ye from, ye de'il's buckie?" said the Laird, while his eyes danced with delight over his merryman. "You—ye loon, that have tricked John Hurcheon, and brought suspicion and disgrace on your master's house by your unlawful pranks."

"From where I daurna weel be seen, as the balland says," replied Francie, who for many years had held the plummet, which in an instant sounded all the depths and shallows of the Laird's moods, whether of delight or displeasure. "Even from the fords of Oran, where I took leave to gi'e Tam Thief-taker and his billy a loup in the free May-flood to caller them. Had ye but seen, Laird, how Tam squattered i' the water!"

"And ye'll squatter—and that in a hempen gravat, if ye makna yoursel' scarce," said the bride, who followed Frisel from a mixture of

motives. "Here is a pack of duds for your graceless face. I thought it might have shown itsel' amang better folks', on an approaching occasion; for I was resolved, Monkshaugh, not to overlook my auld fellow-servants, or to make fish of one and flesh of another, though by Providence raised, wi' a blessing, a degree aboon——"

"Hech, but we are on our high horse this morning!" put in the Whittret. "Thank your ain four quarters, Effie. Let Providence take care of whom it will, ye can take care of yoursel', lass. Ken ye, my merry maiden, wha was playing 'boglie about the stacks,' and heard every word? Master, as ye are a gay bachelor like mysel', wi' pardon for the comparison, would ye like to hear the first words of a courtship—wi' Scripture warrandice?"—and he mimicked the nasal twang of Effie.

"Hold the ill-scrapit tongue of ye!" cried Effie, with a face between tragedy and comedy; and she shook her clenched fist at him. "Command his silence, Monkshaugh, for he is enough to put a badger to the blush; and as I shall declare, the hot foot of the pursuer is in the court of Monkshaugh."

"It is Leddy 'Lizbeth's little Titty-annie," said

Frisel; and, glancing on Effie, he continued, "which bore him Jokshan and Shuah, and Medan and Midian." Effie looked as if she would have burst with spite; and yet she looked imploringly, as if craving his forbearance.

"I ne'er heard Titania's pedigree before," said the Laird; "but it is Titania, is the beastie's name—that is the Queen of the Fairies, in Mr. William Shakspeare's play of Macbeth the Usurper, and not Titty-annie, as I have twenty times telled ye: and to see ye leaving a Scotch gentleman's house that was called to the bar, an ignoramus such as would disgrace the family of an English Yorkshire squire, or a Somersetshire J. P!"——No one knew the real name better than Frisel; but he loved to come under his learned master's correction.

"Tit-annie, or Queen of the Fairies, it's a' ane," said Francie. "She cam' frae the King o' gude fallows, and that's a better story; and to him I am boune. The bonnie bride says weel, master—though she has ta'en the gee—I maun put the braid water between me and the green holms o' Monkshaugh; for, if John Hutchen let down his grannie's lucken-brows, this country-side will be owre hot to hold him and me baith. They are

hot-foot after me now—and I durstna have come in speech of you, my honoured master, but that the Pitbauchlie colliers, who aye bore a frank good-will to the house o' Monkshaugh, sent them—Tam and his billy—down a heugh to look after me, and forgot to let down the bucket to draw them up again, till Leddy 'Lizbeth and you get time to put a long night of grace between you and the gled's grips."

"They're no ill creatures—they are gude creatures, thae blackened, brucket colliers," said Monkshaugh, much affected with this proof of good-will; "and ye may tell the ground officer from me, Francie, to let them cut their bits o' wands for creels to their bearers in the dean wood, trusting to their honour to keep frae the young timber. But the Lord help me, what do I say! There is not a riding switch in a' the braes o' Monkshaugh I dare this day ca' my ain property. We have 'stooped our leafy crest,' indeed, Francie. But another day may come when my head is below the mould; and ye come well to witness, 'Lizbeth. Let not this be forgotten to thae blackened Pitbauchlie colliers."

Monkshaugh appeared more affected by this fresh instance of the popularity of his ancient fa-

mily, than interested in the result of Elizabeth's application. Still more deeply was he affected when made acquainted with the reasons of Gideon's matrimonial overture.

"The honest man! the kind, honest, single-hearted, Christian man! Though he did undoubtedly call me a 'Prinkie boddie,' it was but a hasty word," said the Laird affectionately. "This shall not be forgotten to him by me nor mine. But I'll forbid the bans! he is e'en owre gude for the din damosel, the best day she ever stood in Monkshaugh pantry."

"Indeed, Laird, ye'll do nae sic thing; and these are my parting words o' wisdom. She has plenty and can manage it weel; and the flock o' the Sourholes are but thrawn fractious tups to guide, the maist o' them. Besides, wad ye cross a leal maiden in her true love?—Fie, Laird!"

"Frisel, you dally too long in idle merriment," said Elizabeth seriously. "Know ye whither ye are bound? Have ye money for travelling charges? Take this and instantly begone! You have acted very foolishly; but still—"

"If I ha'e been the fule, I maun dree the fule's weird, leddy. But put up your wee green pursie. —Na, if ye insist, it does not become me to gain-

say your father's dochter; but I have found a friend will bring me to speech of another friend, in another land; and that may be better for us all."

"If you could indeed reach Captain Wolfe," said Elizabeth.—"But stay—might he not be blamed for harbouring one fled on such cause?"

"Fled on what cause!" cried Monkshaugh, impatiently; "trying to save a not unkind auld master from the grips of John Hurcheon? There might, even in your eyes, 'Lizbeth, be worse faults; but the Laird of Harletillum seems to have cast his glamour owre you with all the rest."

"I am, indeed, bound to that man this day," said Elizabeth; and she sat down, and with her hands covered her dewy eyes. "He has given me the most precious of blessings—tidings of my father's restoration to himself—to reason—to happiness—to our affections!"

"Elizabeth," said Monkshaugh, "this is blessed news indeed! My dear and noble kinsman! If this were true, I could forgive John Hurcheon all the evil he has wrought on us.—But I forget your strait, my poor knave. Run for it now, Francie. Take this trifle—auld guineas, pursepennies—but I ha'e nae ither change just at

hand; and your master's blessing.—Send in Mr. Gideon to hear the heart-cheering tidings; and, remember, wherever an ill wind blaws ye, that if Monkshaugh finds a lown spot for his silver hairs—that is speaking metaphorically in respect of my periwig—ye shall not have far to seek one, my poor knave. So keep yoursel' clean and snod in your linen and hose, Francie, and free of ill company; and send us tidings of you—to the Abbey of Holyrood is it, Elizabeth? Has John Hurcheon done Robert Grahame of Monkshaugh that grace?"

"This was frankly conceded," replied Elizabeth.

"Then write us at Holyrood," said the Laird, sighing softly; "the address, plain 'Mr. Robert Grahame.' While we are Abbey lairds we remain *incog.*"

Frisel, who, it may be remembered, had been picked up a foundling at his master's door, was a good deal affected by this parting address; and stood in the unwonted attitude of hanging his head on his breast; but he again erected his crest, muttering—"In cog! faith that may be the gentle phrase; but I fear it's like to be out-cog, toom bicker! However, if I get to speech o' Captain Wolfe—"

"Ay, of him that must be nameless, Francie; let your first words not be of worthless me, who am as it were one of the lesser barons, but of the restoration of our noble kinsman, the Lord de Bruce; for the which blessing I shall order Effie Fechnie to deal a dole of meal, and a shilling Scot's money, to every poor wife in the four hill-side parishes, which will be more befitting than bale-fires or banquetings, in the present circumstances of a family in close propinquity to his noble house."

"My first word, as God shall help me, will surely be of the Lord de Bruce!" said Frisel, with energy that made Elizabeth start and fix her eyes keenly upon the speaker. Her thoughts had been all wrapt in her father's recovery. Some timid doubts stole over her mind of how he was to receive information of a union contracted as if he had been voiceless in the disposal of his only child, or as if regarded by her as already dead. "But he shall have no cause to blush for the son whom I have given him," thought she; and she raised her head in the glowing pride of affection, as the solemn words of Frisel fell on her ear.

"My first word will surely be of the Lord de Bruce," repeated Frisel, "and of the black and hellish villany hatching against him and his.—

Your noble father is not recovered, lady. Would to God he were! That man's power is like the foul fiend's. He can crush and wither—but he canna restore. He has mingled the wormwood and the gall; but the balm must be ministered by other hands—even by yours, lady."

Elizabeth clasped her white hands on her bosom, inwardly praying that so it might be; and then looked up eagerly expecting what was to follow.

"Your noble father is not yet much better," continued he; "but it suits the Laird of Harletillum to have it so. He would have a lordly son-in-law to grace his house, failing in other projects; and would give you, lady, a young good-dame to love and to look up to."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet like some marble statue suddenly touched to life by a talismanic spell,—her figure dilating beyond its ordinary height, her arms outstretched, her eyes wild and starting, her veins swollen, and her voice choked and inarticulate with the struggle of maddened passions. The language held to herself returned in fearful confirmation of what she now heard.

"Say it again!" she exclaimed. "Repeat it once more!—My ringing ears have played me

false !—Say—shall my father—*my father*—the unhappy Lord de Bruce—shall he be made——? The very stones of the earth would cry out against such outrage !——Oh, I shall go mad !" was her thought, "now—now, when I need reason the most !" She clasped her hands on her burning forehead in unutterable agony. Even now, in this wild tumult of her feelings, she fancied the sudden approach of the fearful malady to which, from her birth, she imagined she had ever been liable—now, when all her powers and faculties were required to protect herself, her father, all she loved, from the shameful villany and miserable disgrace meditated against them.

From the ineffable horror of this paroxysm she was recalled by the voice of Mr. Haliburton, who, with Monkshaugh, was interrogating Frisel regarding all he had heard of this mysterious affair. His account was clear and consistent. The intelligence, originally gleaned by his peculiar industry among the Harletillum domestics, had been confirmed by other information, the source of which he would not unfold, though it was probably Jacobina's papers. The medical attendant, Dr. Mallock, was, he said, busy spreading reports of the amend-

ed health of Lord de Bruce, preliminary to the measures meditated by his patron.

Frisel had been betrayed, partly perhaps by the vanity of possessing a secret of such importance, and partly by his warmth of feeling, into a premature disclosure of this alleged plot. His prudent original purpose had been to find his young master, and to his ear alone commit what so materially concerned his honour and interest, if it were indeed true.

"If I should speak till Martlemas," said he to the questioners, "I could tell no more. Mr. John Hutchen fancies he cannot get the heir-at-law, and so wishes to make his daughter a lady at ony rate."

How rapid is the conception and lightning speed of ideas in moments of strong mental agitation! The mind of Elizabeth had already flashed through every region of mortal thought.

"That man cannot be so absolute a fiend—cannot be capable of such unimaginable villany! He is a father," said she, more calmly. "But I will be cautious and distrustful where the stake is so great. Fly, sir, for your own sake and mine. I can trust you. Take this—and this—and all I

possess." And she hastily tore the ornaments from her neck, and the rings from her fingers. "And tell your master, as he values my peace—my life—my honour—his own—that he will not let slumber close his eyes till he is with me. I should write—but how?—Oh, friends!—in what form of words could a daughter speak of this alliance of horror?"

Frisel retired to the kitchen, and gave the ornaments to the keeping of Baby, to be returned to the owner at a quieter season—shewed Effie the golden purse-pieces of the Laird, for the amiable purpose of exciting the envy of that frugal maiden, who thought all lost that missed herself,—with a flourishing caper jumped up and threw his arms around her long scraggy neck, kissing her, in her own despite, from ear to ear—conferred the same parting favour on Baby Strang, her strapping niece, and then speeded on as if he had borne the fiery cross of a feudal chief.

"I wadna for twa-an'-a-plack the minister had seen him!" said Effie, wiping her whiskers from the contamination of Frisel's salute. "He's a bauld, beardie boddie, Francie, knurl as he is in bane and bouk; and I am free to confess that Gideon Haliburton, though we stand as bride and bride-groom, bookit and proclaimed, or near as gude,

never yet laid lip to mine, which shews marvellous discretion in a man courting a lass to honourable matrimony. But, Baby, bairn, ye may ream the cogs yoursel' the day, for my hand is in a nervish tremour e'en yet.—And, as I shall answer, the muckle yellow butter-ba' is blubbering after that ill-deedie shrimp. Take shame to yoursel', woman—wad ye wish for a husband, as Tam Thumb's mither i' the picture-book did for a bairn, were he no' the size o' your thumb?"

"Many is the day, little as he is, he stood my part, the kind creature, when I wasna Baby, bairn," sobbed the gigantic Cowslip of Monkshaugh, any thing but gratified by the dulcified temper so suddenly displayed by the bride. "But he's no here now to answer it—and there's Pernickitie's bell."

"Then answer it yoursel'," said Effie; "and that is gude crambo-clink, lass. My service is done in this house—Marriage breaks terms all the world over. Set him up!—wi' his broad gold pieces to a law-breaking land-louper, and never to say, 'Effie, there's a bit note to ye to buy a dud gown or a suit o' ribbons, now ye're gaun to change your state, after being a score years about the toun.' But I ha'e a tea-and-sugar business in Castleburn; for I doubt, after a', that the Sourholes' manse," as

Effie, henceforth, christened Gideon's Hut, "has but a toom ambry."

While this and much more passed in the kitchen, Gideon, with the mingled consolations of religion and of reason, strove to sooth the irritated mind of Elizabeth. His strong assurance confirmed her own belief, that Wolfe Grahame would stir heaven and earth ere he permitted the consummation of perfidy so base, brutality so unequalled; which was alike hostile to his interests as an heir, and his honour as the nearest kinsman of the unhappy nobleman. To assurances grounded on the spirit and firmness of him so dear to her secret heart, Elizabeth bent an eager ear, even while she chided herself for deriving more solace from them than from those higher general arguments of consolation, so earnestly enforced by the homely scriptural eloquence of her venerable instructer.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEPARTURE.

My redoubled love and care
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheered, and so supply'd
That what by me thou'st lost thou least shalt miss.
MILTON.

THE information of Frisel, appalling as it was, an outrage to every filial sentiment and feeling of delicacy and womanhood, made no change in the plans of Elizabeth. Duty and affection alike enjoined her to share and sooth the banishment of him who stood to her husband in the place of a father, of her own old indulgent friend, whose virtues and kindnesses were, in this trying season, all freshly remembered.

Monkshaugh offered but a feeble opposition to Elizabeth's accompanying him to the Sanctuary of Holyrood, expecting, and indeed wishing, this opposition to be over-ruled.

"Nay, give way to her kind heart," said Gideon. "Entreat her not to leave thee nor to go back from following thee. Let her be to thee what the youthful Ruth was to the aged Naomi. No' that I would disparage your manhood, Laird of Monkshaugh, by comparing ye to an auld wife; though I wish we had all of us the strong faith and long-headed sagacity of that mother in Israel."

In returning from the Whim through the hamlet of Castleburn, Elizabeth had ordered the only chaise of the learned host of "The Grahame Arms," a vehicle hanging to one side, and trundling in its run like a duck with a broken wing. It was now arrived. Monkshaugh was already considerably recovered, and she wished to give him no leisure for fond regrets or lingering farewells; or, what was as much to be dreaded, time to provide against all the thousand and one imaginary wants and casualties to which they might be exposed in a barely furnished lodging house. Every really necessary arrangement she had made herself, with such consideration and care for the finical habits and personal nicety so characteristic of her old friend, that Monkshaugh, though far from being easily contented in such petty matters, afterwards declared,

that "he missed nothing but his ebony boot-jack with the silver hinge, which was maybe the less matter as he never drew a boot on his legs—and, moreover, had not one to draw on."

Every article of personal equipment, needful to the comfort and respectability of him who now wholly depended on her judicious care, being arranged, Elizabeth gratified her natural taste by the selection of a few stray favourite volumes of her own; nor in the midst of haste, confusion, and distress of mind, was there omitted one—not even *one*—of the numerous scattered tokens which she possessed of the early fondness, and later affectionate remembrance of Wolfe Grahame—dried plants, and mineralogical specimens, and books, and trifling ornaments, valueless and worthless all in the eyes of the indifferent, but each prized by Elizabeth as the speaking record of some well-remembered era in the story of their united hearts. While memory retraced the bright or saddened, but all happy because united, hours which those relics chronicled, and while the heart of Elizabeth burned in love or melted in tenderness over them,—while she pressed them to her lips, and wetted them with tears, her feelings true to every

varying recollection with which they were fraught, the summons of Gideon, who wished to bid her farewell, came and found her thus ill prepared.

Gideon had already taken leave of the Laird, and now only waited to bestow some friendly counsel, and his paternal benediction on Elizabeth. Considerable delicacy marked his leave-taking of Monkshaugh. "He's a paughty boddie," thought Gideon—"and likes weel to shew the manfu' spirit, when there is little of it either below his powdered periwig or 'broidered just-au-corps. When I told him, as beseemed mine office, of the tune in which patient Job received the stroke of calamity, he seemed to think the upright man of Uz a poor precedent for the lordly Laird of Monkshaugh and Kippencreery Wester. He wad like ill that the auld Sourholes' minister saw the tear in his ee that John Hutchen had power to wring forth; nor could it pleasure me to behold the kindly auld man driven desolate from his father's heritage, whither, alack! 'the spoilers are come up.'" Gideon groaned as he looked round the once comfortable, well-furnished, and highly-ordered family apartment, where he had spent so many social hours, now cheerless and cold, and lying in all the

litter and desolation in which the men of justice had left it.

"They have made it desolate," said he, as Elizabeth entered; "and being desolate it mourneth unto me." After a little pause, he added more firmly—"But the Portion of Jacob is not like them. In the swellings of Jordan may He be with thee, my dear bairn. May His right hand 'stablish thee, and bless thee; yea, with the blessing of heaven above, and with the blessing of the deeps that lie under!"

Elizabeth in reverence bent her beautiful head beneath the good man's hand, which rested lightly over its glossy curls for an instant, like the hand of a fond father, blessing at once and caressing. By her the benediction of an archbishop could not have been more reverently received: and if true and fervent piety, warm beneficence, and a mind "unspotted by the world," give distinction—then might honest Gideon have ranked very high in any Christian hierarchy.

"My silly heart is again making an idol to itsel' of that lassie," said he to himself, as he strode homewards, wiping the unwonted moisture from his eyes, and thinking of early buried affections;

"and I will ken but little peace or comfort till her deliverance is wrought, though I see not, in my carnal blindness and unbelief, the earthly instrument or quarter it is to come frae."

Poor Monkshaugh had shut himself up for a few minutes in the bed-chamber of his "ever-honoured mother;" but he now, in goodly travelling guise, joined Elizabeth. A brown camlet, full-skirted, riding coat, or Joseph, lined with cherry-coloured silk, was tightly buttoned in the middle over his usual under dress, and jutted at the haunches like the surtout of a modern grass-hopper-waisted exquisite. A Bandana handkerchief protected the neatly plaited stock of white cambric, just shewing the glancing gold buckle; while a trot-cosey, similar in texture to the Joseph, with far-descending cape, protected the powdered winglets of his wig, and the nice jetty nap of the small hat which, in Monkshaugh's keeping, appeared, after years of use, to improve in silky gloss, and in that spruce, finical, and precise air which well became, and was indeed inseparable from, hat of his.

"Where is the housekeeper, Mistress Effie Fechnie?" said the departing Laird to Baby Strang, now the only efficient member of his household. Ba-

by scorned to bear malice—nor would she tell a lie. She therefore mumbled something, which the vanity and kindness equally natural to the Laird, interpreted into a story of Effie's tender feelings for his distress and exile making her now unfit to appear. A bridal gift, and a message, lofty and gracious but kindly withal, promising the gude-wife of the Sourholes the countenance and protection of the family of Monkshaugh and Kippencreery Wester, were entrusted to Baby, who was also herself remembered, though the ancient broad gold pieces—keepsakes with which, in days of yore, maiden aunts and kind god-mothers had endowed the pretty netted silken purse of Master Bobby—were fast disappearing.

"I canna—bear—to see ye—gang away your lane—Monkshaugh," sobbed Baby, in inarticulate murmurs, heaving up every separate word as a native of the emerald isle does our good King's English, as if the very language were a bondage under which his free spirit pants and labours—"since *he* is awa—wha kenned—a'—your little ways—"

"The quean is gaen gyte, 'Lizbeth," said Monkshaugh, who had never before heard Baby's voice in a direct address to his own mightiness—"My little ways!"

"—Without ane—to tend ye—but how to leave Black Leddy—and her at the calving—?"

"No more," said Elizabeth. "Mr. Gideon will pay all arrears of wages. Your kindness to us shall not be forgotten." Elizabeth had already, in token of good-will and parting kindness, added such little gifts to those of Monkshaugh as she had power to bestow. Baby respectfully struggled with her hysteric grief; and the melancholy party moved into the hall.

"'Lizbeth de Bruce," said Monkshaugh earnestly; "among all these packages, mails, pockmanteaus, and night-sacks, are ye sure that there is not so much as the paring of a nail, or the clipping of a rag, John Hurcheon can call his by right of law?"

"That question was scarcely needed," replied Elizabeth, whose integrity was high-toned, even to superstition. "This one lingering spray," and she bent her lip upon the opening blossom of a common white rose, "is all I carry from Monkshaugh."

"Wolfe Grahame's white rose tree, from the which my ever-honoured mother could gather her a gay garland for the eleventh of June; for she, like yoursel', bore aye a warm breast to the name

of Stuart. But oh, Elizabeth! if my pride of heart has burdened her grandson's inheritance, and put him in the vulture's grasp, as I sometimes fear! —And his dog, 'Lizbeth! Fie on me to forget poor old Dash!"

"Fugal is to bring him to us," said Elizabeth. "I have cared for all these things. Take my arm, dear sir; lean on me across this threshold."

"Rather let me rest here, 'Lizbeth—the lang, last, cauld, and lanely rest—where nae John Hurcheons can trouble me—on this the door-stane of my fathers' dwelling, which my folly has forfeited for Wolfe Grahame. Would it not be better for us all, that from this spot I were, in this hour, borne to a dwelling yet quieter, and which will be langer mine?" He sunk down on the door-step, overcome with querulous sorrow.

The figure and dress of Monkshaugh, so much at variance with this mood of lamentation, and with his deep and sincere distress of mind, might have excited the laughter of a person less interested in him than was Elizabeth. She, with gentle, patient, and winning endearment, leaned over him, and tried to sooth the feeble and wounded spirit—to reconcile the querulous old man to himself, and to invigorate his mind with the generous glow of

hope—hope which, even in the midst of the deepest external desolation, still keeps her chosen shrine in the heart which loves and is beloved, and which even now nestled warmly in the bosom of Elizabeth.

At length they were seated in the crazy superannuated post-chaise. The crack of the postilion's whip sounded through the deserted court like the warning bell of an executioner. Fugal, who had stepped down, and now hung about the door, after his usual military salute, was profuse of lowlier greetings, but spoke not. Baby Strang again lifted up her voice and wept; and the house-dog, either from sympathy with her, or from instinctive sagacity, burst into long dolorous howlings, returned by all the muffled echoes of the old grey walls of Monkshaugh. A sudden swirl brought into the carriage a careering shower of those withered leaves which usually lingered on the boughs of Gog and Magog till pushed off by a younger generation.—They fell on the old man's head and breast: he changed colour; and, in a low and solemn voice, but with entire composure, whispered,

"Elizabeth de Bruce, mark my words. I shall never again cross that threshold—I am assured of it—it is shown to me. Grant me, O !——" His

ejaculatory prayer died away in silence; and Elizabeth could only perceive the pale quivering lips and fervently clasped hands.

There is ever a mysterious and overawing power in the genuine exhibition of that strange and superstitious feeling which men call presentiment, which no imaginative person can, or perhaps would wish wholly to overcome, and in all emotion springing from a supernatural cause, were it visible only in the cowering and howling of a dog, or in the trembling and chill perspiration of a horse when it is said to apprehend the approach or presence of something not of the earth. The impression which sunk on the mind of Monkshaugh, trivial and accidental as was its source, was too sacred and powerful to be treated with levity. "Be our trust in Him in whose hands are the issues of life!" whispered Elizabeth. "Amen, my dear!" replied Monkshaugh; and, when he again opened his eyes the carriage had passed the grassy avenue, where broad golden lights and black massive shadows were already falling through the huge limbs of trees now all clad in their fresh spring liveries.

The next mile was travelled in silence; Elizabeth sometimes unconsciously stealing a backward look, through tears which blinded but fell not, on

the receding objects of her early and most endeared recollections. Among these was the deserted cabin of Monica Doran, its wintry mantle of vivid green moss now fading into russet hues beneath the ardour of the fair young season, whose loveliness made it fresh pain to leave the valley.

At the fords of Oran a few poor people from the neighbouring hamlets were assembled. The men doffed their bonnets as the carriage passed; the women curtsied; the children ceased their clamorous sports. Some looked on with respectful curiosity, and others with all the sympathy folks so poor were entitled to shew, even in his downfal, to one still so grand as "the auld pernickitie Laird of Monkshaugh." No sooner did the wheels dip in the water, than the personal and ancestral enormities of Mr. John Hutchen were started and discussed with great vehemence and freedom.

A similar scene took place in Pitbauchlie, the collier village at which the Edinburgh officers had been detained till but a few minutes before, and where the effigy of Mr. Hutchen, who was peculiarly obnoxious to the colliers from his severity against wand-cutters, poachers, and black fishers, was, at this moment, suffering to the full the bloody statutory penalties denounced in Scotland

against high treason—namely, hanging, drawing, and quartering. A loud huzza greeted the first appearance of the carriage on the stony moor road. Elizabeth ordered the man to drive on more rapidly, and the carriage passed the village.

"A scurvy thing of auld Pernickitie no' to nick us a gowd guinea for dregie-drink," cried the headsman of Hutchen's effigy. "I'll be hanged mysel' if ever I hang another effigy for him!"

The colliers, moreover, resented the imaginary disdain with which the opportunity of escape, afforded at the peril of their whole community, and the positive scath of one of its members, had been received. One persecuted champion of aristocracy was already fled, the 'scape goat of the whole dingy brotherhood; and his sluttish wife, with bare feet and tartan legs "well endowed in the small," open 'kerchief, and matted elflocks escaping in all directions through and under a dirty cap, one squalid child in her brawny arms, and two black, ragged urchins, with sly besmirched beggar faces, hanging at her tattered skirts, flung herself in the way of the carriage, whining loudly—

"What's to become o' me, Laird, and thae three bonnie sma' bairns I've born Christy Gra-

hame, now when our bread-winner's to the gate, and a' for the leal luve he bore the gentle house o' Monkshaugh ?——Come forit, Robbie Grahame, ye snotterin' elf," continued she ; "and let the Laird see how muckle ye're grown." And the respectable matron seized the Laird's hopeful name-son by the nose, and so dragged him into clearer view, with more zeal of maternal solicitude than delicacy as to the manner of introduction.

If there was one object on earth which Monkshaugh loathed more than another, excepting always his old agent, it was a slatternly, dirty woman; and, in the present instance, one might almost have forgiven this failure of Christian charity.

"What's to be done with that rampallion midden, 'Lizbeth?" said he, reddening, and heartily ashamed both of his fled champion and of his hopeful name-son.

This clamorous matron and her brood were not calculated to excite much depth of compassion in the bosom of Elizabeth, gentle and pitiful as was that generous bosom ; yet to expose to hardship greater than they now suffered, these wretched children, whom mistaken kindness for those she loved had deprived of—no very exemplary or ten-

der parent to be sure—but still the best they had, was not to be thought of.

After a whispered brief conversation in the carriage, Monkshaugh addressed the matron. "Go to Mr. Gideon Haliburton, where ye will get a daily allowance of meal and milk for your starved brats, with whatever in the way of duds o' clothes may be necessary, till your graceless gudeman cast up. As for soap and water, I fancy ye never see the colour o' them."

"Sape!—na, na, we maunna pretend to sape!" whined the matron. "It's fight eneuch to get the bit saut beast to relish the pickle potatoes;" she pointed to two salt herrings, a fresh purchase, now carrying home back to back by the bright-eyed Robbie. "But the Lord bless your honour, and hauld ye in his holy keeping!" she continued; "and wad it no' be better, just to gi'e me like a piece o' money—a soom i' my hand; for what's a dole o' meal and a sup blaized milk in a hungry sma' family?—Lord leuck on them!—And bless your bonnie face," she clamoured more eagerly than before, as Elizabeth showered into a ragged lap all the loose silver in her purse, amounting to eighteen shillings. "Lord shew favour to your bonnie face! and there's in

the blink o' that bonnie blue e'e will gi'e mony a lad a sair heart yet;—and could not your Leddyship mak' it the pund note to hain for the weary house rent like?"

"'Beggars should not be choosers,' you know, good woman," said Elizabeth, amused by the effrontery that roused the indignation of Monkshaugh to such a pitch as produced a happy reaction on his depressed spirits.

"Drive on, Nicol!" he cried. "The impudent thief—the bold-browed, brucket, horner quean! She would dictate to me!—And your simple face, 'Lizbeth, to leave yoursel' without a sixpence of change, for a randy limmer wha will ha'e it a' in blue Kilbaigie before we see Inchgarvie yet!"

"I owe something to the name of Grahame, and to your little namesake," said Elizabeth, partly to indulge her natural humour, and also to stir the indignation of Monkshaugh, which she rightly judged might keep off feelings and thoughts of more perilous tendency.

"Dinna provoke me, 'Lizbeth. In good sooth I am a highly honoured man—John Hurcheon for my creditor, Jacky Pingle for my bride, and Christy Grahame's bastard for my name-son, who has no more right to the name of Grahame than I

have to the name of Guelph." And the Laird went into long explanations of how temporary retainers, in feudal times, wont to assume the name of some warlike leader like himself.

About a quarter of an hour after the carriage had passed, the disconsolate wife of Christy Grahame was still squatted in a dry ditch by the roadside, on the moor, with her brood tumbling and yelping all about her, joyous in the evening sunshine, and free fresh air; and in that mysterious, light-hearted mirth, which is the blessed and universal portion of childhood under all external hardships whatever. A horseman approached whom she probably knew, and hastily concealing the silver coins, she began to sing out, with a rather ill-acted attempt at tears, "Eh! the sair loss me and my sma' family ha'e had in bonnie sweet Leddy 'Lizbeth de Bruce this morning—wha was like a mother to us a'—ugh, hoo!"

This, by the way, was almost the first time that ever Elizabeth had seen this respectable matron or her hopeful progeny.

"Is it long since the carriage passed?" inquired Delancy—for it was he—and he tossed her some silver.

"No through the Blashy-burn yet," cried she;

"and mony a sair look back—maybe for some friend;" and as the horseman rode off, she first tied the silver into a corner of her tattered 'kerchief, and then proceeded to the maternal duty of family discipline.

"Ye ha'e pouched a sixpence i' the scatter, ye thieving little villain! Gi'e it up!—Gi'e it up, this born instant—or I'll brain ye!"—And she fiercely shook the delinquent Robbie, till all his rags fluttered in the passionate breeze; and out of some hole or bore the lining of his breeches, which would have defied a Bow-street officer, or even the most adroit practitioner in the old Scottish game of Kittliecout, dropped the secreted coin.

The mother, secretly delighted with this early proof of genius in her first-born and favourite child, now said, "If ever ye steal plack or black bawbie frae me again, ye 'cute rogue, I'll burn ye to a cinder on the ingle-head! Am I to bring ye up to the gallows, think ye?"

"Eh! minny, may I steal frae a' body else?" cried the sobbing Robbie.

"Haud yere whisht—ye little villain!—wad ye break the heart o' the mother that bore ye?—Ay!—ye'll tune your pipes now—what for wad ye no greet before the gentles? How am I to fill

the kyte o' ye, think ye—if ye'll no do your ain part?"

Now Robbie's part, like Master Snug's, could be done extempore, for it was "nothing but roaring;" and as "the young idea" had been ably instructed "how to *shout*," he seldom failed in performance; but, on this occasion, the unwonted apparition of the carriage and "the bonnie grand leddy," and a "wee gentleman like Punch," had benumbed his faculties, and—

"Eh! minny, I couldna greet for glowring," was the reply sobbed up.

"Come hame-owre then, ye tricky loon, and rin an errand to the Langtown."

"Eh! minny, and will I get a wee drap?" said the youngster, guessing the errand, and already imbued with the prevailing, and indeed hereditary tastes of the family.

"Let na the bottlie be seen through your duds, then; and whistle a' the gate back down the damside. Hech, sirs! it's a sair matter for a mother's heart to see a bairn no' aboon six blessed years sae gi'en to drink!"

Off bounded Robbie like a tennis-ball on that familiar track which he could have threaded blindfold; his bright black eyes glancing with the glee

of anticipated revel; holding up his duddie breeches with the left hand, and with the other clasping and embracing, under his coat of many colours, the ill-concealed heir-loom of his family, vowing deep revenge, and muttering—"Auld jaud, my minny!—when I'm a great big muckle man like Mr. Frisel, I'll *taber* her as tightly as ever my father did on the pay nights."

Robbie, who was something of a philologist or philosopher, whichever be the word, had a clear and undisturbed idea that *pay* night, when his father got his wages and became glorious, being generally the same night on which this conjugal duty of *paying* was discharged on his mother's skin, must mean the self-same thing, or rather stood equally for both modes of payment.

Meanwhile, leaving this promising family, Delancy gallopped hard, and soon overtook the crazy vehicle as it slowly trundled over the brown moors, which, at that period, waste and sterile, with here and there a lately sunk coal pit, or a recent patch of sickly infant pines, lay broad and wide, dividing the rich deep valley of the hill-side parishes from another highly cultivated district sloping towards the sea, on which fertile track our travellers were soon to enter.

With an air of kindness and respectful interest Delancy accosted Monkshaugh. The Laird was at first disconcerted, shy, and even impatient of the company of the stranger; but, as their slow progress permitted them to talk freely, this feeling gradually wore off beneath the easy address of Delancy. At the little village where they were to stop for the night, to avoid the fatigue of a journey too long for the invalid, the young gentleman bade them farewell, saying, that he expected to be in Edinburgh in a few days, and hoped for leave to wait upon Mr. Grahame. Monkshaugh fidgeted, and Elizabeth was silent. The Sanctuary was an unpleasant place of address.

" I can of course be at no loss to discover the residence of Mr. Grahame of Monkshaugh, in Edinburgh," said Delancy; " though you may not yet have fixed where you are to reside."

Monkshaugh's pride was coming in aid of his awkwardness; and he would now have given his true address, but the young man was gone.

This trifling circumstance produced a long train of musing in the simple mind of Monkshaugh.— " It cannot be altogether for me," said he to himself, " that this youngster gallops at our horses heels.—'Lizbeth, poor dear lassie—a wild tantrum

that, to gi'e Christy Grahame's leman a' her loose silver—yet she is wonderfully settled nowadays, and dear to me as ever was Wolfe Grahame, or may be, in respect of her sex and my tender care in her up-bringing, a thought dearer. If I could see her well bestowed in marriage, it would be the greatest blessing, next to the restoration of our family, this earth has in store for me." Ideas of this nature insensibly occupied the mind of Monkshaugh; and he talked long and even cheerfully till the hour of rest.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CITY.

When Care would strive with us his watch to keep.
Hath she not sung the snarling Fiend to sleep?
And when Distress hath looked us in the face,
Hath she not told him thou art not Disgrace?

CRABBE.

THE sky of the next day was of one clear, cool, unspeckled blue, each distant object sharply defined in the transparent light, which made every hue of nature more intense and vivid. It was one of those splendid spring days of which the poet sings,

"The lark is up, and sings aloud;
East and west I see no cloud."

And in this invigorating air the travellers journeyed on with exhilarated spirits, and nerves freshly braced.

The mansions, villas, hamlets, and towns, and the rapid changes which, under the almost magical spirit of improvement, were everywhere going on, furnished Monkshaugh with abundant topics of conversation, besides those traditionary histories which he had at his finger ends of the genealogies of the great proprietors whose estates they traversed. They travelled very leisurely, made long rests, and late on a night, as dark as the day had been clear, reached the metropolis.

The most spirited and town-like aspect of a great city is, to our thinking, just at the close of a shortening day—the beginning, for example, of a long October night, when the winter evenings are once again fairly set in. The lights, the noises, the stir, the coil, the whole buzzing machinery of artificial life, all its flitting and shadowy groups and forms, are then at the height of their activity and effect.

The hour was latter and quieter at which our travellers entered the metropolis. Elizabeth, as they drove in by the sombre end of Prince's Street, could just fancy that she saw the dusky massive battlements of the veteran Castle in the direction in which her companion pointed, from which a

bugle pealed in the darkness, as if a slumbering giant had suddenly raised his voice. The hollow valley, and distant magnificent bridge studded with fantastic lights, were more easily discerned, and looked better, perhaps, the one in its misty involvement, the other in stately obscurity, than either could have done under the broad open eye of day. She could also, as they advanced, perceive the grotesque outline of the dusky and broken ridge of the Old City. Here many a "towered structure high" might be seen studded with twinkling lights from base to summit, some permanent, but many more flitting about, shewing as if all the will-o'-the-wisps that ever sported with belated traveller, had hither repaired to hold their revels, and each brought with him his dancing taper. Their route to Holyrood thus lay through the very heart of a scene which, to a young and unpractised eye, cannot fail to be striking; and the vivacity of Elizabeth's looks, gestures, and exclamations, betrayed the animated interest which she took in the novel and magnificent spectacle in which every meaner accessory was hid by that doubtful light which

"Shadowy sets off the face of things."

The town was become novel even to Monkshaugh,

and a dim train of recollections, distant and dream-like, awoke in his mind on plunging into the old lively scene. He rubbed his eyes, and, stimulated by the return of long forgotten images, became attentive and alive to what was passing around, animated and delighted with the task of instructing his young and lively companion.

"When I was a brisk young man, 'Lizbeth, at the college, in the lifetime of my honoured father, I lodged with a widow gentlewoman up yonder—see." He pointed to a lofty browed house in the High Street, near the head of the Black-friars' Wynd.

"I shall get dizzy and break my neck to look so high," cried Elizabeth. "One—two—three—four—five—I declare eight tiers of windows—there—even up to the attics where those lights are staring like the hideous eyes of some monster, or 'chimera dire,' or fiery dragon of old romance."

"Ay, there's tailors at wark there, I dare say, 'Lizbeth; they need good light to goose out their seams and cast their button-holes. But it is the seventh floor only I mean. I never lived in a garret, 'Lizbeth. The landlady was the widow of

the auld minister of our ain parish of St. Serf. I lived with her three seasons, on an allowance of forty pounds, and little motherly helps sent by the carrier. I was apparent heir of Monkshaugh and Kippencreery Wester, dressed as became my station, and kept company with the best and fairest in Edinburgh. It shames me to be grumbling, now when I have three times that sum left for the support of this frail auld body; and my wig's kept at half the expense of my hair-dressing in my buckish days. I whiles think, 'Lizbeth, I might dress my wigs mysel' to hain a penny,—what think ye? Mr. Delancy told me the French refugee nobles do meaner offices. Lord help me! it does not become a poor man like me to be idle. But we'll have plenty if I would be frugal and industrious."

"It is thus, dear sir, I like to hear you speak," said Elizabeth, taking his hand affectionately.—"Think thus and we shall all be rich enough—rich in fair fame—rich in warm affection; you will still be Monkshaugh, and I will be—" and she hesitated—"Elizabeth. Poverty is almost the only evil my active imagination never yet presented to itself—probably because it was always too familiar to be ever very formidable." And she

smiled and sighed—so that it was impossible to have separated the sigh from the smile, or the smile from the sigh.

"Weel, I'll try to think so too, 'Lizbeth: the best and kindest lassie that ever the world saw I must think you however; and tell Wolfe Grahame the comfort ye ha'e been to me. In a' our straits ye ha'e ever been like the good princess in the fairy tale, who never opened her lips but out fell pearls and diamonds.—But see! that is the house o' the great reformer, John Knox."

"And here we are plunged into a gulf—a perfect architectural *Slochmuidh!*—How call you this pass, sir,—where these balconied houses appear to close over us?"

"The Nether-bow Port, 'Lizbeth. And this on the right is St. Mary's Wynd—which had its day, like mysel',"—sighing.

"Those brave old names," cried Elizabeth, "how they sound to one's heart like an herald's trumpet!—Living pictures they are—Holyrood! St. Mary's!——"

"Ay, that is the rag-market now, 'Lizbeth; where they sell auld duds of breeks and waistcoats to poor boddies," interrupted the Laird; while

Elizabeth, drifted on by the stream of her enthusiasm, continued—

"—— St. Anthony's Chapel! the Grey-friars! the Black-friars!—It was thus they stood—it was thus they were named even by the lips of the lovely and royal Mary—her fair Maries, and her gay gallant courtiers!"

"This now is the Canongate," said Monkshaugh, who magnified his new office of Cicerone.

"In which the hotels of the flower and pride of the Scottish nobility formerly stood? Was not Cambuskenneth Lodge hereabouts?—But hark, that tinkling bell! I could fancy it the signal of the approach of a procession of bare-foot friars, going to the shrine of St. Giles, or St. Cuthbert, or St. Catherine of Sienna——"

"It is a mutton-pie bell—'hot penny-pies,'" said the Laird quietly; "no an ill thing neither."

"And that wailing cry the dying cadence of their Latin chaunt," continued Elizabeth.

"That's 'Peas and beans—hot and warm!' 'Lizbeth. Weel do the 'prentices and young students ken that cry."

"Pshaw!" said Elizabeth, laughing. "I will keep my enchantment.—But is there not some-

where hereabout a St. Mary's Chapel?—'the Chapel of our Lady.' I must go there on an early day. The name quite haunts me."

"That's where the *Trades* convene, I believe, 'Lizbeth,—the weavers, and the bonnet-makers, and the hammermen, and the shoemakers, and so on. What a young gentlewoman should want there I cannot make out. But your wish may be gratified, for our family lang dealt with a very decent man, ane David Daigh, deacon of the baxters. We have his nick-sticks in the house to this day: I even believe there's some bit balance standing."

Elizabeth burst into a fit of merry giggling, and Monkshaugh thoughtfully shook his head.—"She is a wee touched, poor dear!" thought he,—"the family malady. But the Lord in his mercy forbid it go beyond these flights! I can manage her tenderly and discreetly. Lucky she fell into sic judicious hands. But, alack, that the iniquities of the fathers should thus be visited upon the children!"

Monkshaugh's reflection had reference to a dark legend in the family story of the de Bruce, connected with the great burnings of their town-mansion—a wo—a curse denounced by a wronged and maddened spirit in its bitterness—a woman's curse

—the curse to which the conscience of man, aiding the justice of Heaven, gives sharper sting.

But Elizabeth happily knew nothing of this.—"And stay," she cried, leaning her hand on the arm of her companion.—"He whirls on so fast!" and she bent her head to catch the strains of a vagrant syren, who stood garlanded by a bevy of fair young listeners to her strong-lunged minstrelsy. Thus may the romantic traveller in Venice have stopped to listen to the chaunt of the gondolier, expecting to hear the strains of Tasso or Ariosto, and thus may he have been rewarded with such vulgar "lira-las" as now greeted the ears of Elizabeth.

Something went wrong about the carriage. The postilion alighted and swore,—hoarse voices replied; but high over all rose the strain of the ballad-singer—no tale of Lady love, or Knightly emprize, but the effusion of some lowly Juvenal, satirizing the dress and manners of the fair.—"With me the romance of cities is strangled in the birth," thought Elizabeth, leaning back in her seat, as if yielding the point.

The constable of the night, or some such dignitary, all of them—the more shame to them—sworn foes to the itinerant minstrel, now stepped forward

to stop the ballad-singer's tuneful throat; and thus gave the syren an opportunity of discovering that her powers of rhetoric were at least equal to her skill in song: both were Erin's own. Elizabeth shrunk at the speaking voice, which she at once recognised to be that of the singular fortune-teller, or tinker woman, she had so lately encountered in the woods of Ernescraig. She drew not back, however, before the strong and audacious coal-black eyes of the woman had fallen upon her.

"Here is a lady," cried she, pointing to the carriage, "who knows me, and will testify that on the night you say, she saw me thirty miles from this."

There was nothing very flattering to Elizabeth in this first challenge of acquaintance on the streets of the metropolis, nor in becoming bail from a charge of vagrancy,—and she was silent, while Monkshaugh, in consternation and anger, cried out—"Get along, you bold quean! this lady knows nothing of you."

"Ay! trundle off," said the officer.—"Ye must have bail and caution—must ye? But that lady is none of your kind. I see that by her."

"Yet," said Elizabeth, moved by a sense of justice, "I saw that woman, as she affirms, thirty

miles from this on the night stated. More I know not of her."

"And these same words may stead ye yet, my gentle ladybird," said the woman so as only to be heard by Elizabeth, "and them that are dear to you." And, tucking her minstrel wares into her breast, she set her arms a-kimbo, and in a bolder tone went on :—"Hear ye that, my bouchal. Pack off while the way is clear, and leave me unmolested; or your numbskull shall kiss the causey! Have I served my king and country for eighteen years to be brow-beat by ever a nisy dominic* like you?"

The excited crowd loudly huzzaed; and Elizabeth clung to her feeble champion. The Amazon, true to her threat, laid the man of office prostrate by one stroke of her muscular arm; and then, propelling her way through the opening crowd like a snow-plough, "stately strode away."

"This specimen of town life is not so pleasant," said Elizabeth, trying to smile; and her thoughts turning on the woman's singular speech.

"But nothing to a meal-mob or a new year's morning," said the Laird, exulting in his superior knowledge of life. "But where saw ye ever that stal-

* The Town-officers of Edinburgh are so called, from the "Good Town's" motto on their buttons—"*Nisi Dominus Frustra.*"

wart randy; though surely her brazen face is known to myself? Elizabeth, ye are too free of speech and of approach. Ye forget what beseems a young lady of birth and breeding; and the streets of Edinburgh are not, let me tell you, the hill-side o' Ernescraig, or the holms o' Monkshaugh."

"Alas, no!" sighed Elizabeth.

"But now that I have time to spare"—a gentle sigh here—"we must bestow some pains in fashioning your manners and mien; especial as ye must now be presented to some of the family friends who know and support a decent demeanour even in this familiar generation.—But here is the Abbey——" The carriage gave a violent jerk across a gutter. "And Monkshaugh has passed the Rubicon!" added the Laird, with a little swell of his usual Lilliputian dignity—"as king Henry the Fourth wrote to his mother after the battle of Agincourt—'*Madam, all is lost but honour!*'"

"It was a noble sentiment, utter it who might," said Elizabeth, who had more tact than to correct the trifling historical inaccuracies of a worthy old gentleman, long before called to the Scottish bar; who was, moreover, always right in sentiment if not in chronology.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SANCTUARY.

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies.

King Lear.

The terms on which company frequent the Sanctuary necessarily admit but of brief preparation of lodgings. Sometimes, indeed, a hot chase down that fine old street, leading towards the place of refuge, does still faintly revive, for a few minutes, the recollection of those "clear-the-causey" skirmishes which wont to take place between the rival factions of the reigns of the Jameses, and their fair and unfortunate descendant. Such places of habitation, as the Sanctuary affords, are seldom of the best description of even temporary abodes. Sought on stern necessity, they are entered without any of the exhilaration of mind which usually at-

tends a voluntary change of habitation; and are abandoned without any of those regrets with which we give up the symbols of domestic quiet and security, however briefly they may have been enjoyed.

The lodgings of our travellers were of the medium description of those abodes of care and restraint. A well-sized dining parlour looked out upon pleasant old orchards and mail gardens, and over a part of the Royal park upon the most picturesque rocks in the vicinity of any city. This was, however, an agreeable discovery of the next morning. A decent bed-chamber was given up to Monkshaugh; and Elizabeth, on her own choice, was accommodated with a sleeping apartment in the attic floor, where there was, beside herself, only the landlady and "another lodger, a very quiet gentleman, in an ailing way, with his man-servant."

The civility of the hackney mistress of a lodging house is generally at its zenith on the arrival of new inmates. Farther intercourse may increase kindness, but will as likely abate zeal. The new lodgers were accordingly cordially welcomed; their large heavy trunks were doubly welcomed. The postilion got a dram—the maid-servant rushed in with live coals—and the landlady bustled about

with preternatural activity. But the general feeling of her inmates was chill, desolate, and desponding. The exciting whirl of the carriage, the lights, and the stir of the streets were something better.

"Had there been but a fire to smile a welcome on him," thought Elizabeth. This want was speedily supplied. The blaze began to dance on the roof and carpet, and to brighten the edges and points of the furniture. Elizabeth drew the cumbrous lion-footed couch towards the fire, and led thither her companion who had fallen into a state of most unnatural quietude, considering the scope which his new dwelling and its arrangements afforded for all manner of critical housewifery observation. Elizabeth assisted him to throw aside his travelling wraps, and drew in a table with lights; and gradually and pleasingly, though still faintly, rose the images of home and hearth; and the unworn spirit of Elizabeth also rose, and cheerfully welcomed back the fugitives.

"You must allow me in the extravagance of mulling a bottle of wine for us to-night," said she, "to pledge me a welcome to our new fire-side—even here in Holyrood, where 'Kings have quaffed the blood-red wine.'"

Monkshaugh shook his head; but the materials

were produced, and their appearance duly operated upon his habits. With patience, for which she greatly admired herself, whatever others might think of the petty sacrifice, Elizabeth submitted to the endless fault-findings, and more endless directions of her old friend, who was eminently a legislator of the sauce-pan and nutmeg-grater. The latter implement he said Elizabeth did not hold in a "wise-like way;" nor did she mix her ingredients with that solemn air of self-importance and deliberation assumed by one properly imbued with a sense of the dignity of the culinary art. These faults were frankly confessed and diligently amended; and the comforting piece of social duty was, on the whole, very decently performed. In conclusion the director magnanimously gave her the honour due—applauding, as exclusively hers, the delicious beverage, in which, with reviving cheerfulness, he pledged her health.

"I shall make something of her yet," thought he.——"He is more manly and respectable in adversity, than I ever thought to have seen him," was her reflection:—and thus mutually pleased, because seeking to be so, the evening passed; and Elizabeth thought, that but for one horrible idea which haunted her like a demon—her unknown

and most unhappy father, and that brutal scheme, so brutal and so villanous that her faith staggered under its possibility—that but for this she could even here be happy.

By this time the landlady had " flung on a gown," as she said—literally true also, and had learned the style and rank of her new inmates. The names were sound orthodox Scotch names; all the world knew the Grahames of Monkshaugh, and she herself indeed well remembered the old lady, residing with her son the advocate, in " a house within itsel' " at the bottom of Hope's Close, when her mother, the celebrated Mrs. Metcalf, the midwife, lived only a few closes below. Upon this challenge of ancient neighbourhood much chat ensued between the seniors; and Elizabeth was, for the time, left to her own reflections.

" Ye will find the place eerie and lonesome at first, Monkshaugh," said the landlady; " but ye will soon come in o' that. Ye will ha'e the whole bounds o' the King's park, and the Craigs, and the windy throne of Arthur o' Bower yonder, for your rambles; and ye'll see the lasses bleaching their claes, and the bairns'-maids—light-headed tawpies I wot—parading about i' their white gowns with the sogers."

"Rare sights for me!" said the Laird, tartly.

"I kenna what folk would be at," continued the landlady, "that call the Abbey a confinement:—for my part, I never yet exhausted half the bounds. 'Sponsible gentlemen of blood and name, when under a cloud, have lived here genteelly, Monkshaugh, if they had the wherewith. That's the bit; for this is no place for your common dyvours. The Canongate tolbooth, or a *shasy bonorem*, is their mark; no Holyrood, where 'a king's face aye shewed grace.'—Grousum black faces they had, Mem," and she turned to Elizabeth, "if they were like their images in the gallery over yonder."

While in this sort the landlady maundered, Elizabeth had arranged Monkshaugh's chamber with all that minute attention to his precise and finical habits, and thousand and one wants, which was practicable. She ushered him into it, and he again magnanimously expressed a qualified approbation of her doings. Elizabeth had not the malice to practise that most refined of all species of cruelty which seeks to deprive the habitual fault-finder of every single delightful cause of complaining, if the thing indeed were possible.

They parted with the kindly sympathy of fel-

low-sufferers, and with more than one good-night; and after another hour bestowed on all the nick-nack arrangements of shoe-horn, wig-box, and Turkey-slippers, the Laird made his brief devotions—for he properly belonged to the church which measures prayers rather by breadth than length—and as snugly and luxuriously as possible, bestowed himself in his crisp-sheeted strange bed. And there, having first resolved that Elizabeth was the best girl in the world, and had this same week given good hope of reformation of her notorious carelessness in matters of wardrobe and toilet, and that Mrs. Punton should, as her first duty next morning, give more latitude to his bolster, and subtract some feathers from his hard-stuffed pillow, he broke forth into soliloquy—"Ay, sirs! —to muse on the changes of this our mortal life! my poor knave, that for near twenty years has tucked up my night-quilt, and removed my chalmer light, now hunted like a patrick upon the mountains; Effie Fechnie a bride; and Robert Grahame, Esquire of Monkshaugh and Kippencreery Wester, an Abbey Laird!"

There was no depth of soil in the mind of Monkshaugh, in which a strong sorrow could strike root. A mushroom crop of petty griefs, and pee-

vish discontents might spring up in one night; but the next day's sunshine happily withered it; and so, in despite of hard pillows, and a crick-o'-the-neck bolster, he was asleep long before Elizabeth had finished her nightly duty of pouring forth her heart to her distant lover in all its hopes, and fears, and fondnesses. This the dearest privilege of her social existence, was on this evening embittered by the humiliating nature of the communication she had to make, and by the necessity, now delicately though earnestly urged, of avowing their marriage, which, besides removing many causes of embarrassment painful to her candour and delicacy, would, she imagined, strengthen their mutual rights threatened by the sinister schemes of Hutchen. She believed that one great objection was done away. The fondness of Monkshaugh for herself was extreme; she was become necessary to his habits of life, as well as to his affections; and if it were indeed true that the malady of her father was abated, or if, as had often been surmised, this calamitous distemper of mind had been aggravated and kept active for base and selfish purposes, then the only objection to her marriage, to which she was disposed to allow any permanent force, was for ever removed.

In walking very softly to her chamber, Elizabeth was a little surprised to encounter the hospitable landlady, who had sat up, deeming herself bound in honour to install the lady in her new apartment.—“ I thought ye might be lonesome and eerie,” said she; and she bustled about in little but well-meaning offices of civility.

“ I come from a house ten times more lonely and eerie,” said Elizabeth, smiling. “ Your kitten might centinel me here from all fear of robbers or ghosts;” and she stooped to caress the little frolic animal which wantoned after the train of her riding habit.

“ Ghaists ! na, na, the ghaists are all laid now. Lie ye down, too, Ma Belle. She is the kittlen of old Ma Belle, a French cat, which the French Prince's gentleman's gentleman made me a compliment o'. She is as frisky as ten of our douce Scotch poussies. Ghaists ! na, na ; Jock's Lodge barracks has laid all ghaists, and raised de'ils among us. Never mind that din, Mem ; it's only my other lodger. He's a bad sleeper like mysel', poor gentleman ; an anxious mind, Leddy 'Lizbeth ; and will keep looking out upon the moonlight on the hill half the lang night. But weary fa' the government, as I said, that send down

French flunkies and English troopers upon us sober Abbey house-keepers. They are enough to debosh the morals of a' the lasses between Musselburgh and the Water-gate."

Elizabeth liked ghost stories better than moral disquisitions; and, as the landlady was pertinaciously thumping bolsters and smoothing pillows, evidently in no haste to depart, she returned to these phantom legends.

"Your neighbourhood is highly favourable to ghosts and old legends, I should imagine. Yon wild hill, the ruined chapel, the grey hermitage, the desolate palace with all its romantic traditions, and those surrounding houses of the old turbulent Scottish nobility, are all so many time-hallowed retreats for ghosts."

"The day has been," returned the landlady, "when the old Abbey residenters (for this, ma'am, is like a world o' its ain, apart from either Edinburgh or the Canongate,) would, round a winter's fire, keep crifting away at those auld warld stories of Chatelar and David Rizzio, the Queen's French fiddler, screeching through the vaulted trances and narrow, dark back-stairs, at the mirk hour of midnight like this same; the voice fleeing and growing sma', they say, and far off, most naturally.

There must be something in it—for his blood may be seen on the Queen's bower floor to this blessed day."

"It is fearful testimony," replied Elizabeth, shuddering slightly, as the particulars of this, and many other dark tragedies, acted almost where she now stood, passed over her mind. "And that accomplished and romantic Chatelar—what say they of him whom love maddened?"

"*Whom love maddened*," was repeated in a voice low, melancholy, and distinct—which came she knew not from whence—or whether of earth or air.

"Good Heavens!" whispered Elizabeth, "what was that?"

"It is my poor lodger, Mr. Browne," whispered the landlady, pointing to a locked up door. "He is a wee thing—you take me?" And she touched her own sapient head—"but the quietest creature on earth. I don't know why his man has left him so long to-night; for he cows him and keeps him weel down."

In this house the apartments, as in many old buildings in Edinburgh, were divided, not by plaster partition walls, but by panelled wainscoting, through which every sound was distinctly

heard. This was a midnight neighbourhood too close for the taste of Elizabeth ; and she was now almost glad to detain the landlady.

"I have often, mysel', when lonely here, out o' lodgers, and keeping nae lass, heard wild gowls about the Abbey chimlies on a windy night ; and there is no question that the young Queen of Scots may be heard singing her Roman masses to her lute, or playing the virginal at yon high lattices, in a night of misty moonlight like this same. The whigs say black ill o' her ; but, for my part, who have lived in her neighbourhood the matter of seven lang years, I aye stand up for her—and reason good ; for a woman who sat so eident at her seam, as she must have done to have sewed all that sight o' tapestry and embroideries, could have little time to spare for light-headed pranks, let-a-be slaying and murthering. In this house, Leddy 'Lizbeth de Bruce"—(the voice "behind the arras" was heard to groan deeply.) Elizabeth started, but the woman went on undauntedly. "In this house, what wi' tear and wear, darning and spatching, bed-linen and table-linen, coverlids and settee-slips, ye may guess if I kenna what it is to handle a needle, as weel as Queen Mary ; for if a house like this were suffered to owregang," &c. &c. &c.

No, not the Premier of England, were he also Chancellor of the Exchequer—an election approaching—the new taxes not proposed—something wanted for repairs of the palace—notice given by the leader of Opposition of a motion on the state of the nation—the Catholic question and a Corn Bill both impending—and all the India boards and West India planters upon his unfortunate head—ever had such fardels laid on his all-enduring shoulders, as this our landlady of the Scottish Sanctuary.

Elizabeth smiled, and complimented her upon the acuteness and originality of her deduction; and said, that many of Queen Mary's champions had employed worse arguments.

"But the Lord Darnley was murthered," said she, "all my lodgers have been agreed on that.—Whether he walks in a bluidy shroud is a fact they aye thought more hieroglyphical; though I have a ballant about it which is as true as gospel or black print."

And in a thin reedy voice, resembling that ingenious musical instrument which children fashion of a comb covered by a piece of paper, she voluntarily sung, or twanged, or recited a ditty, which had probably never travelled beyond the boundary of the Abbey strand:—

"What mean the mantling of Darnley's hawk,
And the howling of Darnley's grew?
The falcon shook her warning bells,
The kind hound round him flew.

And doleful deep was the true hounds cry,
As she bayed the westering moon;
That wading moon, whose dark-red brow
Told days of trouble soon.

Lord Darnley's auld nurse dreamed a dream;
And I wish it be for good;
Red blood ran to the bridle-rein
From St. Giles's to Holyrood.

She dreamed our young Queen laved her hand
In St. Anton's blessed spring;
But all the streams in braid Scotland
Would not out the blood-stain bring.

'Ne'er would the water wash the blood,'
I heard the grey monk say.
'The flood was poured on Calvary
Must purge this guilt away.'"

"I could have turned a Scottish lilt in my day," said the landlady, in the same breath in which she concluded her lay; "but the burning o' Cambuskenneth Lodge gave a crack to my music."

"You were present then?" said Elizabeth.

"I, to my sorrow, wasna far aff.—But that is not a story for this night. Are ye comfortable, my lady? Surely ye do not fear my poor lodger?"

Elizabeth owned no fear, whatever she might feel; but carefully, as she fancied, fixed the door,

and, undressing herself, lay down in her strange resting-place ; and, after all her cares and fatigues, slept in the Sanctuary the sleep of light and pure spirits.

Elizabeth's natural love of music has already been noticed, as well as her peculiar tastes in that bewitching art. But her powers, as has been said, were not those of art—they were a gift, not an acquirement—genius, not talent—rather part of her than hers. Music was around her as light—in her tones—in her movements—in her breathings ; but, what is more to the present purpose, she possessed, or rather was possessed, by the singular power of singing in her sleep—of breathing forth in her dreams the low muffled melodious strains of sensibility, refined by taste—of taste, animated by sensibility. The exercise of this singular faculty was of course wholly unconscious and involuntary—and its possessor would very gladly have resigned it. It was, indeed, set down by Monkshaugh as the strongest symptom of her latent madness.

On this nght, in a happy dream of Ernescraig and her beloved valley, Elizabeth fancied that, in a golden summer's evening, Wolfe Grahame lay stretched at her feet, while she sat on a turfy knoll among the broom under the banks of the holms,

a spot quite familiar, and very dear to her memory; and that she held his hand and looked in his eyes; and, while the stream murmured an accompaniment, sung to him "*The Young Aileen*," a fragment of an Irish ballad, which, in her childhood, she had caught from Monica Doran. This song, of which the music was exceedingly simple, touching, and antique, was a great favourite with Wolfe; and he had often made her sing it again and again at the same sitting. Its simplicity and wild pathos possessed to him a charm more captivating than either musical novelty, variety, or brilliance. He delighted in hearing her return, and dwell on, and again and again repeat the self-same simple strain. She fancied in her dream that she was doing so now; and so in reality she was, pausing between each stanza to exchange endearing caresses, and murmuring fond and broken speech, and again taking up the strain.

One who had not previously heard the ballad might have lost part of its meaning; but the intruder on Elizabeth's slumbers—for an intruder stood by her bed-side, on whom her open, though slumbering eyes were fixed, and who actually had the features of Wolfe Grahame—was no stranger to the lay which she thus sung:

THE BRIDE AILEEN.

" There's mirth around O'Connor's board,
And bridal banqueting;
The wine-cup passed from Dame to Lord
Kissed by rose-lipped Aileen :—
The young Aileen, the gay Aileen,
The bright, the blest, the Bride Aileen.

Soft strains of Erin's minstrelsy,
Were floating rich between,
And bashful joy rose in the eye
Of the young Bride Aileen.
The young Aileen, the fair Aileen,
The blest, the bright, the Bride Aileen!

The grey O'Connor's darling girl,
Flower of his house of pride,
Her faith plights to the Northern Earl,
A young and blissful bride!—
The young Aileen, the proud Aileen,
The blest, the bright, the Bride Aileen!

'Twas wo to leave O'Connor's halls;
And deep the wo she proves;
Her heart clings to the dear grey walls,
But she follows him she loves.
The young Aileen, the soft Aileen,
The bright, the blest, the Bride Aileen.

Say what may mean the rushing wail,
That wild shriek thrilling keen,
The blood-shower on the broidered veil
Of the pale bride Aileen?
Wo for Aileen! the young Aileen;
The loved, the doomed, the lost Aileen!"

* * * * * *

Elizabeth had reached this point in her song when her hand was violently clasped and tugged

by some one; and she started into consciousness in a very agony of terror. The spectre of Grahame, as it seemed to her alarmed sense, stood before her, holding a light close to her face, gazing into her eyes as if searching into their troubled depths, while he exclaimed—"Aileen—my own Aileen! Oh, no, no! Girl! girl! whence come you? Who has taught you this?"

Before Elizabeth could recall her scared senses, which had passed at once from slumber into confusion and alarm, and, indeed, in the twinkling of an eye, another person whom her fears represented as of prodigious stature and ruffian aspect grasped the speaker, and lights, voices, and figures instantly all vanished; and she was left alone in darkness, and in terror unutterable.

We wish we could give a better account of the courage of our heroine; and, indeed, in general, Elizabeth wanted not courage; but it must be avowed, that now, as she groped round the darkened apartment for the door, which seemed to have vanished with the rest, her heart seemed to die within her. The landlady and her attendant soon came to her assistance; and many and voluble were the apologies made, and loud the denunciations against that melancholy fellow-

lodger, whose unsettled brain had probably been affected by the music; for Elizabeth was now conscious that she must have been singing aloud for a long time. Humanity, as well as feelings peculiar to herself in considering every species and degree of mental estrangement, restored her at once to self-command; and she quelled the nocturnal tumult as quietly as she could. She was, indeed, shocked at hearing the hushed threats of the keeper of the unfortunate gentleman in the adjoining chamber; and, to show at once her courage and her sense of security, she refused to change her apartment.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SCOTTISH DOWAGER.

Vir sapit, qui pauca loquitor; a soul feminine saluteth us.
Love's Labour's Lost.

MONKSHAUGH talked perpetually of preserving "a strict incognito;" and, for the two following days, no one certainly came to disturb it. The weather was rainy; and while Elizabeth, under his direction, was busy with her needle, he was again occupied with some mysterious writings, which were completed and despatched, with the air of a man chin-deep in business, on the evening of the second day.

On the following morning, at an hour too early for common visiters, and while Monskhaugh, still in the rage of his new fit of economy, was busy dressing his wig, a visiter, but no common one, was announced—that redoubtable Lady Tamtal-

lan, of whose "strong mind" and "stately manners" Elizabeth had heard so much, ever since she was capable of hearing. In the flowing amplitude of a rich black tabinet negligee and petticoat, with a bonnet of black satin, and mantle of the same, lined and edged with the fur of the grey squirrel, the minever of the old romance, she marched into the middle of the room followed by her maid, planted her tall, shining, ebon-headed staff on the floor like a standard, and placing her hand on her side, turned her keen sea-green eyes on Elizabeth, though she addressed the gentleman.

"Soh! Robert Grahame,—ye have run your tether's length.—Let the wig-block stand man.—What need I wonder at finding an auld beau frizzing his jeezy? Feel no shame about it, cousin Robbie; I am glad ye have at last discovered your natural calling."

"This is an honour and a pleasure," cried Monkshaugh, turning round, and round, and round.

Elizabeth placed a chair in silence, and curtsied slightly.

"A great exertion o' duty and kindness in my Leddy, Mr. Grahame," drawled the ancient Abigail, planting another chair. "Though blessed with the best o' constitutions, thanks be to praise——"

—"That ye'll get your board and wage a few years langer yet, Abby!" interrupted the lady, sourly.

"Kindness, and duty, and best o' constitutions!" repeated the bewildered Laird, planting yet a third chair. "Proud and happy am I to see your Ladyship keep your own so well—now up among the eighties!—a goodly age. Your Ladyship will wonder to hear, I'm sure, that I myself am now a man in my grand climacteric. Many changes! many changes auld folk see, my Leddy, before the final change!"

"Auld!" thundered the lady. "The de'il is auld!—See ye any thing failed like about me?—" And she once more struck her staff on the floor, with an exertion of muscular strength which entirely disproved the rash assertion, while it made Monkshaugh cringe into himself.—"But, bless me man, *ye* are crined into nothing—ane might pack you into your ain china posset-dish." And a grim smile relaxed her features.

"My Leddy can thole at no hand," whispered the waiting woman to Elizabeth, "to hear of auld age or deeing. I wish some friend wad tell her she maun twine land and gear some day; and the comfort it wad be to ha'e set her house in order in

the matter o' a sensible, judicious, testamentary settlement, which makes a blithe death-bed—a sweet hinder-end, to think we have done our duty to a' about us."

Monkshaugh, though not much flattered with the personal compliments paid to himself, was silent, partly for want of something to say.

Lady Tamtallan had for fifty years been known among all her acquantance as a woman "of a strong mind." Beauty, in any degree, she never possessed—good-nature she wished not to have—feminine manners she despised. Yet she was something—not insignificant—not a cipher in creation—strong in mould, masculine in temper—a person to be hated, perhaps, but not to be forgotten; and as she possessed no quality that could excite envy, the world readily adopted the parrot phrase, and from generation to generation it circulated and flowed down:—thus, as Mrs. Hutchen, for a time, was "a nice woman," and Miss Juliana "a smart girl," and Lady Harriette Copely, "a very superior creature"—so had old Lady Tamtallan been for half a century, "a woman of a strong mind," or "a queer old woman of a strong mind." In virtue of this singular distinction she went about in society a perpetually charged Galvanic battery,

which every one dreaded to approach, lest it might explode when least expected. She, however, had her uses. Her house or her bosom was a kind of "Lion's Head" for the gentility of the *Good Town*, in which all pasquinades, and satirical and bitter sayings were registered, or said to be registered; and some "damned good-natured joke," ostensibly derived from Lady Tamtallan's, was put in circulation almost every day.

Elizabeth had not forgotten, nor indeed forgiven, the cruelty and indelicacy with which this old lady, her father's aunt, had replied to her application for advice a few months before, though, to that very circumstance, she perhaps owed the happiness of her life. She made no attempt to recommend herself a second time to the old lady's good graces.

Monkshaugh was aware that the Lady Tamtallan had strenuously opposed the marriage of her nephew, and vowed eternal feud, if the de Bruce persisted in a connexion which she disapproved from pride, prejudice, and interest; but his own affection for Elizabeth led him to believe, that the high-tempered old lady might feel kindness to the child, which she never would have shewn to

the mother; and on this reflection he ventured to introduce Elizabeth.

"I vow, the pleasure and honour of seeing your Ladyship look so well for your time of life, makes me forget both kindness and manners! Give me leave now—a pleasant duty to me—to present to your Ladyship our fair cousin, 'Lizbeth de Bruce, a young gentlewoman who, from her tenderest years, has heard, with respect and admiration, of the stately manners and strong mind which distinguish your Ladyship—the *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*, as Tully hath it. Your Ladyship sees that, even after our long period of rustication from the bar, we have not quite forgotten our humanities."

"No, no, Robbie," replied the lady, quietly, and somewhat contemptuously surveying him; "just the auld man!"

"So much for the *suaviter in modo*," thought Elizabeth.

"Soh! and that is John de Bruce's dochter.—If I said I was glad to see you, lassie, it would be a rank falsehood;—and, what is mair, ye look as if ye would ken it to be so."

"And *fortiter in re*," thought Elizabeth, while she bowed in reply to the lady; appearing much

less *frappée* than her Ladyship was accustomed to see those on whom she fixed her temper's tooth.

"There was a prank: to cross the breed of our ain family daftness with red-wode Irish madness!"

The little, kind Laird was rather at a loss now. "To be sure, it is certain, 'Lizbeth, my dear, the marriage of the Lord de Bruce was rather something like a surprise. It is undeniable, that the pleasure of your father's marriage rather took his friends at unawares."

"Pleasure! call ye it, Robbie Grahame—pleasure! to see a brave auld house gang out like the snuff of a candle. I ken not whether it is better to marry, and have a crew of yammerin tawpie lasses, to grow up either a plague or a disgrace to their kin, or to see a silly fool-body at the head of an auld family property which he has cast to the cocks, and may go after it." And the angry old lady her hands "waved amiable;" and shook out her ample black silk apron, as if shaking her lap clear of the impending ruin of the house of Monkshaugh, and devolving all blame and responsibility upon its unfortunate head.

Poor Monkshaugh durst scarce look to Elizabeth for the sympathy which made her eyes both glisten and flash.

"But tell me, when heard ye o' your nephew, Wolfe de Bruce Grahame? He is now, I reckon, all we have left to hand down the name of de Bruce, though but at second-hand. John Tamtallan's wife" (her daughter-in-law) "had the impudence to send me word, next my heart this morning, that she has gotten the ninth o' them—nine dochters!—John's nine Muses." And she grinned a verjuice smile, while her head vibrated in paralytic indignation at the obstinacy with which the poor younger Lady Tamtallan persisted in female progeny, notwithstanding all her threats and denunciations; thus not only sending the estate into another family, but for ever sinking the title of Tamtallan, as certainly as the birth of Elizabeth did that of de Bruce.

"There are my four winsome name-dochters," cried she, smiling in spiteful mirth—"Grace Amelia, and Griselda Celestina, and Ellena Grizel, and Matilda Grizeldina! He! he! he! Is not that making the most of Grey Grizel de Bruce, Robbie? I would need to be a patient Grizel at any rate."

"Your Ladyship ought to have some compassion on the future world," said Elizabeth, who now perceived one cause of the lady's excessive bad hu-

mour. "If no more of us poor girls are to be born, what is to become of mankind, wanting such example as is afforded to the present age by the 'stately manners and strong mind' of your Ladyship?"

"'Lizbeth de Bruce!" exclaimed the Laird, half petrified.

"Soh!" said her Ladyship, a smile still more brightly grim than any she had yet displayed mantling her grey visage, as turning full round she surveyed the speaker.—"Soh! ye are none of the mealy-mouthed misses? Ready to bell-the-cat even with 'Grey Grizzy!' Come—I like that now. Your father was a deevil too once."—Her Ladyship resembled those perverse curs that snap and snarl at every caressing hand, while kicks and cuffs call forth all their spirit and playfulness.

The old lady put on her broad-rimmed spectacles, took Elizabeth's head between her hands, and breathing upon her not quite gales of Araby, perused her features all over.

"There's the red, full, nether lip, and the brent brow with the name of de Bruce as plain as it were written on it!" cried the Laird in joy, setting Elizabeth down in the old lady's will for at least one

thousand in India bonds, if not the rose diamond buckle itself. He touched, in his pride, the white high forehead, the regal brow of Elizabeth, as, smiling at the scene, she almost knelt to favour the old lady's inspection.

"Just as like the house of de Bruce as I'm like a rock partan!" said Lady Tamtallan, giving the cheek a good-humoured pat however, as she gently pushed aside the smiling face which was throwing the ineffable spell of beauty over even her rugged nature.

"A wonderful resemblance, indeed!" cried the delighted Monkshaugh, rubbing his hands. "Do ye hear that, 'Lizbeth? Ye are just as like your noble ancestors as my Lady dowager is to a rock partan. And there has been another resemblance seen, my Lady—several folks that pretty often dine wi' me have been greatly struck with it—to one who enjoyed much of your Ladyship's esteem and grace, my ever-honoured mother, the umquhile—"

"To Beenie Murra'!" exclaimed the dowager, now chuckling outright. "*Thin* and *Din*—*Missy* and *Fussy*, as our saucy cousin Harry wont to say of her and her wee Bobbie, lang syne. Atweel

lassie, be thankfu', a' the look ye have of the muckle-mou'd Murrays, will never be a mote in your marriage."

Monkshaugh was about putting on his little petted face, when a gentleman was announced by the name of Dalrymple, of whom Elizabeth had often heard as a distant relative, a person well known in the fashionable world of Edinburgh, and now in high practice at the Scottish bar.

"Come away, Andrew Dalrymple," said the old lady, "and tell us what strengthening plaster your souple wits have spread for the staggering state of the gentrice o' the Monkshaugh family."

The gentleman paid his compliments all round—to Monkshaugh with cordial kindness—to Elizabeth with kindness and good-breeding—to the dowager on the subjects old ladies are supposed best to relish—her firm health and unusual activity.

"And what for should I not be early abroad if I have business? Am I like one of your windlestrae mallifuff madams that cannot stir from their arm-chair till they are drammed up with their green-tea? But tell your tale now, Robbie Grahame; for that bit scart"—and she contemp-

tuously twisted in her stringy, strong fingers, poor Monkshaugh's epistolary labours of the previous day—" that bit scart, I can make neither tail nor mane of."

Monkshaugh, half bewildered and gasping—desperately cried out—" To redeem the captivity of the house of Monkshaugh—to take a new part—to beard John Hurcheon—"

" Beard oysters, Robbie Grahame," interrupted the dowager, grinding her toothless gums over the delicious morsel of her own ill-natured joke—" ye were aye deft at that trade. But tell us," she continued in an elevated and angry voice—" what ye wad be at? Speak short-hand, man; Andrew Dalrymple has other work than muisting periwigs in a morning."

" Your Ladyship has such—such a very strong mind," Monkshaugh sobbed up, like a man gasping under the first shock of a shower bath. But he had a terrible feat to perform, and he bent up his mind to it. " And so must I soon—have other business—I have, like an idle spendthrift, daidled time and talents even owre lang. 'Lizbeth, my dear, maybe ye would see something to divert you there;" and he pointed to his own favourite *gazebo*, a small window looking out upon the

court in front of the Palace;—"ye'll see carts, and lasses carrying band-boxes. The town is a blithe place to a young creature." Elizabeth withdrew to the window; and he turned to his visiters. "I would not just at first affect the line of public pleading, or riding the Circuit on every carle's case—but more in the line of a chalmer-counsel, which would the less interfere with the practice of younger friends"—a bow to Mr. Dalrymple. "What think ye, cousin Andrew?"

"I—I—upon my soul—I am rather—on so sudden an appeal—"

"None of your twa-facedness here, Andrew," cried the dowager. "But go on, Robert—ye are very feasible—let's hear ye out, man." Dreadful was this unnatural calmness—

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash along."

Elizabeth, at her distant window—nay, Monkshaugh felt that the ground already heaved, and that the earthquake was impending. With a desperate gaiety he said—"The short and the lang is, I must be beholden to your Ladyship's moul'y pose for a few months till fees come in; for I would not affront you, my Lady, by applying to any more distant friend; and no doubt the experience of a man now in his grand

climacteric, when so many beardless callants are yatterin' away at the bar—"

"Now, this wad gar a kirk-howlet laugh!" roared the dowager, her ashy face becoming dark mahogany colour—her green eyes emitting lurid gleams, while a strong sarcastic expression, mingled with the indignation with which she grinded her chops. "*My* mouldy pose to keep *you* at the bar! O, man, all the elder-brother's portion of brain ye ever had, has gone addle now! Will I not need all my odd pence, think ye, to found a nunnery for my four maiden name-dochters? No, no, cousin Robbie, keep ye by the chalmer-counsel; toast flannels, and brew cordial drinks for leddies lying-in of their ninth dochter!" And she grinded another bitter smile between her few remaining teeth.—"Did ye hear of that accession, Andrew Dalrymple?—John Tamtallan's wife had the impudence to send me word, next my heart this morning, that she had got another lass-bairn; but she's to ca' it John." The masculine name, intended to conciliate the dowager, had, in fact, tended to exasperate her beyond all bounds.

Mr. Dalrymple now perfectly comprehended the cause of the dowager's excessive bitterness on this morning.

"Never mind, my Lady; let us but get back a Scottish King, and a Scottish Parliament, and we'll have an act for drowning them like kittens, instead of shipping them off to the colonies;" and he dexterously turned the conversation to Wolfe Grahame, the only male descendant of the three families.

"Ay, Wolfe *is* a true lad-bairn, sure enough! tricky, mischievous deevil, as he aye was. But I have seen little of him, I ken not wherefore? since he was in the puddock-hair;" and, with her grim smile, she proceeded—"We never could blame cousin Robbie with wild laddie-pranks—it was aye a creature of a most mim, quiet, lady-like turn."

Man's spirit could not brook this from any thing that ever wore a petticoat. "I must say, my Lady," exclaimed the Laird, "that gibes, my Lady, to a kinsman, and a man in his grand climacteric, is——!"

"His grand clish-ma-claver!" cried the Scottish dowager. "I came to speak of John de Bruce, and not to listen to your—" But here there was heard a struggle in the passage, and a voice expostulating—"I must see the Laird—and I will see the Laird—*ye* wad keep the name o' Grahame on your kitchen floor-head!" And in bounced our old bare-legged

acquaintance, Mrs. Christy Grahame of Pitbauchlie, no ways abashed by the appearance of company, followed by her black-eyed Robbie, and a whole litter of ragged brats, all of the male kind.

" I swore ye wad look dumb-foundered, Laird, to see me sae far frae hame wi' a' thae sweet lambs, come to make our prayer and molligrant to you, as the natural head o' the Grahames. And blithe am I to have casten saut on your tail at last, baith as a friend, but mair especial as an auld advoca ; for, oh, Laird ! put it to yoursel', what it was to a mother's heart to hear from Francie Frisel that that bonnie knave-bairn, standin' there, even your honour's name-son, no being just born in what's called lawfu' matrimony, canna be heir"—and she lifted up her voice and sobbed, while, in tuneful accordance, Robbie whined,

" I canna be hair."

" Canna be heir to his ain lawfu' pârents, if they were as rich as King Solomon, or John Harletillum."

" Canna be hair to my ain lawfu' pârents," whined Robbie, determined to act his part this time, and actuated by the self-same motives which lead a vain little school-boy to shew his copy, or recite his hymn.

"Cut off frae his heritage like a hairy Esau."

"Cut off frae my heritage like a hairy sow," sobbed Robbie, his clear, dark eyes reflecting Elizabeth's smile and revelling in it, while his risible muscles were, at the same instant, drawn down to the most ludicrous expression of mendicant wo.

"Heir!—heir! I shall enter ye heir with a supple-jack, if I had it," exclaimed the exasperated Monkshaugh. "Heir to an estate of sin and misery! dirt and rags! That's the best bairns' part o' gear ye have to gi'e your brats. Who sent ye a-tramping after me, woman?"

"Even a weel-wisher and friend—Francie Frisel," whined the fair client, now somewhat daunted; and, though not endowed with the finest tact, she felt that now was the time to administer her retainer if she hoped to speed her cause.

"It's but sma' propine; but I wad na come a'-thegither toom-handed, were it but for luck's sake;" and with modest exultation she glanced on the contents of her apron.—"A pickle puddock-stools;—Francie tauld me ye had aye an auld wark sossing among them in your siller pan;—free and frank ye get them, I am sure." And the far-travelled mushrooms escaping from her lap rolled

about the carpet in all directions, Robbie darting after them, like a cock-sparrow picking grubs.

Lady Tamtallan dropped her cane, placed her stringy fingers on her jutting haunches, and indulged in a long, deliberate, provoking laugh, while she exclaimed—"Fees already, cousin! The luck of some folk! A Chalmer-counsel case—a real Douglas plea, involving right of succession, at your very starting—he! he! he!"

"What leather bag is that, woman?" said Lady Tamtallan next, touching with her cane a bag such as gentlemen in the country send to the post-office.

"Shew yourself down stairs—Off with you! the whole clanjamfrey of you!" shouted Monkshaugh.

"Some trashtrie of papers Francie sent Leddy 'Lizbeth. It wad be ill my part no to do her errand, were it to carry a coal bing. The brave young gentleman took great notice of my sweet lambs—"

"Of the black-faced kind," said Mr. Dalrymple, who appeared delighted with the bright physiognomy of Robbie, and the other little blackened urchins.

—"Ay, yon day on the moor, Leddy de Bruce; so, as I behooved, Francie said, to go to Edinburgh

at all rates about Robbie's lawfulness, he bade me carry this; and be sure ye tell her own self, said he, your story out; and that she has not a day to lose in looking about her. I behoove, he says, to cower down, and tak' a' the bairns under my coat-tails like,—like a clocking-hen, like—" and she dipped in fashion of a *grisette* about to commence a quadrille.—" And you, Laird, who, Francie says, cannot fail to be superannuated for a dooble-gown Lord some of these days, from the great respect the Lords of Government have aye shewn to talons like yours, maun pronounce your interlocutor owre us; and 'that will make a' the bairns lawfu' bairns, by the leal auld law o' Scotland,' quo Francie. I am sure me and mine, and the name o' Grahame, are beholden to him:—forbye five shillings to bear my charges. It was the best-wared chappin o' ale I ever bestowed, that same on him, in the Pap-in o' Pitbauchlie on Monday's e'en."

Monkshaugh's rage, stimulated by Lady Tamtallan's sneer, went, in spite of all his chivalry, to thoughts of kicking; but Elizabeth interfered, rightly guessing that this legal quiddity of Frisel's veiled something which he at least deemed important to his master's interests.

Elizabeth took the letter-bag; and on a brass plate affixed to it, found the half-erased name of Mr. Hutchen.—Mr. Dalrymple perceived the same thing; and laughing, said, "Indeed, gudewife, you will need to go down stairs and mend your skirts, before Monkshaugh pronounce his interlocutor; else there will still, I fear, be many flaws in the deed of legitimacy."

"Do ye think sae, sir? I will take a needle then——"

"Pack down stairs with ye!" roared Monkshaugh; and off they all scuttled to wait his pleasure below.

"I must have your interest to get our friend Robbie made one of the many heirs of the excellent Mr. Thomas Todd," (founder of the Orphan Hospital,) said Elizabeth.—Mr. Dalrymple bowed and expressed his happiness to oblige her.

"Andrew Dalrymple," said the dowager, her head going fast and faster with its paralytic shake; "think ye is it not a hard matter to see a beggar-wife wi' a bairn-tyme like that—and not one male heir to three auld houses?"—The dowager seemed to think Providence rather chargeable in this instance—rather unkind and neglectful, if not absolutely unfair to the nobler classes. Meanwhile,

she clutched involuntarily at the writings, which Elizabeth was putting away.—"I may say," she proceeded; "and with as sore a heart as ever did James Stuart of his crown and kingdom. The lands and lineage of de Bruce came by a woman, and they'll gang by a woman. The curse of Blanche of Lorraine is hanging owre our devoted house e'en yet—ay, wrecking on it e'en now."—All the while she was unconsciously fumbling at the letters which she had seized, perhaps unwittingly.

Elizabeth had occasionally heard of this family legend—of the frequent burnings—the madness—the want of male succession—all denounced against her race by the deep malediction of a woman in the maddening despair of her betrayed, and loving, and broken heart. An unpleasant feeling crept over the party; and for two minutes no one spoke. At last Monkshaugh, true to his master passion, exclaimed,

"So John Hurcheon must have a brass-plate for his letter-bag too. That cat-witted sempstress, Jacky Pingle, has stolen all this now. I am sure that woman was born for the plague of my life.—What are we to do with these papers, 'Lizbeth?"

"Seal them up and send them to Mr. Hutchen, I presume."

"His! Are they his—that black-hearted villains!" cried the "strong-minded" dowager; her bony fingers clutching the air as she again tried to grasp them, while her head shook more violently in eager determination, and her clenched teeth grinded.—"Andrew Dalrymple, it was not to hear that auld man's havers I left my weary bed this morning; but to circumvent that unnatural villain who would ally his base breed with our unhappy kinsman—with John de Bruce! Is it not so, Robert Grahame?—Is your mother dead, girl?—or whence came ye? If ye were the daughter of John de Bruce how durst ye let an hour go over your head, and such hellish devices on foot, without apprizing me? Your ain paltry needs lie near enough to your heart; but the honour of your father's house—of *my* father's house—what mattered that?"

Elizabeth was too indignant to reply.

"Ye bear, they say, the stamp of a de Bruce—let me test your metal. Open and read to me of the villain's plot. Do the honour and interest of the de Bruce lie nearer his kinsman's varlet, think ye, than to you and me who are of his blood?"

"I must not—I cannot," said Elizabeth, her cheeks glowing, while she shrunk from the offered

letters. "In any other way, oh, how gladly would I prove my affection!—Mr. Dalrymple, take these dangerous papers from us—they are not for us—send them out of our sight."

"Had I not better seal the papers up till we have more leisure for thought?" said the gentleman, willing to temporize till the old lady regained her reason: "not give them up—that would be a young trick; but take counsel a little."

"I'll hear no more parley," cried the furious old woman, tearing open letter after letter, and dashing each unread down on the floor. "I will tear the mystery from the villain's papers that my forebears' dagger would have plucked from his heart—ay, were they now tied with its strings;"—and her physiognomy became fiendish.

She seated herself, and, with trembling eagerness, tried to peruse some of these papers,—then, as if unable to accomplish her purpose, rose in increased agitation, and sweeping the whole into her silk apron, fixed her eyes with strange expression on Elizabeth, and, with short leave-taking, walked away.

The mischief was already done; and it was like getting rid of the night-mare to poor Monkshaugh to see lady, papers, and lawyer all fairly down stairs.

"What are we to do about John Hurcheon's papers, 'Lizbeth?—for between Lady Tamtallan's strong mind, and Jacky Pingle's cracked one, they'll leave me without a mind at all, I think."

Elizabeth had requested Mr. Dalrymple to do what was proper for them; and she relied on his honour and prudence. The appearance of Monkshaugh, who looked ill, flustered, and feverish, from the turmoil and vexations of the morning, gave her more concern. The shock of Lady Tamtallan's harsh unkindness seemed to affect him more deeply than all Mr. Hutchen had previously done. She had been for twenty years his toast, his patroness, his *beau ideal* of ladyhood, the paragon of old-fashioned indulgent relationship; and she had wantonly wounded his self-love, destroyed his airy hopes, and lowered him, as he felt it, in the eyes of Elizabeth. The more he revolved the past scene the more bitter his feelings became.

He withdrew to his chamber, and to his bed; and when Elizabeth visited him, drew the coverlet over his head; and, with peevish irritability, repelled her attentions to his comforts; but at last softened to their influence even to child-like tears.

"It's true, 'Lizbeth—it's owre true—I'm a poor helpless creature, taking up a place in the world

that will be better filled when I leave it to him who never longed for it, I am sure; nor let on he thought me the silly man ye may be all saw me."

"Do not say so," cried Elizabeth, her eyes glistening. He never saw you but as affection must—as you deserved to be seen—the kindest, truest relation."

While she was thus engaged, Lady Tamtallan's ancient waiting-maid returned with a message from her lady to Monkshaugh; and a very laconic note was found to enclose a bank-bill for fifty pounds, which largesse her abrupt departure prevented the proud, sarcastic dowager from giving in person—as a loan however.

"She is not so bad then, 'Lizbeth. Her bark is waur than her bite. I'm sure it ought, after all, to be a very pleasant thing to have a near kinswoman with a strong mind; but we cannot be aye just so thankful for our mercies as we should be. Ye are laughing at me, 'Lizbeth; and even now the tear was in your ee; but it's time enough for you to get a strong mind."

Monkshaugh's code of female propriety had been framed before any one dreamed of harm or indecorum in a lady walking far into the country alone; and as he knew that Elizabeth had great enjoy-

ment in such wild rambles, as he thought them, he proposed, after an early dinner, to seek repose from all his labours and griefs, provided she went a-broad to indulge her own taste. And thus it was settled, care having been first taken to despatch Mrs. Christy and her brood, with orders to tell Frisel, wherever she saw him, that his master was exceedingly displeased to understand that he was still in Scotland.

"But how can he help himself?" said Mrs. Christy. "Said I not—but Robbie's lawfulness has put every thing out of my head—that John Harletillum had made Francie owre to the custody of the gudeman of Rookstown tolbooth yestreen?"

"My faithful knave!" cried Monkshaugh in much distress.

"And the comfort and blessing it was to have Robbie's heirskep settled; for if Monkshaugh set his shoulder to it, it's a gained cause, quoth Francie."

A message of encouragement and consolation was sent to Frisel, by the lady whom his address had pressed into his service, and who had faithfully engaged to visit him in jail on her return, and communicate her success in the cause of legitimacy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

> When revel waxes high,
> And the crowned bowl, with vines and roses wreathed,
> Sparkles in ruby light—even then as eagerly
> The festive lip bends to the tempting chalice,
> The hideous phantasma starts up between,
> And dashes it to earth ; whence the rich drops
> Can ne'er again be gathered, whether for cheer
> Or solace.
>
> *The Banquet.*

SOME days after that on which Delancy overtook Monkshaugh and his fair companion on the moor, on their route to the Sanctuary of Holyrood, Mr. Hutchen gave a gala dinner to the neighbouring gentry, with Lord Rantletree at their head. The thing happened ill; but there was no help for it. Mr. Hutchen appeared uneasy and out of temper, veiling chagrin and real anxiety under the affectation of extravagantly high spirits; a deception which, impose on whom it might, made no impression on his guest and tormentor, Lady Harriette Copely,—save to furnish her with a cue to mal-apropos compliments and congratulations.—

Many of the party were still ignorant of the flight of Monkshaugh.

Before Delancy entered the drawing-room most of the company were assembled—their best clothes, blandest smiles, and sweetest greetings, all redolent of festival. Lady Harriette alone was still in dishabille, seated far apart at a small table, sketching. This however was, to Mr. Hutchen's family, a customary affectation. She seldom made her appearance at dinner till the first course was removed; and, to-day, might be expected with the dessert after an hour had been spent in waiting for her.

"No letters for me, Delancy?—Well, patience. You may 'have a stool' beside me here, however, 'to be melancholy upon.' How puzzled his Lordship of Rantletree does look to guess the true meaning of my undress. He has eyed me this half hour with gravity as profound as my monkey used to display at sea, imitating Copely in taking an observation. Does he set my folly down for madness or supreme *bon ton*, think ye?"

"True no-meaning puzzles more than wit.—I never do pretend to divine Lord Rantletree's thoughts," replied the gentleman.

"Or my purposes.—Well, Delancy, without pretending to divine your thoughts, let me assure you

my disorderly conduct to-day is not wholly affectation. It is grown a cheap vulgar trick that same of not being dressed in time for dinner.—I cast it off to my maid or Juliana.—But I really wished to finish my sketch of Ernescraig Tower.—I caught such a splendid Salvator group the other morning;—a skulking bandit, you see; and a tall, red-cloaked gipsy-woman, genuine figures both, thanks to my glass. Pray lay down the glass; she is gone days ago—the Cynthia of a minute. *Secondly*, I wished to hear of the dear little 'late lord of the siller pan,'—not the brass kettle: and *thirdly*, and lastly, to warn you, that if I have skill in *beetle-brows*, the *Bull's head* will be placed on the board to-day. Hutchen has lost some of his precious documents; and, moreover, knows of your pricking forth over the moors after the Monkshaugh party. He is not the man to forgive you.—'Tis,

> "Up with the black flag—
> Down with the blue."

"To forgive me! Pardon me, Lady Harriette, if I cannot perceive in what I need the forgiveness of Mr. Hutchen."

"I am astonished, Delancy, at your want of tact. That you see the man as he is I could guess

from your acute penetration; and that you should not conceal your *moral* perception from me your cousin and ally, I would also expect from your candour, and my well-known discretion.—But what will the world say?—what will Mrs. Grundy say of such rebel conduct in a son-in-law elect?"

Delancy laughed faintly and coloured slightly. "The world—absurd, tattling, good-for-nothing world, as it is—cannot be quite so ridiculous as your ladyship supposes."

"I gravely assure you it is so," replied the lady. "I own your *liaison* here puzzles me if such be not its tenor. Besides, the thing is quite fixed to the entire satisfaction of all the old women in the country, whether in black silk breeches or white flounced petticoats."

"I make no objection to furnishing my fair quota of the public amusement," said Delancy, "though I am just now infinitely more interested by your ladyship's 'Salvator group.' Give me leave to tear the drawing before that man's eye fall upon it."

"Good Heavens! Delancy." Lady Harriette's quick eye caught the expression of the young man's anxious features; and the drawing was crushed in her

hands. "So you think it odious," said she, instantly recovering herself, and beginning another sketch on fresh paper—and commencing anew her story.

"'High connexion, to be sure, for the worthy, excellent Hutchens,' said her ladyship of Rantletree to me a little ago, over her spectacles, but in strict confidence. 'Worthy people—the kindest souls! sent the most beautiful preserved pineapples to Rantletree house only last week—such beauties on a table!' Now, Delancy, how can you possibly get off after that? 'A very accomplished young creature too,' quoth her ladyship. 'Tom says'—Think, Delancy, of Lord Rantletree, yonder where he stands, as *Tom*—'Tom says she accompanied him through a long intricate piece of Gluck's, without being above twice out—and such a fortune!—Besides, things of this sort are happening in England every day now.' So you see, Delancy, one grand obstacle is removed. Lord Rantletree has screwed down the peerage to the sticking place."

"Your ladyship"——Delancy was about to make an awkward speech of thanks for her first polite attention to his wishes; but he stopped, contented with looking grateful and intelligent meanings; and, following her own cue, said, "Well, he may

safely screw it up again. Your ladyship cannot really suppose me—God forgive all coxcombry!—so wanting in taste, feeling, nay, in common brute sense, as to make such a choice—that I should love this Miss ——! Why compel me to make a fool of myself—or to speak in this manner in relation to any young woman?"

"Love!—No, no, no! I never for a moment supposed you guilty of that 'last weakness of noble minds'—on *such* temptation," said the lady, laughing. "But there is 'such a fortune!' besides beauty and accomplishments enough to bear a man through without the suspicion of being a very great deal more sordid than his neighbours."

"I am sick of accomplishments," replied Delancy, more ruffled than was apparently necessary. "Woman's empire, to my feelings, is one of nature, not of accomplishment. You ladies are all mightily mistaken in your estimate of the power of talent in gaining, or fixing wayward hearts."

"And all hearts masculine, must, of course, be wayward by nature; by institution, by fashion, doubly wayward."

"Denied, Lady Harriette—but let it pass. My vanity can only answer for one heart. It might be brought to love a woman with her accom-

plishments—nay in spite of them—were she otherwise very charming. But what have acquirements to do with love—*love* from Indus to the Pole—more appropriately, from Grosvenor Square to a Cunemara cabin—the least artificial, the most involuntary passion of our nature? Beauty may do much, *womanliness*, as I understand that word, far more—but a fig for accomplishments in a true romantic love. I hope your ladyship allows me to be capable of a real true love. Now there is, you know, no true love without romance, and no romance without nature——"

"And no nature with accomplishments. Q. E. D.," said the lady, laughing. "But how curious the Misses on the opposite side of the house, poor things, do look! Come hither young ladies, Mr. Delancy is just going to deliver an original lecture on 'true love,' from which you may all chance to reap instruction."

A smiling bevy, headed by Juliana, came trooping over, and clustered gracefully round Lady Harriette, paying compliments on her drawing, which she indeed never once deigned to notice. "Most potent, grave, and reverend signior, pray proceed," said the lady to Delancy.

"Then, Lady Harriette, let me tell you, that your sex have erected a very false, and a very low standard, in judging of the qualities which beget affection in ours. I will not insult the understanding of any lady, by supposing her capable of falling in love with a man for his talent in fiddling, or sketching, or spouting. Now you ought to be equally liberal to us. Your sex are most intolerant. After four thousand years' experience, you will not allow us, poor men, to know what pleases ourselves—or at least what ought to please us; but this woman is *vulgar*—and that is *silly*—the other, that most odious of all female things—a '*gentleman's beauty*.'"

"'Tis indeed, I grant, very difficult to fall in love so as to please all one's female acquaintance," said Lady Harriette, laughingly. "One very rarely—I don't know how it is—meets a clever man capable of knowing, as you say, what ought to please himself. What a choice Mr. Gideon has made!" and she smiled again.

"But how, pray, do you propose to produce your lady without accomplishments in society?" asked the accomplished Miss Hutchen, with the air of anticipated triumph.

" I pray you answer that, sir;" said Lady Harriette. " Juliana, love, you are too severe on Delancy this morning."

" Pardon me, ladies," replied Delancy, who, if he had less high-breeding than her ladyship, made kinder use of what he possessed. " My mistress, when I get her, shall not want talents. She cannot miss them in an age when 'reading and writing come,' as Dogberry says, 'by nature.' But would I have loved her less—nay, might not I have loved her with enthusiasm much higher—in an age when those fine things were little known and less cared about? Would she not have been the same gentle and loving creature, with the same eyes of soft witchery, the same bright flowing tresses, the same poetry of soul—if not the same enriched memory or ornamented Album—the same touching voice to whisper she could learn to love me, though peradventure it had never been scientifically trained to warble Tuscan air?"

" Soh! a full length of Elizabeth de Bruce," thought Miss Hutchen; and she coughed down the rising feeling of displeasure.

" Nay, nay, you are getting a wild-man now, Delancy," said Lady Harriette. " Your theory might suit the Indian seas, but would assuredly

overturn the whole structure of modern polite society;—though I do own, Juliana, I could wish that Sir A—— C——, or some equally clever man, would, on moderate premium, insure our accomplishments against Mr. Haliburton's abominable whitlow. After all our father's money, all our own toils, slavery, and struggles, to be in the power of a thing so inglorious as a festered finger." Miss Hutchen took the arms of her companions and walked away with dignity.

"Now, Delancy, what have you to answer for? To-morrow we shall have Juliana with her hair in *natural* curls about her ears, playing with all her might 'She Stoops to Conquer.' But go on; for when you are done shewing that acquirements have nothing to do with man's love, I intend to tell you what has."

"I am done, Lady Harriette. The worthy race of fathers, mothers, and maiden aunts, do really and honestly prize accomplishment in the fine arts now, as they did in pudding-making and cross-stitch ages ago; and very delightful modern acquirements are, in their own place—they may influence a man's vanity, be admired in a mistress or in a wife, as in a friend; may even be loved in a mistress as a part of her dear, perhaps imaginary

perfections; but, I say again, they have nothing to do with love. Would Othello have been captivated by the most brilliant accomplishments in the world, think you, half so strongly as by the gentle, womanly fascination of her who did so winningly 'incline?' No, no, Lady Harriette, the love, the willing subjection of a noble and manly heart, acknowledges no artificial acquirements—none of any kind save hers,

> 'Admired Miranda! so perfect and so peerless!'

or hers,

> 'Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve.'"

"And neither she nor the other ever had the advantage of a single fashionable master in their lives, Delancy. You never can hope to meet their match."

"Well, well, then let me at least hope to meet a mistress formed of plain household stuff:

> 'Some creature not too brightly good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'"

"Really, Mr. Frederick Delancy, you alarm me," said Lady Harriette, looking up with gravity, partly real, and partly affected. "The cause you

need not inquire, when I remind you of another of the liberal maxims of your noble sex—namely, That no female understanding ever yet embraced a general idea. If a woman hear of love, it must be love for another woman—for Margaret, or Mary, or Janet, or Elizabeth—no getting past Elizabeth."

Delancy looked grave as night.

"Something too much of this," continued the lady, still busily plying her pencil; "but I must have you give lectures on the philosophy of love, nevertheless, for the benefit of young ladies; and on marriage, for the use of their mothers. Heavens, what crowded rooms! Make me patroness?"

"Indeed, Lady Harriette, they both require illumination. Believe me they are all in the wrong: hearts worth holding were never yet won by what they dub cleverness and accomplishment. For mine—if you will pardon my vanity—give me in exchange a gentle and a kind one—loving *only me*—and never reasoning why—yet ever guided aright by its native delicacy, its own pure womanly instincts. The rest is 'leather and prunella'—solid fortune, or flimsy acquirement."

"There spoke the natural man," said Lady Harriette, laughing; "or rather the Turkoman—

for all men in their notions of love and women are genuine Turks in their hearts; or if Christian, 'tis,

> '*He* for God only—*she* for God in *him*;'

clasping her 'wedded elm as the vine curls her tendrils:' silly, fond, helpless creatures—like Pomfret's, or somebody's chosen helpmate—

> With understanding of a size,
> To think her master wondrous wise.

Delancy, I thought you might afford to be more magnanimous in your choice—to adventure your understanding and scholarship against any mere woman's. To be sure it is a point ruled, that a clever man *must* marry a fool—a wise disposition of Providence to preserve the equilibrium of intellect and goodness.—To marry after the fashion of genius?—Why the phrase has become proverbial. 'Tis paltry and false reasoning! As if Providence coupled men and women as a cunning poulterer does a fat rabbit with a lean, to get a shabby pair off. I will as soon believe in the necessity of matching shorts and longs—stout and meagre.—To preserve the equilibrium of flesh is much more rational than that of heart and understanding."

There was the slightest possible degree of pique

evident in the lady's tone. The pencil went fast and faster; and she resolved, if Delancy chose to marry a fool in this Elizabeth de Bruce, he should at least have no encouragement from her. "You are confirming my theory," said Delancy, laughing. "'Good' ladies and 'clever' ladies are always discovering that their favourite spiritual guides, and their most admired wits, uniformly wive below themselves—an opinion flattering enough to the gentlemen no doubt; but, if true, another proof of my doctrine, That love has nothing to do with acquirement."

"Nor at all with what is called intellect?" said Lady Harriette, more keenly piqued.

"Not certainly with what is commonly called intellect. It has, however, close affinity with something infinitely more refined than the *polished*—more spiritualized than the *spirituel*. If, like the dreamy German philosophers, one could divide the human female into soul, body, and mind—I shall love for the qualities of soul and of body, and a fig for mind.—But I cannot possibly dispense with a *soul* in my mistress. She must have a high, a gracious, but above all a feminine soul. A fine mind, or a mind which, though not cultivated, is yet susceptible of the highest polish, is the usual

concomitant of such a soul—though I don't stickle for such a trifle."

"And she must of course love you with all that heart, and all that soul," returned the lady, smiling in recovered good-humour. "That is the secret charm—the Alpha and the Omega of proud man's love creed. Vanity, vanity—and selfishness hardened and extreme!—Why, Lord Rantletree, I have no doubt, insists upon the same thing—so does Mr. Hutchen. Nay, more exacting than you in your youthful humility, they insist that their wives shall not only have souls, but absolutely souls to be saved, whatever become of their own. To be sure, this preposterous demand may cease with the present reign of terror. How pious a sound fright does make some folk! What a Christian your heartily frightened Christian is!—Do you know, Lord Rantletree was rating me soundly before you came in, for not going to church with you all, good souls! the other day."—She perceived that her words had attracted the attention of the noble peer "on his legs," and called across the room—"My Lord, I am telling Mr. Delancy your opinion of a woman without religion—I mean a woman that did not go to church on the last Fast-day."

"Yes!" said his lordship, stalking towards her—

" I said so. I opine, and hold as a maxim—and I am pretty generally correct—that a woman without religion is a monster! I know nothing on earth that she is like."

" Mr. John Hutchen, you who are so clever at charades and conundrums, pray, come hither, and tell Lord Rantletree, what is the likest thing to a cat looking out at a window?"

John, proud to be referee in a case of *wit*, instantly left a flirtation with Miss Diana Draunt, and stepped over—" Why, to be sure, a cat looking in at one!" said he briskly, delighted with his own promptitude.

" Ah, John, what a wag you are!—There, my dear lord," continued Lady Harriette, in the tone of grave impertinence with which she delighted to provoke the solemn peer—" you perceive John, who is fresh from logic, thinks, that a woman without religion is the likest thing on earth to a man in the same condition.——There he walks off in alt—like Pompey's pillar taking an airing on the sands of Alexandria. Don't look at me with that how-can-you sort of face, Delancy. His lordship was exceedingly ill-bred touching my orthodoxy; and with what arms shall a poor helpless woman of fashion, to whom nails are forbid,

defend herself, if she may not employ the 'retort courteous'—a little civil impertinence, with a madge owlet like that.—You are not convinced I see—yet I have clearly demonstrated that every man is a Turk at heart—you men of romance included; only turning the tables on the Paynim, you endow your women with souls, and dispense with the immortal attribute yourselves; or, perhaps, my lord, (exalting her voice,) to souls masculine the business of salvation is easier—at least in our Protestant Church."

Lord Rantletree snuffed the air, throwing wide his nostril like a hound that has lost the scent, and took snuff, ever a resource at his utmost need—one long and profound pinch.

"How have we strayed from love to religion?" said Delancy, whose good taste relished neither the pious nor personal tone the conversation had taken.

"'Tis a route poor women often travel, Delancy—a dark—a sad—a lone—crossed by a 'Bridge of Sighs'—a track on which they are often forced by passion and despair—seldom, I fear, by a voluntary movement of the heart and understanding united. Yet, if the true impulse be given, it matters not of the quarter!"—There was a slight

tremor in the low voice—the bright eye glistened—the lips were firmly compressed, and the pencil moved fast.

"Can this woman feel?—or has she any thing to feel about?" thought the young man. He remembered the delicacy of her kindness a few minutes before; and, from a good-natured wish to relieve her present embarrassment, quoted laughingly—"*Parlez un peu de religion, mademoiselle—Vous direz ensuite autre chose.*"

She smiled in her original brightness, and replied—"No more religion to-day, Delaney. I hope I may revere my Heavenly Father as I do my earthly one, quite as sincerely as those of His daughters who are ever sounding their own dutifulness. I ever loved Cordelia better than Goneril, even in the first act of the piece.—But, passing all that, and returning to our host—I must tell you, once more, there is some mischief in that man's head.—I own you are all a puzzle to me.—I did think you were some way affected by the soul and body of Juliana, or some attributes thereunto pertaining. Or what make you here?"

"And if I am 'tis in a very qualmish way, Lady Harriette."

"But how affected then by Mr. Hutchen's bills,

bonds, mortgages, foreclosures, post-obits, India bonds, three per cents? I know I am confounding the style. How do these trifles affect you?"

"To the quick. I give them all the weight to which they are entitled in this year of grace, 17—, when the rate of exchange between Cupid and Mammon, was never half so much against the little blind bargain-maker, from the golden age downward to this the age of golden guineas."

"Ah, poor Delancy!—Well, what a fascinating worship, after all, this same of Mammon would be to our British youth, were it not 'written,' as Mr. Gideon says—'*Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves.*'"

"I abjure the sordid faith which exacts such penance," replied Delancy, smiling at the whimsical application of the scriptural quotation. "Abjure, in the true spirit of John Knox, the sordid Canaanitish faith; pull down its high places, break in pieces its idols, trample its graven images in the dust."

"Nobly resolved.—Then, I presume, you enter on your donjon yonder immediately?—Or, is it to Monkshaugh you go? Really, Mr. Hutchen has as many uninhabited mansions on his hands as the Sultan in the Eastern tale had deserted villages.

How I loathe that man !—'Tis not hate is my feeling ; but a hideous nervous antipathy, for which I almost despise myself."—Her expressive features spoke intolerable loathing.—" The Mammoth ! the region kite ! Can this bloated greatness swell farther without bursting ? I could have cried to see poor old Monkshaugh trundling over the distant moor the other day—from sympathy I suppose.—Delancy, is my present life not penance ?—The wife is a harmless buzzing insect that I heed not—the daughter a gaudy stinging one that I brush off without crushing, merely to spare my own dainty niceness the noxious office—but the man I *loathe !* The very creaking of his shoes makes my blood curdle ; his long, high-breathed, inward swoop, in swallowing his soup, makes my flesh creep, gives me intolerable, sickening disgust. Delancy, you think my head is turned ?"

" A remarkably elegant turn of the head," quoted Delancy, smiling at her earnestness.

" But do you leave us ?—Am I to be left alone here ?"

" This night I go to Ernescraig. I would have gone before now but for appearing to drive the young lady from her home, and other reasons.—Moreover, you will do me the greatest kindness in

swearing that Juliana's cruelty has driven me, like the immortal Don Quixote, to do penance in her sight on yonder rock, and never wonder why."

"Here is a riddle-me-ree!—I shall swear though. But now my task is done, give me your arm to yonder window. After all, the best place in the world for a *tête-à-tête* is a crowded drawing-room." They looked out together upon the distant Tower of Ernescraig. A flood of golden radiance streaming down in pencilled rays from behind a dark massive cloud, surrounded the fantastic edifice like a halo, and fancifully tinted the jutting points of the copsewood and pinnacled rocks by which it was girdled. "A charming effect of those wandering evening lights," continued the lady.—"That old Tower has marvellous attraction for you and Hutchen to-day?"

Mr. Delancy's Irish servant crossing the lawn, approached the window, which, on a signal, his master drew up. A whispered message seemed to affect the young gentleman in a very unusual manner. He changed colour several times; and Lady Harriette perceived the eyes of Hutchen keenly and suspiciously directed to him.

"For Heaven's sake, Delancy, don't leap out!"

said the lady, laying her hand on his arm. "Rally yourself—prying eyes are upon you. I might affect ignorance. It would be well-bred to be deaf and dumb—perhaps it would be *delicate*; but I have no leisure for delicacy just now. If you must obey that strange summons do so like a man in his senses. Fix Hutchen at his table, and me at his elbow before you make your exit—if you ought at all to seek such interview."

"*Seek it I must*, Lady Harriette—deep interests are on its issue."

"Old Towers, and women in red mantles waiting young gentlemen at the fords of Orân! More riddle-me-rees. But to-morrow, my young cousin, I must bring you to confession."

"To-night—now—pray listen to me!"

"This way then to the confessional," said the lady; and led the way to a balcony set out with evergreens and exotics.—"I have no hope of deceiving Hutchen, Delancy; his acuteness exceeds my address, I humbly confess it; but I may contrive your escape for a half hour, and constrain him to remain here. Will that benefit you? Speak in safety while I stoop to admire this Camelia. Hutchen's unfailing instinct has already

apprehended the subject of our conference. But we must pay him the compliment of not seeming to know how shrewd a villain he is."

"Let me speak then," said Delancy, with the vehemence of passion. "You know the unhappy story of the lady who was the youthful affianced bride of the Lord de Bruce! You cannot know how much I owe her who has been to me the object of filial reverence and enthusiastic affection since I was first capable of knowing good from evil. Good God! how noble and gracious a creature has been utterly destroyed among us! To think of her fate has made my blood boil, and stained my cheek with shame since I have been capable of feeling! Her elder brother, O'Connor of the West, proscribed—a fugitive—hunted for life, finds shelter in yonder Tower, with such protection as I can give him. Her early lover, that unhappy de Bruce, of whose fate she is I presume ignorant though he must for ever live in her thoughts, is the object of a base conspiracy, of which to-night I shall tell you more. But O'Connor—I fear that his retreat is discovered already."

"O'Connor of the West!" repeated the lady; and her lips became white as her dress.—"Has he not escaped to the continent months ago?"

"Lady Harriette, you are not well. Suffer me to get you a glass of water?"

"For Heaven's sake, no!—The smell of these plants.—It is past already. But how, Frederick, have you dared to offend your uncle, by succouring his bitterest foe?"

"Because I love honour and justice, more than I reverence my uncle, or admire his estates. Lady Harriette, your nature is noble even in your own despite. I challenge your liking even for this very daring."

"Bravo! my modest cousin!"

"Nor do I, at this moment, look to anything beyond O'Connor's safety. Would that my blood could atone for the crimes of our family against that ill-fated race! I could give you such animating instances of wild and devoted fidelity to this unhappy exile, for whose arrest, I shame to say it, my uncle is now in active correspondence with that person;" and his eye glanced at Hutchen.

"And O'Connor was the lurking bandit of my sketch?"

"He was indeed. It was by the direction of her whom I dare hardly presume to call my aunt, that I so long back hired this Tower of Ernescraig to shelter her brother; but the toils are closing

around us. Last night he lay concealed in Fugal's hut; but this night watches will be placed at the bridges and fords. To-night I must throw him on the protection of Mr. Haliburton, unsafe as the harbourage is, and reluctant as I find O'-Connor to involve any one in his fate."

The lady had listened with deep interest; and now hastily said, "Bring him hither—to your own apartments—to mine. In the conduct of life, the boldest measures are, in desperate cases, ever the most safe. Clutch the nettle if you fear its sting."

The face of the young man brightened. "A thousand thanks to your Ladyship's generous address. I am to meet O'Connor in the Wilderness when the moon sinks."

"And I shall neither shriek nor faint if I find him in my chamber an hour afterwards. Women happily know nothing of political crime. In evil times they are still a kind of rainbow, brightening the stormy horizon, and giving the promise of returning peace. But let us end the conference, or Lord Rantletree's eye-strings will crack, and the Misses catch a crick-o'-the-neck:" and she walked away, exclaiming,

"In the name of all the Graces, Hours, and Loves, Dr. Draunt, is it near dinner-time?"

"Those who make a point of conscience never to lunch, Lady Harriette——"

"Are seldom deaf to the dinner-bell. I never do hear that gong!—Would it not be better Doctor, to have the cook knock with his carver's haft, as of old, and then raise Lochiel's war-cry at our drawing-room doors at once:

'Come unto me, wolves and ravens, and I will give you flesh!'

My dear Lord Rantletree, you must really invent some clever way of touching indurated olfactory nerves like mine."

"Your Ladyship may, I presume, mean the auditory nerves, the *meatus auditores*," said his lordship.

It is probable that the lady did not know very well what she meant; but now looking grave surprise, she said, "And is it possible, my dear Lord Rantletree, that you can't smell with your ears?"

"Smell with my ears, my Lady Harriette Copely! I must own——"

"I see it now, my Lord," interrupted the lady; "for now you are looking, for all the world, like the man in Tristram Shandy, to whom some one says, 'Sir, you have no nose!'"

"No nose! my Lady Harriette Copely," rejoined the Peer, at once puzzled and affronted by her pure no-meaning.

"A remarkable fine, large, high-brigged, Roman nose," said Mrs. Hutchen, as in duty bound. "Your Ladyship——"

"Nay, one at a time, my dear Mrs. Hutchen. ——But I leave you, John, to explain to your Mama, how a lady can smell with eye, ear, mouth, and nose"—and her eye glanced on Hutchen—"and how, with a remarkable fine, large, high-*brigged* Roman nose, a gentleman may have no nose.——Nay, Doctor, no more golden admonitions of the flight of time.—I vanish!"

The Doctor pocketed his gold watch; and in a very few minutes the lady returned, splendidly attired, and with the careless, disengaged air of one superior to her ornaments, or unconscious of them, looking what she really was—an elegant, and still a very handsome woman.

"This is magic!" cried the younger ladies, crowding round her—or her diamonds.

"A fourth-rate actress would make a quicker toilet," said Lady Harriette, too proud to be complimented on this stale subject. "Dressing is a very pretty female pastime, nevertheless, parti-

cularly in the country: I sometimes pass whole hours in it, with great pleasure and perfect innocence. It is among the most harmless female employments that I know. What, Doctor, could we make of these heads and bodies of ours, from the time we gave up dolls, if we had them not to decorate?"

The Countess of Rantletree, who rose every morning at seven, divided her days into set tasks for each half hour, and unquestionably did more knotting than any peeress in Scotland, whispered something exceedingly sensible to Mrs. Hutchen, about the idleness of "fine ladies," which her hostess thought it right to second aloud, both from a sense of moral propriety, and from politeness.

"Do you know, Mrs. Hutchen, that country ladies, and managing ladies, talk a great deal of nonsense about *us* 'fine ladies,'" said Lady Harriette.

"A million pardons, Lady Harriette. I never presumed to place your Ladyship in that list,—with your activity and accomplishments."

"I claim the title for myself, Mrs. Hutchen. I certainly am a 'fine lady,' if there be such a thing; for I am, as the Countess knows, very idle; as every body knows, very expensive; and, as I am quite ready to acknowledge, entirely useless. And

yet, in the face of the five hundred volumes published to tell you all what a vile world the world of fashion is, I will venture to affirm, that it is neither so very frivolous, selfish, nor even so idle, as their united authority and combined wisdom allege. *Our* employments may be trifling, but Heaven knows we labour hard enough in our vocation. I defy Clarissa Harlowe herself, Lady Rantletree, to have got through half the business which I did when a leader, or even a simple follower of *ton*. The life of a char-woman is luxurious repose to that of a woman of fashion of all-work, who, to keep her place, must skim more volumes than a monthly reviewer—play more than a music-doctor—write twenty times as many letters as Pamela or Miss Seward—patronise artists—criticise literature—visit and be visited—see every thing—and know every body, were it only to say, she knows them not. Besides all this, she must wear shoes and stockings, and have her hair combed, as well as other females ; nay, must sometimes look over the dinner-bill—scold the housekeeper—even occasionally nurse a sick child."

"In short, 'fine ladies' are the most cruelly traduced class of his Majesty's fair subjects," said

Delancy, smiling at this genuine burst of *l'esprit de corps*.

"Certainly, if called idle. The genuine female dawdle is either found among the very lowest of the low, or in full luxuriance in that class which wealth has raised above the necessity of labour, and a wretched education left without the means of employing time to any purpose. I don't, Doctor, in speaking of women, say any useful purpose; every purpose is highly useful which keeps us out of the way of mischief."

"The dissipation of invaluable time in fashionable circles, the habits of scandal and derision," preluded Dr. Draunt; but her Ladyship had no patience for preludes.

"Scandal!—dissipation of time!" exclaimed she. "Why, I used to think I had a very pretty talent for scandal myself—a gay, airy, light touch; but I never had leisure to take thorough pains on reputations till I came into the country. *We* deal in gay derision, not dull malignity—we have wit enough to dash off a spirited caricature in a few bold strokes, and scorn the dull art of those obscure circles who stipple away till every minute line of a vile, distorted resemblance, is engraven on

brass, to be afterwards gnawed in with *aqua-fortis.*"

No reply was offered, and the lady proceeded. "I used, Delancy, to think the country the abode of perfect primeval innocence, till I found, by experience, that rustic balls and provincial junketings may quite as effectually prevent the growth of serious affection, or the formation of habits of elevated thought, as the wildest whirl of London fashionable life."

"*The mind is in its own place,*" said Dr. Draunt.

"And there is no end to its natural Jesuitism," said Lady Harriette, with more earnestness than she was in the habit of displaying. "It is just possible, Doctor, that even the racket of sermon-hearing, and parades of public charity, may as effectually unfit a lady for what, in approved phrase, is called 'woman's graceful duties,' as the wildest frivolities of fashion—with the farther misfortune of the lady fancying there is something peculiarly praise-worthy in her own conduct, and exceedingly reprehensible in that of her neighbour. I defy the most conceited follower of fashion to imagine herself a whit more virtuous or amiable for having given a ball, or for being at the opera last night."

"There is another class of which you make no

mention, Lady Harriette," said Delancy, in a tone of earnestness correspondent to her own.

"And where is it to be found, Delancy?—In the clouds—in Bookland—in El Dorado? No, no, I must keep by the world that I know—and I prefer my own hemisphere. If we are all gone astray in our search of happiness, 'our being's end and aim,' let me at least feel the animation of the chase. *Our* circles discover greater activity, bodily and mental, than any other whatever. *We*, consequently, acquire more talent. *We* are cleverer than artists;—they labour for bread—*we* strive for fame. *Fashion* is the chivalry of modern times. So, *allons!* John, with your bright yeomanry long-spur *à la gloire!*"

Tall John looked over his square shoulders and laced jacket on his armed heel, with ineffable complacence, as the lady took his arm. "But you wear your spur without winning it." Her eye brushed over the Pampadour, pet satin gown of the Countess.

John's eyes sparkled with delighted intelligence; and, at an angle of the great staircase, he gallantly won his spur by completely dissevering the train from the body of the cherished robe.

Amid the bustle of condolence, offers of pins, craving of pardons, and paternal denunciations of the long-spur, Lady Harriette contrived to have the Countess put into dock in her own chamber, there to undergo a thorough repair; and thus covered the retreat of Delancy, by despatching him to wait the re-appearance of the Countess, and conduct her more safely to the dining-room.

During this interval a quick observer might have discovered some marks of uneasiness in the host; but the young gentleman returned with his noble charge, and the details of a *grand dinner* proceeded about as heavily as usual.

To a superficial observer this might have seemed the proudest day of Mr. Hutchen's life. All that those busy and inventive ministers of luxury and fashion called *trades-people*, could furnish of rich and rare, was accumulated into that saloon, and lavished on the banquet of which the fair and the noble partook. A superb centre ornament of gold, of exquisite workmanship, holding flower vases, essences, salt, and more affairs than Lord Rantletree either understood or admired, called forth warm admiration.

"What cannot gold achieve!" said the Scottish barrister of high family seated next Lady Har-

riette. "'Tis but *presto* change! and its magic touch surrounds the low-born with the far-descended."

"More wondrous yet, sir,—it makes keen-sighted men of the world purblind or beetle-blind; or see white black, and black white at convenience," said the lady.

The spirits of the entertainer, aided by the light French wines handed round between the courses, yielded to the blandishments of the scene, of which he felt himself the centre and creator.

"The most sweet and lovely dessert I have seen of an age!" was the exclamation of the Countess, as she viewed the *coup-d'œil* of the splendid board, loaded for the fourth time.

"And a gold knife to cut the cake,—and gold grape-scissors! Well I declare!" added Mrs. Draunt, holding up both hands.

"And this is the genuine Tokay," said the Doctor, sipping his small glass. "The first time I ever had the honour of tasting that imperial wine—rarely to be seen even with princes as I understand."

Mr. Hutchen began to talk like a well-informed amateur of the growths of the Rhinegau and Hockheim, of the Grafen berger and Johannis-

berger, and of the ancient Greek wines. But Mrs. Hutchen preferred Constantia, in which the Countess joined her; and the Earl drew back and up in his chair, and preserved the perpendicular so rigidly that his host diverted the discourse to commerce. His brother Andrew's correspondent in Cracow had sent home a few bottles of the *Vino Vitrawno*, which he indeed was ashamed to see at his humble board. "Would the Earl give him permission to send them, with his humble duty, to Rantletree house,—as the Greeks poured out the overflowing of their first crowned goblet in a libation to the gods."

"Jove nods accordant," said Lady Harriette, as the Earl shook his ambrosial curls in gracious, yet modest acceptance. Mr. Hutchen's gratitude, for this kindness, was stopped mid-way by the sight of a cabalistic paper lying half-concealed among the grapes before him.

"A truly oriental mode of communication," said Lady Harriette, "a perfumed billet, hid among fruits and foliage."

"Perfumed!—faugh—It does smell of tobacco, like the deuce, though," said tall John.

"Some practical wit of your acquaintance, Mr. John," said Hutchen, snatching the paper, which

he crushed in his hand. "Like the Border marauder's lady who sent in a pair of spurs below a covered dish when the beef-stand ran low. Let me see you set your foot within a drawing-room in spurs again, sir."

This assumed passion was estimated at its true value by the lady whose keen eye seemed to read his inmost heart. He changed colour,—a cold dew burst over his forehead as he raised his eye a second time from the talisman, and caught the quickly averted glance of Lady Harriette.—Mrs. Draunt was sure it was the smell of the melon, "which indeed always overcame her at particular times."—Lady Rantletree was equally sure it was a reptile on the peach lying on her plate.—And John was certain it was the smell of tobacco about the note.—Mr. Hutchen allowed it might be both the melon and the reptile, but now he was quite well; and "old-fashioned as it was—he was an old-fashioned man—he would crave leave to dedicate a bumper to 'The Noble House of Rantletree,' which had done him such distinguished honour."

"To the roof-tree of the Rantletree!" muttered John, wittily, looking at Lady Harriette.

And when his Lordship had concluded his *lengthy* speech of thanks, Mr. Hutchen was able

to assure the fair and earnest inquirers, that he was quite as well as ever he was in his life.

There followed a discourse on antipathies.—Mrs. Hutchen was the martyr of a frog,—and Juliana expired at a cock-roach, which was not wonderful as two had been seen in Madame Vipont's establishment.—But the Countess owned that her noble spirit was cowed only by a mouse.

"I never knew what fear was!" said his Lordship, grandly.

"Then, my Lord, you never snuffed a candle with your fingers," cried John, who having now his full share of Champagne and Burgundy, cared little for the electric effect produced on the company by his easy freedom, or for his father's fierce glances.

Dr. Draunt, by profession a peace-maker, thought this a fit time to trump out his customary allowance of heavy moralities; and from the antipathies of the ladies, he wandered to the "loathly worm rioting on the cheek of beauty;" the bloated spider,—the rat of the charnel-house,—and the tarantula at its hideous work."

"Father you are ill again!" said John, anxiously and even affectionately.

Mr. Hutchen swallowed his wine in haste, and

ordered John to be silent; and Lady Harriette, thinking the Doctor's discourse neither very pleasant to a sick conscience nor a sick stomach, whichever were her host's case, good-naturedly called his attention to the beautiful effect produced on the rich crimson hangings of the wall, by the fibres and silky filaments of some delicate exotics, which formed, in dancing light and shadow, a fairy tracery on the glowing surface of the embossed paper. The Doctor prosed on to the "Feast of Belshazzar" and the mystic writing on the wall—the denunciation of speedy judgment.

"Father, you are very ill," said John, once again, affectionately.—Mr. Hutchen frowned; and the ladies withdrew.

A chill foggy atmosphere, moral and material, enveloped the drawing-room. Lady Harriette went to her chamber to escape, she said, "the intolerable smoke of a grate fitted up on philosophical principles." Miss Juliana's harp-chords snapped just as she was about to commence, "That lovely thing" Mrs. Draunt had heard her play before, but the name of which she could not remember if she had died; and as his Lordship entered, the awful vibration caused by his personal dignity, or some other equally weighty cause,

broke the finely wrought chain from which the splendid lamp was suspended; and it shivered into a thousand pieces. Great was the dismay—yet, Mrs. Hutchen would not, "she was sure, have minded the lamp, or carpet, a pin's head, had not the spermaceti oil—by good luck it was genuine, pure, London spermaceti they always burned—spattered his Lordship's stockings." Even this "flattering unction" did not smooth the ruffled plumage of the offended peer, who gazed down on his strong, obstinate, boot-tree looking supporters, and their soiled silken incasements, as if questioning of them, "why, and wherefore, they had borne him into a scene so incongruous?" He inquired, if her Ladyship did not think it high time to order the carriage for Rautletree house. In this emergency Dr. Draunt applied his silk handkerchief to chafe the offended limb, Juliana prayed for a concerto, Mrs. Hutchen was so shocked and vexed—and the moon, the very arbitress of tides herself, was appealed to against the cruel decision of his Lordship, who, of course, became perfectly determined, swallowed his coffee with the dignified firmness of a stoic, and took care of the Countess to the carriage himself.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WILDERNESS.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken :
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

HUTCHEN had, in the course of this great day, sustained many trials of temper with astonishing firmness, from wife, and daughter, and son, and guest, and cook, and butler; and from deeper causes: but to Lord Rantletree's last display of absurdity, which, at another season, would have excited his derision, his feelings all gave way, and he rushed to his private apartment from the door-way, as the carriage wheeled off, exclaiming, "Have I served the devil for his wages ?—the

glittering coin which tempts the sinner, and, in possession, turns to dust and ashes." Again he took from his pocket the mysterious billet, which, strangely written and spelled, ran thus:—

"*Mr. Hutchen, you are hunting me high and low.—Whistle off your beagles, or you shall meet me where you least expect it—quod she, who never failed her word, and who can yet keep tryst, as true as ever was witnessed by the midnight stars, and the floods of Oran. I have not forgotten the old signal.*"

"Must I then see this desperate virago, whom I thought the devil had taken home long since? Who could have imagined her agency here?" thought Hutchen; and he trimmed the lamp which burned on his mantle-shelf, and placed it, with his own hands, in the window of his apartment, composing himself as he best could, to abide the event of the signal. Whether his unseen enemy meant to appear on this night was, indeed, problematical, though a more effectual method of confining him to his apartment, and cutting off his communication with his scouts, could not have been devised. Restless and perturbed, he stalked across his study in the mood of the sorcerer, who, having once invoked the fiend, never

again feels safe from its sudden and unwished appearance.

Meanwhile, Delancy had cautiously stolen to his nocturnal rendezvous. Behind the mansion, and within a few hundred yards, a shrubby glade suddenly sunk in a part of those ornamented grounds which had lately been a bare, open moor, all its lumpy surface broken with old coal-shafts and muddy pools of under-water drawn from the mines. The good taste of Hutchen had preserved this dingle in nearly its original state. A few clearings had been tastefully made, and the old straggling footpath that wound through it, had been widened. The name of the Wilderness, given by Mrs. Hutchen instead of the original epithet of Seggiedean, reconciled her to the spot, which no one now visited save Lady Harriette, who, with all her assumed gaiety and natural liveliness, was more of a ruminating animal than any other individual of the Whim circle.

Delancy, on letting himself into the Wilderness with Lady Harriette's private key, first encountered the scout in her old equipments of red-cloak and black slouched bonnet—the same dauntless Rouge-mantle that had encountered Wolfe Grahame, and crossed the path of Elizabeth.

" He is safe, and waits ye yonder," she said, pointing to a hollow which had once been worked as a stone quarry, and was now an inextricable mass of tangled bushes, among which an hundred men might have found concealment. " If the girl had not been such a hen-partridge he needed not this at your hands; for O'Connor would as soon take alms of the devil, as accept a kind deed from one who can count English kin with Fitzmaurice."

" It is not necessary that he should know more than that I am his countryman, anxious to render him assistance in this strait. But, do you keep vigilant ward. If a woman pass give me the signal; if a man break in, you know your duty." And he gave her one of the pistols he carried, which she handled as a familiar thing and placed in her breast.

" Do you mark yon lamp?—and know you where it burns?" said she, pointing through the branches to the light in Mr. Hutchen's casement, which had given Delancy some uneasiness. " Men kindle the torch to scare the serpent and the beast of prey from their lair. Yon is placed to guide aright their fangs. When you see yonder lamp quenched, pass to the house in safety. I shall

not see O'Connor more; but as I have sworn to answer to God and the saints for his safety, so shall ye answer it to me."

They parted thus; and as O'Connor, on the approach of Delancy, stood out from his place of concealment among the bushes, another muffled figure glided forward, and then paused; and a low, soft, female voice, modulated by deep and earnest feeling, whispered, "O'Connor of the West!"

Delancy at once recognised the voice of his fair ally, though thus subdued, timid, and hesitating, even before she had half thrown back the hood of her *roquelaire*, and stood in the starlight—her pale features distinctly visible.

"Forgotten!—and perhaps deserving to be forgot?" she continued in the same tone.

A motion of surprise was visible in the fugitive, who, after a moment's pause, replied, "Those who once enjoyed the honour of being known to Lady Harriette——" He stopped as if unable to pronounce the name; and abruptly added, "No, madam: I have conned many a bitter lesson of your setting, but I have not yet forgotten that we have met—and parted."

"Had your friend ended that sentence as

gallantly as he commenced, Frederick, I would have despaired," said the lady, with a flutter of voice which her assumed gaiety could not entirely conceal. "Nay, O'Connor, will you not shake hands with me?"

There was an instant's pause before the exile suddenly took the hand gracefully extended to him, and bowed over it till his lip all but touched it. A flood of recollection seemed to burst over his mind, and he turned away.

"Quite absurd for old folks like us to keep up feuds of infancy.—Is it not, Frederick?" and she turned to Delancy.—"To look back with fruitless regret on what can never be recalled, were it even so wished." There was a half sigh ere she added, "'Tis more to the point to say that Harriette Delancy, ay, and Harriette Copely too"—and she raised her voice—"could still, at her utmost need, look to find a friend in O'Connor. She has scarcely retained the right of being believed when she avows, that her heart this night knows no wish more earnest than to see him in safety."

"I do believe it," was the earnest reply.

"That must be a base nature which could learn to hate with bitterness, only because it may once have loved too, too well. 'Tis neither

mine nor yours, O'Connor," said the lady. "We have but just met—we part here, now and for ever! Let it be in peace."

"In peace be it!" was the solemn reply, made in a firm, but very low voice.

"You have lightened the load which has pressed the heaviest on my heart for many a weary year.—And now to business," she continued, more in her usual light manner.—"You see this *roquelaire* of mine?—'tis a sort of neutral robe;" and she gracefully disrobed herself of the crimson-cloth, richly-furred garment; "but although it were purely feminine, Hercules used the distaff—doughty Sir John disdained not to disguise his valour in the gown and muffler of the wise-woman of Brentford. But I cannot trifle to-night. Briefly then, my maid waits to conduct O'Connor to my apartments.—I shall, for this night, be joint tenant of hers. He will be in safety—and I——I shall know that he is safe"—and the voice trembled once again, as if the heart from whence it was uttered shook to its inmost core.

Before the fugitive could answer, she exclaimed in a tone of mingled pride, impatience, and feeling, "I will not hear a word of objection—I am a sailor's wife, and can risk a run. The subject of

my first letter shall be O'Connor's escape, and that I have had the happiness of contributing to it."

Delancy urged the plan, which, in the very bosom of danger, promised security. Even in the event of a search by the officers of justice, this lady's apartments would be respected; but by dawn, he said, he would have the well-known trundling vehicle of the Grahame Arms at this door, from whence it could depart without either notice or suspicion.—"But can you answer for your servant, Lady Harriette?" the young man continued.

"On my life and honour. This same is called a bad and treacherous world—and I may have found it so; but how much of faith and affection has ever been around me!—And how have I trampled on, and wantonly cast from me the best gifts of God!" Tears burst forth, and for an instant rushed over the cheeks of Lady Harriette in a passionate torrent. O'Connor made a sort of involuntary movement forward. She drew back, by some singular power gave instant check to this violent emotion, and looked up calmly.

"Forget this last weakness. I never could, as the wise ones do, chain up the headlong current

of feeling at its dangerous source; but I have learnt to stay it midway in its wildest career.—And now, fare thee well! As friends we part—do we not?"

There was entreaty, sorrow, and doubt, in the trembling voice.

"As friends that having been more—never, never can be less!" replied O'Connor. Delancy turned away his head as the fugitive once again bowed on the hand that had been silently extended: and the lady glided away with a noiseless step to summon her attendant.

"Ought I to receive this service at the hands of Lady Harriette Copely?—Ought she to render me so perilous an obligation? It was her wont ever to think so lightly, or so scornfully of her own true interests, that her friends are bound to double vigilance."

"The heart and the conscience of the lady avouch her conduct," said Delancy. "So do mine for her with fervent admiration. Nor is there a cottage in Scotland in which you might not claim the same shelter, though here alone is safety."

He threw the *roquelaire* round the fugitive as they spoke. The light sunk almost at the same

instant in the distant window; and as O'Connor in silence followed his guide, Delancy joined Lady Harriette.

"Ha! your Ladyship's star is ascendant just as Hutchen's declines," said Delancy, viewing a fresh light which, starting on the darkness, in two minutes streamed from Lady Harriette's chamber —the signal agreed on with her servant, that all was well.

"Not yet quite speechless, Delancy? Dying of curiosity though? As bad as ever I was when leaving Adeline or Emily in the forest, long ago, in the clutches of banditti or murderers—and no possibility of getting the next volume for two everlasting hours?"

"The interest, which I do not deny, deserves a better name than girlish curiosity," said Delancy; "besides, I can, I may frankly say, now guess at all I am entitled to know."

"Nay, Delancy, you shall know all—I will not have you think one jot better or worse of me than I deserve—I would disdain to be thought better than I am by any one. I choose to reckon you of the few whom I would not like to think much worse of me than in justice you should do. There was a time—what a time was that!—it was time

measured by the sun of this mere mortal world too!—when I could have learned to love this O'-Connor; nay, when I——but a woman may be spared such confession—I *jilted* him. Why does the word stick in my throat? All the world eagerly adopted and freely used it. The same world that had loudly condemned my open, avowed, self-willed attachment to an Irishman, a Catholic, a man of a suspected race, disapproved by my family, above all, by your precious uncle, my powerful relation,—that same candid world said I had *jilted* the O'Connor of the West. It is, indeed, the word consecrated to such occasions."

"Would your Ladyship be good enough to instruct me in the true word, if it should ever be my evil fortune to require its use?" said Delancy, very gravely.

"Frederick, you have learned the art of taking saucy freedoms, which I could tolerate in no one else. *Jilt* be the word then," she said aloud. "Yet I was neither the cold jilt, nor the mercenary jilt, much less the ambitious jilt. I was the proud, or, if you will, the vain jilt, who, to avenge her offended pride, sacrifices her own feelings, and, for a time, glories in the offering. In short, I was avenged of the proud heart of O'Connor, who dar-

ed to have too much sense and spirit to submit to all the wild extravagance of my capricious humours; and Captain Copely married, in haste, the daughter of an English Earl, for which I have, I am sure, ever since sincerely pited him; and tried, with various success, to make it up to him in the best way I could."

"And I am to understand that your Ladyship is the lady from whom O'Connor expected shelter?"

"You are to understand no such thing. I do not believe that O'Connor ever yet thought me fit to be relied on for any useful purpose in life. This must have been the daughter of his early friend—of de Bruce; or probably the lady of that red-cloak, which covers such a multitude of mysteries, and, I doubt not, of sins."

"I could, indeed, Lady Harriette, tell you such miracles of the address and fidelity of that vagrant, who has some tie of fosterage or gossipred with the O'Connors. She has long, I suspect, been the medium of correspondence between Lady Montegle and her family. Her appearances in Ireland were always mysterious, and her departures more so.—I remember she was once thrown into prison as a strolling vagrant, upon that most unreasonable of

all pleas—not being able to give a good account of herself——"

"For which, I am sure, I am liable to committal every day in the year," said Lady Harriette, laughing.

"And I was obliged to gallop two days round the country to procure her quiet enlargement, or my aunt would have taken horse herself, I believe. She has, I rather think, played many, and, I believe, some lofty parts in her time; and occasionally indulges in a Statira or Lady Macbeth touch yet; though it sometimes deranges her plans not a little, by startling her agents.—But long life to the sex, Lady Harriette! This vagrant woman, during months that O'Connor lately languished under a fever brought on by fatigue and anxiety, watched him, nursed him, begged for him, stole for him I dare say; nay, more wonderful still, even worked for him; and brought him at last safely to Ernescraig."

"I wish I were rich for her sake, which is more than I ever did for my own, Delancy. But having made a clean breast myself, may I challenge a similar confidence? This Elizabeth de Bruce! Among all the female charms you so eloquently re-

counted to me this morning, does she possess the first?

> 'And aye it was her dearest charm,
> She said she lo'ed me best of a'.' "

"Then truly, Lady Harriette, I am afraid that is the only charm she does want:

> 'So if she be not fair for me
> What care I how fair she be'

There's quotation for quotation."

"Well and manfully said—or whistled rather; but you can't think how much good it will do you to breathe your surcharged heart in my ear, besides my delight in hearing love-stories."

"It never went so far, Lady Harriette;—to be sure I did intend gracious acts to this young lady. The romance of her situation, and my knowledge of her father's story, were both piquant circumstances. Then I was stationed in her neighbourhood to wait O'Connor's arrival; and my aunt's letters poured forth such earnest and voluminous inquiries about the child of her early lover, that I fell to describing, painting, and picturing, till I was half in love with my own limning. By dint of impudence, as you know, I made my way to her presence, only half revolving the gracious purpose of giving my aunt a niece whom I was certain

must be acceptable to her. I was speedily *over-crowed.* There was a Captain Wolfe Grahame thrown in my teeth, till, by heavens! I could have gnashed them."

Lady Harriette had the grace to restrain her secret inclination to smile; and lost it in a nobler feeling when the young man added,

"With that gentleman I have sought a correspondence, through Mr. Grahame's servant, Frisel. That the daughter declines my meditated kindness is no reason for deserting the interests of her father." And he informed Lady Harriette of the revolting plan which Frisel had assured him was in agitation, to unite the insane nobleman with the daughter of the agent, in time to prevent that inspection of past affairs which might be apprehended from Wolfe Grahame.

Lady Harriette, while her eyes flashed horror and astonishment, again and again blessed herself from the imagination of any thing so villanous.

"What is worse," continued Delancy, "we neither know where this unhappy de Bruce is concealed, nor yet of his kinsman, Grahame, who was literally kidnapped sometime ago by a rebel party, a piece of information which Knave Proper keeps to himself; and, like a strong-minded, family friend

as he is, takes it on himself actually to intercept letters, lest Mr. Grahame should learn this misfortune before he can consult a certain Lady Tamtallan, who is, it seems, the guardian angel of the male succession of the family of de Bruce. He says it would drive his poor master mad; and it is likely he knows that it would afford no great pleasure to his master's young guest."

"This is all very disastrous, and, indeed, alarming, Delancy! But if the gentleman has fallen into the hands of those atrocious rebels why not speak out? Why not move heaven and earth—that is, the War-Office and Dublin Castle, for his safety?"

"I would have adopted every possible means—have gone to Ireland myself," said the young man, with energy; "but that this Obi woman of the red-cloak has laid her spells on Knave Proper also, who seems to have a moral assurance that Captain Grahame is in safety.—Lady Harriette! you cannot think so meanly of me as that glance intimates! If love betrays to such utter baseness, let me still dread, and never know its power." The young man spoke with warmth and earnestness; and the lady gave her assurance, that she, at least, believed him incapable of taking any un-

generous advantage of an unseen and unfortunate rival.

"And having seen O'Connor safely embarked to-morrow?" said she.

"I shall devote myself to the search of Lord de Bruce—visit his daughter—old Monkshaugh—nay, this dowager Tamtallan—proclaim to all Scotland, if necessary, the villany of the man under whose roof I have unhappily been constrained to remain so long; and this proud beauty, this Elizabeth, shall, spite of herself——"

"Ay, there it is, Delancy;" interrupted the lady. "I am glad you have some touch of human infirmity left about you however. But as to 'the hospitalities of the Whim' forced upon you, the coronetcy you have in your pocket for my friend, tall John, may amply discharge them. I am happy to tell you, that I am rich enough to add boots and jacket. It is true I assure you! I am in short—never woman bore her faculties so meekly!—heiress, for two days back, of thirty thousand pounds! No time for congratulations: when I have thrown off my shawl, late as the hour is, you must attend me to Hutchen's den. I must cut and run in this gale. Five minutes will speed our business; and then I shall but pack and

be after you, to nurse old Monkshaugh—and this proud Elizabeth, spite of herself, shall find—" The laughing lady flew up the back-stairs, at the bottom of which they had now arrived. Delancy went to the green-baize door which cut off the back passage leading to Mr. Hutchen's business-room from the rest of the house, ere he recollected the words of Rouge-mantle, and the instant accomplishment of her prophecy of the lamp being quenched. There was a muttering of voices within, and deep breathings mingled with stifled groans, as of one in a paroxysm of mental agony. Delancy went to the drawing-room to wait the reappearance of his fair ally, whose business with Hutchen he could not divine though he welcomed whatever, in the present posture of affairs, promised to divert the attention of that formidable person from O'Connor. This Rouge-mantle had already accomplished, in a way which he could not easily have surmised.

Delancy had not waited ten minutes when he was rejoined by Lady Harriette, who, by another sudden transformation of dress, was now in the deepest mourning. Taking his arm, she led the way to Hutchen's den, as she called it. He

rapped gently at her bidding; and there was a rustling of papers and some little bustle within ere Mr. Hutchen admitted them. Either the lights burned dim, or he looked unusually pale, though his demeanour was perfectly composed.

"Ladies are not entitled to the honours of the sittings here," said Lady Harriette, rejecting the seat offered to her. "Besides, my errand is business point-blank.—I mean to leave this place early to-morrow; with cordial thanks to Mrs. Hutchen for her polite hospitality. But before I go—pardon me for mingling business with gratitude—I mean to have in my pocket your acquittance, to the last farthing, of Captain Copely's debt to you, and to all men. You have that power?"

Mr. Hutchen regarded her with a stare more natural than well-bred.

"You look incredulous, sir; as if you did not believe that I have the power of making good my words. See here, sir."—She rapidly placed before him several papers which she held.

"Very extraordinary! and in your possession, by the dates, for two days. I take leave to con-

gratulate your Ladyship on this handsome and unlooked for acquisition. My friend, Captain Copely's delight——"

"With your pardon, we are talking of Captain Copely's debts at present, sir."

"Lady Harriette, I must take leave to hint one bit of advice or caution. This fortune has not gone farther than Mr. Frederick, I trust." And he moved to the door to see if it was secure.—. "All is yet quite safe. Your Ladyship cannot in justice be considered liable for a sixpence of Captain Copely's debts, and we must be careful how you proceed."

"Excellent counsel for you to give, no doubt of it, Mr. Hutchen, and exceedingly appropriate. But I am come for discharges, not for advice. I assisted in incurring these debts—wittingly or unwittingly it matters not now—and to the last sixpence they shall be paid; and if the last in going attains the purpose, I shall consider it the best spent of all."

"Admirable spirit; quite what I would have expected. Now we have only to communicate with Captain Copely."

"What, sir? is it then necessary to consult my husband whether he is ready to act the part of an

honest man, the first moment he has it in his power?" and her brow reddened.

"But to impoverish you a second time, Lady Harriette—any man—any husband might well hesitate. There is at this moment an opportunity of a very profitable investment; but you guess that I have always a notion how the Funds are likely to go. Rantletree has, to a certain extent, already circumscribed my power at this time;—but for such a friend as Copely——"

"Copely cannot sell out reputation to fund property, Mr. Hutchen. Do my errand, or I must find a more compliant agent. Poor people like us cannot afford to throw away character even for an hour."

"In affairs of business ladies are so apt to jump at conclusions;" and he smiled;—"the worthy old gentlewoman, whose testamentary settlement does equal honour to her head and heart, could not have foreseen that your Ladyship's high spirit would have directed such an instant application of her bounty—of her legacy——"

"Nay, sir, never mend your phrase. *Bounty* it surely is—charity, mercy, whatever frees me of a yoke so galling and intolerable. But to your papers, Mr. Hutchen; and, meanwhile, Delancy,

let me tell you how I obtained this legacy—for then, I am sure, you will agree with me that the donor would heartily approve an instant and honest application of it. I had, you must know, a rich, English, old-maiden god-mother, cross as a cat, and proud as a Plantagenet. Mrs. Gertrude Herbert was her style, whom I made a point of uniformly calling *Miss*, only because it teased her, and whom I never pleased in any act of my life, trifling or important, save one. The very first act of my independent married life, indeed, was to affront her beyond repair of temper, and, as I hoped, beyond forgiveness. At the very lowest ebb of our fortunes, when all was dark as midnight about me, there came—like a *weather-gaw* streaking the leaden, murky clouds with dingy purple and lurid red, and, to the eye of experience, threatening wilder tempest—offers of money from a certain dingy Nabob cousin of Copely's—one of those low connexions with which every family is, nowadays, more or less infested. In requital of this offered service, my Nabob had the modesty to propose that I should countenance, and, in short, introduce into life, a couple of those Rajah-pou'ts which old Indian Christian gentlemen sometimes bring home by the half dozen to England. I did not,

to be sure, spit in his face, as the world kindly said. That would have been a filthy, and a low-bred trick; but I acted in such a way that Mrs. Gertrude's virtuous head once set a shaking by admiration of Lady Harriette Copely's spirit, went incessantly for three days,—in short, till her solicitor had, for the twentieth, and, luckily for me, for the last time, altered her will to the form in which it now stands."

"I do not know what else, in the circumstances, your Ladyship could have done," said Mr. Hutchen.

"It well becomes every gentleman to say so," replied she, in a tone slightly sarcastic. "Let me be just however.—They were gentle, nay, lovely brown girls, those same Rajah-pou'ts, with sweet voices and caressing manners. I even loved them, at least I liked to have them about me. I thought the heart of the younger girl would have sobbed till it burst; for the fracas—thanks to their father's impudence and my well-known discretion—unluckily took place in their presence. The eyes of the elder girl, as she pushed back her Nabob European papa, till he reeled again, and folded her weeping sister in her arms, flashed over us with all the wild-fire of her clime. I have not a doubt that

their unbaptized Hindoo mother, as she must have been a thousand times more beautiful, was a million times a more estimable person than my enlightened Christian cousin in the eyes of God—and of men, and of women also, would men's eyes see straight forward, or if women's durst. This, however, was entirely beyond Mrs. Gertrude's maidenly vision,—so her legacy must pay my debts. If I have as much over as buy me a black stuff gown, to wear in honour of her honoured memory, and pay my chaise-hire to-morrow, I shall think myself rich enough."

This lady had been a thorn in Hutchen's flesh, literally a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, ever since she had lived under his roof; but it did not suit him to let her go. Several matters, if not absolutely wrong, were swaying awry. Effie Fechnie's fears and doubts, since she had become a creditor of Hutchen's, had, once or twice, nearly caused a run on the Rookstown Bank from the Hill-side parishes. This tottering edifice, had, indeed, been bolstered up by the credit of Lord Rantletree, who had taken large shares of the concern, and been assumed as a *sleeping* partner, of which compact the drowsy banquet of this day had been the appropriate sealing feast. The movement to

be apprehended from Lady Tamtallan, of which Hutchen had been apprised in rather abrupt terms, by his Edinburgh agent, was another source of alarm. There were secret causes of uneasiness which pressed on his spirits with greater force than the combined power of all these dangers; and Hutchen felt that he needed all the support and countenance which either his monied or titled friends could afford him at this time.

It was with humility foreign to his usual bearing, that he entreated Lady Harriette to forbear her arrangements for a few days, in pity to his mind distracted by a multiplicity of affairs. She agreed to suspend her journey for twenty-four hours; and Delancy judged it expedient, on this occasion, to take French leave, not without some secret misgivings about the nature of the nocturnal interview which had been held between Rougemantle and his host; as he could not help fancying that lady more to be admired for her spirit and address than valued for her manners or character.

In this instance his fears were unfounded. A faint ray of light was stealing along the north-east point of the horizon when Lady Harriette's waiting-maid came to apprise her lady, that the chaise, with Mr. Delancy and the stranger gentleman,

had already departed, and that she might now return to her own apartments—information which her own ears and eyes had already given her. The fire was still burning in her chamber, the window-shutters were still close, the refreshments which the servant had procured remained untouched, and a goblet, half filled with water, stood on a work-table by the fire-side. Ere the servant had returned from the adjoining room with some part of her lady's night-dress, the goblet was drained, and the lady in bed and already asleep, or declining to reply to the remonstrances of her attendant, who was "morally certain so much cold water would bring on her lady's headachs."

We must now use one of our few immutable privileges in shifting the scene at will to another land—a land of which no one ever had a glimpse without wishing to return to it often and dwell in it long.

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. PETER'S KEYS.

Via,—Goodman Dull thou hast spoken no word all this while.
Love's Labour's Lost.

So bold and frank his bearing, boy,
Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
In Lapland's snow
Or Chili's glow,
You'd say, What news from Erin, boy?
REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

THE young man whom we unceremoniously dropped near the Crossgates of Caberax, far back in this narrative, met with no other adventure or accident in the early part of his journey, than the inglorious one of a sore throat, which merely confined him for ten days to a very comfortable inn in Drogheda. And when he found himself within fifty miles of the head-quarters of his regiment, then in the south-west of the island, without having seen the flash of a single rebel musket, or the semblance of any of those "hydras, gorgons, or

chimeras dire," of which he had heard so much, he was tempted to smile, and even to grumble at the inglorious safety in which this perilous journey was so soon to terminate. The mail-coach, by which alone travelling was safe in that part of the country, had, indeed, been escorted by a mounted patrol, and, latterly, by a sergeant's party of English dragoons.

About twilight, on what Wolfe reckoned the last day of his journey, the coach was met at a cross mountain-road by a private carriage, also escorted by cavalry, from which was transferred a lady so wrapped and muffled up in cloaks and veils, as at once to excite and baffle curiosity. A female attendant, whose person was by no means so scrupulously concealed, took her place by the lady's side; and a man-servant who accompanied them, mounted aloft beside Wolfe Grahame, promptly driven from his birth by the new arrivals, for whom the inside places had been all previously engaged.

As long as day-light served Wolfe had voluntarily occupied this elevated station for the love of gazing freely around him; and while so situated had gained considerably on the good-will of the postilion—whom he found an excellent local

historian and antiquary—by evident enjoyment of his jokes, blunders, and bulls, voluntary and involuntary.

The attention of Grahame had been at first drawn to this young fellow by hearing him named Slattery. Along the whole line of road, on which he appeared as well known as the mile-stones, he was hailed by men and girls from inns, cabins, hedge-alehouses, gate-keepers' lodges, and by groups of labourers, as Denny Slattery, Slashing Slattery, Dashing Slattery, and a variety of other *noms de guerre* of the same frank and familiar description.

In the course of their journey Wolfe came to understand that the postilion had only been temporarily engaged a few days before, to supply the place of a lad who had fallen sick, under the terror of a secret denunciation from some of the ribbon-men or carders; and Grahame could not help noticing, that he occasionally, in the ardour of his love of derision or *fun*, discovered a more accurate acquaintance with the general movements of the country, and the strength of military stations and escorts, than from his ostensible situation he could have had any direct motive for honestly acquiring. But whatever his character might be,

the dragoon pistols at his ears gave satisfactory bail for the faithful performance of his temporary duty, in which he appeared, indeed, excellently well skilled:—Not that Slattery could by any means be called a "steady driver." It was an alternate neck-or-nothing gallop, which excited his own spirits and afforded him amusement in the terrors of his passengers, or a snail's pace, which allowed scope to his national elocution in replying to Captain Grahame's questions about the local objects and changing scenery on the road.

To Grahame he was a fresh specimen of character—one of those lounging, reckless, rakish, good-for-nothing, merry, or at least humorous fellows, in which Irelend abounds more than any other country under the cope of heaven—a sort of northern Lazzaroni, with more talent and native humour than the primitive race of Naples, and quite as little industry or principle: swaggering, loose-hung, supple knaves, in moral sense as in material frame, who pass through life between jest and earnest, till age and poverty, or some worse misery, show them, when too late either fully to understand or at all to profit by the lesson, that no human being ever yet could long neglect the business and duties of life with impunity.

It is, however, unfortunately but too true, that blithe rogues of this description, whether from being wild and witty themselves, or the cause of wit and mirth in others, do often, at first approach, gain more ground with rational men, ay, and with modest women, than persons possessed of more solid, and really useful qualities. Of this thoughtless preference, with which he was beginning to be infected himself, Wolfe had occasion on the road to note many fair examples.

Slattery was indeed the very "boy for bewitching them;" for, besides being the life of a lyke-waik, the soul of a patron, and the deftest cudgel that repaired to any fair in Munster, it was guessed that he had been "in trouble," a resistless claim at this period with the soft and generous of the sex. The name had arrested Grahame's attention, and there were times when he fancied he caught a fugitive likeness to Rouge-mantle, rather, however, in expression and attitude than in the countenance, as if their minds and temper bore a closer resemblance than their features.

Slattery appeared about twenty-five years of age, with a striking Spanish physiognomy, and the dark sallow complexion which is found in remote parts of Ireland. The deep-set dark eyes

had a strong cast of animal keenness; and, occasionally, that ferocious, concentrated brightness which flashes in the twilight glance of the beast of prey.—Well-limbed, and of a bold and forward bearing, he had the shrewdness or address, from nature or from art, to carry off whatever might have appeared offensive in the audacity of his manners, under the colour of a certain humorous swagger appropriate to him as a post-boy, and, moreover, an Irish post-boy. His dress was of the same mixed character. The broken, narrow-brimmed hat, which hung back by the last peg on his head as carelessly as the owner appeared to hang on life, was decidedly Irish. So were the twisted rope of red handkerchief, and the waistcoat of the same dubious hue, open to the girdle, and there held together by a single half-button, displaying the powerful contour of a throat which seemed to challenge every lass along the road to "look and die." The rusty green frock, with its four remaining Tally-ho buttons, was more strictly professional. It had done duty for some time on the Bath road, and served its regular terms in Dublin before finding its way to Slashing Slattery. The marvel was, how he still daily found his way into it. But, by every

tatter hung a jest; and then, "He had a regard for the ould servant," he said, looking on the jappanned sleeve, "for it had seen many a genteel occasion."

"Welcome up again, sir!" was Slattery's address to Wolfe, as he spread his frieze *trusty*, the garment that supplied to him the place of an upper Benjamin or box-coat, over Grahame's seat on the top of the coach; "though, sure, Mrs. Honour might have stirred her hip and sat round; for I've a notion the gentleman is as much of a gentleman as herself, any how."

This was addressed to the respectable-looking English butler who attended the lady *inside*, and who was now busy in wiping his clothes from the pollution contracted in ascending the coach.

"The gentleman may be as good a gentleman, seeing a woman is not a man, blockhead! But, as the places were all engaged for my lady, I suppose she has a right to put her dog into them, seeing they are paid for; and no business of yours, neither."

"Och! if you come to the *right*, Mhaister Hodson, that brings on a long account and reckoning; and we better be leaving it over the night. The lady herself, would make any gentleman with a sore throat welcome to a seat in a cowld

night.—Shure we knew something of her before we heard at all of either yourself or Mrs. Honour—not to say your master!"

"As I am no longer of the privileged class of invalids, Slattery, I beg that my accommodation may be no subject of dispute," said Wolfe. "My throat is quite well; and I prefer sitting here to intruding on ladies to whom my presence might be unwelcome."

"There's worse cattle to drive below than the rale lady.—Shure, Mrs. Honour is a wery grand voman, but not just the lady neither."

"Mind your cattle there, fellow;" said the Englishman, indignant at this imitation cockney, "or I promise you, I will call those to smart account who have intrusted the reins to you."

"We were just, maybe, meaning you the same bit of kindness, Mhaister Hodson, jewel."

It is probable the Englishman did not comprehend the inuendo, if such it was; for he added, "A pretty driver indeed, who, I dare say, never before was from the tail of an Irish plough-team, consisting of a lame garron, an old bullock, and a jack-ass!"

"But bear wid us now!—bear wid us! Be patient, Mhaister Hodson, wid a poor boy who must

be thrying how to get the bite of bread to ate.—Under English lessons we'll larn—we'll larn. Gee up, Paddy!" He flourished his long whip, dexterously jerked one wheel of the carriage into a muddy pool, and, throwing his body as a shield between Grahame and the flashing shower of mud, contrived to cover the white great-coat and brilliant top-boots of the Englishman, with spots as thick strewn as ever were April cowslips in his native meadows.

"Och, mhurder, your honour!—What is this on't!" he exclaimed, before the Englishman could give vent to his rage and vexation. "But suffer me! suffer me!" and with a bit of pocket-handkerchief, the sight and smell of which were mortal poison to Mr. Hodson, he began, much in the style of currying a horse, to hiss and spread the pollution farther.

"Hold off your hands, you scoundrel!" cried the other, repelling this kindness.

"Then, shure, now, you won't tell the mhaister o' me; and I'll down on my knees to you at the end of the stage.—Your elegant top-coat—and those jemmy boots!—I could have saw myself in them! That's a spesment of Irish driving, shure enough! Bad luck to my stupid Munster pate!—

But will ye take the ribbons yourself now, Mhaister Hodson dear?"

"Hold your prate and be d——d!" said the person so propitiated;—and a female voice from below called out, "My Lady requests, Mr. Hodson, that you will upon no account hoffer incivility to the *natives;* and we travelling, as it were in the dark, on a wolcanor ready to explode."

Mr. Hodson, grumbling, clambered to the back part of the coach, resenting as injury what he knew not well whether to attribute to stupidity or design.

"I would have shewn Mhaister Hodson a cleverer spesment, maybe, had *she* not been in it; and your honour on the top trusting to my stadiness."

"Trusting to a broken reed then, Slattery;—but who, pray, is the lady of whom you are so careful?"

"Lord Montegle's own lady.—But that is the creature's misfortune:—we don't blame *her.*"

"That is generous and candid, any way;—but is not this a rather disturbed period for a lady to travel without protection?"

"She has him!" and, by pointing his thumb

over his shoulder, he slily indicated the owner of the spattered great-coat. Though, from that inherent love of petty mischief which is an undoubted quality of every young mind, Wolfe had smiled at the irritation of the Englishman, he could not sympathize with Slattery to the full extent of his enjoyment in having so effectually disturbed the sense of superiority and self-complacence of a native of the rival kingdom. The young fellow perceived this, and, with ready address, continued, "My Lord and my Lady are, your honour must understand, like two buckets in a draw-well.—If it's hey go up wid the one, it's hey go down wid the other. It is tould that my Lady, the hour of her marriage, swore on the cross, on her bare knees, that she never would remain an hour beneath the same roof with him. But her errand, and the name that's on her, would protect her over all *rale* Ireland did she walk barefoot at midnight!"

"And what may this pious errand be? A pilgrimage?"

"A pilgrimage to deaf saints and a bloody shrine, I fear me: but may be your honour would not admire the errand if you knew it." He lowered his voice—"It's to beg the life of a poor boy

who got into trouble—one of them misfortunate ribbels."—The man hemmed away a sigh, and sunk into silence.

The dragoons generally rode a few in advance, and the remainder in the rear of the coach; but the cavalcade had now reached the ridge of a long ascent, and they closed around the vehicle. From this point could be seen the straggling lights of the distant market-town, at which they were to dine and change horses; and they now occasionally met detached groups of the country people hastening onwards, that they might reach their homes before the hour prescribed by military law; for the district was proclaimed. The rude taunts of the dragoons, the occasional side plunge of a horse on some unwary and shrinking traveller, the random stroke of a sabre flourished in air, the brutal jests and senseless insults offered by the soldiers to the religion and national feelings of the people, spoke volumes of the state of this unhappy country; yet nothing like actual violence was offered; and, though there was that which was deep, and even mortal offence to the irritated spirits of the natives, nothing took place on which a formal complaint of the conduct of the military could have been grounded. A little farther on, and when the ca-

valcade had descended the other side of the eminence, they came on a point where three roads met, marked by a gibbet amidst a dark clump of firs, from which issued a shrill whistle, as if a preconcerted signal, and a few words were shouted in the Irish language. Master Slattery replied by a few imperfect notes on the bugle-horn of the guard, which he had carried for some miles back, and with a laugh at his own discordant music, which, to the ears of Wolfe, sounded false and hollow.

"Give instant chase!" shouted the sergeant who commanded the party, galloping into the front and calling on his party.

"It came from the trees!" was the reply.

"Light the torches!—stop the carriage!"

"Forward, rather," cried Grahame, "at the gallop!" and the order was promptly obeyed. Amidst the rush of the wheels, and the thick and uniform hollow clang of the horses' hoofs, he fancied that he could distinguish the shriek of a woman; but there was no pause made, as on every account it seemed humanity and wisdom to avoid an attack, had any been intended. As a necessary measure of precaution, Wolfe had relieved Slattery of the reins, which, after a gallop of a mile, he resigned to the guard. In the first pause, the

sergeant addressed the postilion in no very ceremonious terms, ordering him to keep silent at his peril, if he wished to avoid the sort of stoppage in his windpipe, which would prevent him from sounding any point of war in all time coming.

The torches were kindled, and, maugre the screaming of the lady's maid, the cavalcade again set off almost at a gallop, nor halted till the horses were prancing, and the sabres flashing in the wide, high-walled court-yard of St. Peter's Keys.

This large, rumbling old hostelrie had anciently been a religious house; and the grated windows and low porch still wore something of a monastic appearance. The long rows of low stables and other offices, ranged round what had been the cloisters, now desecrated to secular purposes, and the stone fountain in the centre of the yard, gave the inn somewhat between the character of a Spanish *venta* and an eastern caravansary.

The local dignitaries, who nightly assembled here at this alarming crisis to wait the arrival of the mail, to learn the awful attacks it had sustained, the gallant resistance it had made, and the dreadful intelligence it brought of fresh risings, and new murders, were already at their post, surrounded by the promiscuous rabble of an inn-yard,

mingled with the servants of a quorum of functionaries who held a special commission for the speedy trial and execution of those deluded wretches whom the military parties were hourly bringing in. Before the passengers had alighted the following dialogue took place:—

"Good evening, Sergeant Williams,—any stir in the mountain?"

"All quiet, Mr. Constable."

"Ay, as gunpowder ere the match is set."

"Any business done to-day?" said the sergeant, glancing his eyes upwards at the blazing range of large windows where the Commission now sat, in an apartment which, in peaceful times, was used as an assembly-room, or public dining-hall for the gentry of the county.

The person thus interrogated, without saying one word, took a torch from the soldier who stood next him, and flared its swart rays upwards over a ghastly object stuck under the centre window of the court-room, over the spiked arch-way of the open porch of St. Peter's Keys. It was a human head, blackened and purpled, the eyes starting from their sockets, the muscles of the face strained as if in the last agony of violent suffocation. Such spectacles were at this period not un-

common in Ireland; but they were new to our young traveller, and he turned from the "grisly terror" with a shudder of mingled horror and disgust, saying within himself, "This is still worse than hanging in chains.—What fitter means could be devised to render a people brutal and sanguinary than to habituate them to so barbarous a spectacle as this!"

"Faugh!" cried the sergeant as he alighted; "but which of them was he?"

"The young fellow your party seized in the mountain yesterday morning; Doran—Felix Doran; for there is a whole covey of them Dorans, each worse than the other. They fly less strong now."

"By St. George! but this is sharp work though, Master Constable," said the soldier, looking for an instant half-shocked. "But fortune of war! He was a mettle lad enough too." The sergeant turned on his heel, and patted the neck of his charger.

There followed a muttered overture for a social hour, to which the English dragoon openly replied, "No objection on earth, Mr. Constable.—My duty ends here. I shall but see this poor fellow suppered and littered; and then for your pipe and

can.—A long dark ride, with some small smell of danger, gives zest to both."

Wolfe was now lingering in the door-way, with a secret wish of surveying the lady inside, which she appeared in no hurry to gratify. He, therefore, continued to stamp about as if to shake off the numbness which had crept over his spirits as well as his limbs, when the resplendent hostess of St. Peter's Keys blazed forth from under the low porch, preceded by the *garçoon* and two female attendants, each bearing aloft a candle which might have illuminated the shrine of the saint in his most illustrious days.

"Will your Ladyship not alight, my Lady?—Get the footstool for my Lady, will ye?"

Without replying, the lady, thus invoked, drew her long veil more closely around her person, a movement which induced Wolfe, who had advanced to offer his assistance, to withdraw into the porch. He could here just discern the outline of a figure, delicate even to emaciation, the top of a bloodless cheek, and the graceful contour of a swan-like neck, from which the shawl had slipped down, bended forward as if in sorrow or deep thought. Without accepting the assistance of either of her attendants, she leaned her hand on

the shoulder of the landlady, which their relative heights enabled her to do with full effect ; and in this manner ascended the broad stone steps of the open porch to pass under the spiked arch-way on which the bloody trophy was exhibited.

A gout of blood, human blood, oozing from the lately dissevered head, fell chill and heavy on the naked, bended neck ; and seemed, by instinctive horror, to curdle every drop of blood in the fragile form which shrunk and withered at the unnatural touch. She shivered with a sort of indrawn scream, and staggering forward, sunk kneeling on the steps ; and, had not Grahame rushed to her assistance, must have fallen forward on the sharp ledge of the entrance hall.

" It's the dead rebel Doran !" shrieked the waiting-woman. " How dare ye, woman, stick such frights over your door to scare ladies of fashion ?"

With a shivering inward murmur of horror, as if her very life-blood were freezing, the fainting lady articulated, " His blood is upon me !" and sunk into utter insensibility.

" And it's the shame, and the crown of shames, for Master Constable to clap up his dade ribbels,—dirty baste—over the dure of *St. Peter's Kays*, to frighten genteel customers !" cried the landlady,

still preceded by her human lantern, the garçoon, a lithe lad about fourteen, who strictly watched and adroitly followed all her eccentric movements with his candle.

" This way with my Lady to the chamber of the filigree mirrors; for she always preferred it. But what can I get for my Lady? The Commission is sitting above hanging the ribbels; so we have plenty in the house;—wines of the best, brandy, gin, rum, usquebaugh, bottled Bellingham ale, and Cork porter.—What shall I get for my Lady? Little did I think the dure of *St. Peter's Kays* would ever turn your stomach the time you passed the way at your wedding, when my Lord that is, ordered a snatch here. I remember well the bacon and fowl plaised; and we had the bit arch-way, instead of dirty, grinning, dead rogues, fine as fippence, with the rose and shamrock, and the English oak in honour of my Lord that now is—"

" And this is the honey-dew has gathered on it!" was whispered in a deep voice quite familiar to Grahame; and old Monica Doran, looking pale, wasted, and worn, passed him, and hastily wiped out the stain of blood from the neck of the lady, saying impetuously, " Leave her!—leave her, all of ye! Quit my child!—Aileen a-roon!

Aileen, look up—live! If the boy died, he died for well-doing.—The young blood was freely shed.—The old mother does not grudge it.—Her last tear for him, poor boy, is dried already!"

The old woman eagerly kissed the wan, powerless hand which hung over Wolfe's shoulder; and, at her words of affectionate adjuration, the fainting lady looked up, and her eyes met the full intense gaze of him who tenderly supported her. She shuddered, again her eye-lids fell, and the shivering fit passed over her whole frame.

"Leave her—leave my child!" said Monica. Wolfe laid his insensible burden on the heavy antique couch of the chamber of the filigree mirrors.

"Mother Monica, you will surely see me again," was his earnest whisper. The old woman replied by a look; and he departed in company with Mrs. Honour—the landlady, and her beacon, the garçoon, leading the way.

"My Lady who, though English by marriage, is Irish baan, can endure no one near her save the old nurse when she gets nervous," said the waiting-gentlewoman. Them Irish understand one anothers natures best. I presume *you* are English, Captain?"—(a curtsey interrogative.)

"I have not that honour, ma'am"—(a bow disclamatory)—and Grahame was set down as being from Wales, which was next door to England.

"But, pray, good woman, how have you the audacity, when ladies and persons of good fashion, some of them English born, are expected at your place, to stick up filthy dead men's heads over your door?—Pray do accept the use of my aromatic vinegar, Captain."

The kindness was civilly but silently declined; for the lady of St. Peter's Keys broke in—the garçoon, meanwhile, managing his candle so as fitfully to throw a stream of radiance over her inflamed face, as if he had studied under a master of *Spectacle* or scenic effect.

"Good woman—my jewel! As good a woman as another—agrah. Filthy hades? That was as purty a hade, and as fair, ay, and as stately, only yesterday, as ever beaver was pulled o'er in the barony of Killinagaad. But I'm not defending Master Constable, or be it the High Sheriff himself, for clapping garlands of dade men's bones over the creditable dure of St. Peter's Kays. The Mhaister himself had no stomach for his supper the first night they stuck up Brennan's scratch-pate, bad will as we bore the rogue living. But we are used.

The garçoon redoubled his pace to keep before his lady, now fiercely bent on summoning her female staff to administer to No. 5.

"No. 5 is our parlour, it seems then," said Mrs. Honour, with yet another of her elegant curtsies. "I must crave your indulgence while I adjust a bit. Neither me nor my Lady, I assure you upon my honour, Captain, are used to travel in this hugger-mugger sort of style in Irish Mails—besides the horrid adventures one is exposed to in night-coaching in this barbarous country."

"Carry the garçoon and the candle wid you, Mrs. Honour," said Slattery, who stood in the hall.

"Why so, Slattery?" said the lady, rather complacently.

"'Caase the boys who see your Ladyship's vertus face in the light, wont be like to harm your Ladyship in the dark," replied Slattery, grinning.

"Fellow!" muttered Mrs. Honour, as she retired to "adjust a bit."

Although Grahame had been disposed to become champion to the lady, there was no time for challenge.

"You dropt your purse, Captain," said Slattery, handing Grahame his pocket-book, containing more than he could well afford to lose.

" My honest fellow, how much I owe you! cried he, a little startled, and not a little agreeably surprised. " There is regimental money here from Dublin to a large amount."

" I thought it all your own," said Slattery; " but it is the same thing.—If a man wanted a purse, shure, he could take it like a man—not pick it like a thief."

Grahame was not inclined, at this time, to examine too closely the peculiarities of those notions of moral rectitude by which he had benefited so largely; and he was exceedingly vexed when he recollected that all his money, save a mere trifle, was in bills on Dublin; which prevented him from rewarding the integrity of the post-boy on the spot.

" It doesn't matter a potato peeling," said Slattery, quietly. " I am no poorer than I was at any rate." And to Wolfe's request to know his address, that he might transmit him some adequate reward, he replied, " My address is it? Your honour is joking now. Faith, then, I never had such a thing, so far as I know. Father O'Gorman named me Dennis Slattery, I'm tould; the girls call me Dashing Slattery, the boys Slashing Slattery; and there's some honest gentlemen sitting

above there, might be for giving me a worse title: so you see, Captain, we roving blades of the road, here to-day, and away to-morrow, cannot just hit on an address. But if any gentleman wish to do a poor man a good turn, shure he needn't go far to seek him in this kingdom; for kicks are going plentier than crowns among us:" and he slung away promising to see his honour again before *she* started.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALL-HALLOW EVE.

Sigh no more, ladies! sigh no more!
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore,—
  To one thing constant never!

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS was *All-Hallow Eve*, and the Keys of St. Peter were not allowed to contract rust. The Commision having finished their judicial labours for the day, were feasting above stairs; the dragoons were carousing below; groups of people were drinking in booths in an open arcade which formed one side of the court-yard; and a blind fiddler, whose living depended on charming the guests of St. Peter's Keys, rung the dissonant change upon "Carolan's Receipt for drinking Usquebaugh," and "St. Patrick's day."

Grahame made his own way to No. 5, in the hope of gleaning some intelligence of the lady's recovery. The unexpected appearance of Monica, was, indeed, the subject to which his deepest thoughts were directed. She, whose movements

were all mysterious, had given no intimation of her intention to leave the neighbourhood of Ernescraig when he had besought her good offices in watching over the health, and cheering the spirits of Elizabeth. Then what made she here?—Whence arose that passionate and devoted affection, which, breaking through the external barriers of usage and station, marked her recognition of the fainting lady. Her abrupt exclamations had, indeed, thrown some light on the nature of their connexion. Could this be the sister of O'Connor of the West? She was the wife of a nobleman whose title was familiar to every ear. Nor was it possible, that the fainting form he had supported, so fair, so fragile, so youthfully delicate in its slender outline, could be that of the mother of the full-formed, womanly, and blooming Elizabeth!—It was as impossible to abstract his mind for one instant from this subject, as to find any clew to its perplexing maze.

Amid the incessant peal of bells and bawling for refreshments, Wolfe had in vain tried to make No. 5 be remembered. He had rung his bell in all the varying tones of a neglected traveller's impatience—at first smart, but civil withal—then in haste—then in double quick time—and, finally,

in hot rage—and he at last abandoned all hope of either procuring information of the recovery of the lady, or refreshments for himself. At different times, indeed, all the young females answering to the names of Bridget, Chaunette, and Cathleen, had rushed in, each curtsying to his order and scampering off, promising a speedy return; but, like faithless women as they were, thinking no more of himself or his wants the moment they had left him.

One object was of more importance to him than all else—to see Monica—to converse with her who must have seen Elizabeth some days later than himself—to hear how the beloved one looked in her solitude—and how she bore his absence—or whether, if aware of this journey of her nurse, she had sent no message nor letter—if O'Connor had escaped—if he had reached Ernescraig.

As there seemed no end to the adjustments of Mrs. Honour, Grahame once more descended to cool his impatience in the court-yard. There was light he saw in the "Chamber of the Filigree Mirrors;" and, beyond the thin muslin curtain, he fancied he could perceive the shadow of a man's figure projected on the back wall.

The jangling of bells, the sounds of revel and merry-making, jarred on the feelings of Grahame

at this time. The ribald jests of some of the dragoons on the horrible spectacle over the door-way, completed his disgust; and he was again entering the house, when he encountered Slattery, who beckoned him into a corner darkened by the shadow of the Mail-coach, and informed him that Dame Monica, with kind wishes, begged that he would not look at her, nor speak to her, nor seem, that night, to know her, for his own sake, and for the sake of those who were dear to him: that she knew whither he was going, and he would soon hear more of her and hers—and she bade God keep him in this wild land—his heart from evil and his hand from blood.

Not a little surprised at the messenger chosen for the extraordinary message, which Slattery had evidently translated out of the bold figurative Irish in which it had been hurriedly sent, Grahame knew not on what to resolve; but he readily availed himself of Slattery's suggestion to take refuge in the empty Mail-coach, whence he could observe all that was passing around, himself unseen and in comparative quiet. The obliging fellow of his own accord, next procured Wolfe wine and biscuits from the bar, before setting himself to wash the carriage wheels preparatory to its departure.

Placed in this favourable point of view, the whole economy of St. Peter's Keys lay under Grahame's eye; and though the Chamber of the Mirrors was still the most attractive point, he had also once or twice noticed a woman's head pushed from a sort of loop-hole in the attics, and as rapidly drawn back. A female had also stolen across the court-yard to some sort of larder connected with the hurly-burly establishment, who had excited his curiosity by her evident anxiety to escape observation, especially, when she slowly and with hesitation glided into the shadow of the vehicle in which he sat. A few straggling rays of light projected through the carriage from the window next the house, enabled him to discern the outline of a figure which afforded no great triumph to masculine vanity, and a face which the warmest fancy could not have moulded into any thing very attractive, much less beautiful. However this might be, Wolfe soon found that he had no personal interest in her charms, as his new acquaintance Slattery was the object of the search of Chaunette, who, on some unlucky day, had cast kind and loving, if not beautiful eyes, on this gallant, gay Lothario of the Cork road.

"You'll be too great a gentleman to take a

plate of cowld victuals from a poor girl the night, Denny Slattery," said Chaunette, in a fluttered voice, "with such throng asking after you by Squire Justice O'Toole—ay, the *Protestant Flail* himself?"

"Asking after me!" cried the man in evident discomposure. "Chaunette, a-roon ma chree, you don't joke now, jewel?" And Slattery slid his arm round her full waist in his usual free and gallant manner with dames. "Where did you hide yourself from me all this while, you creature; for I think this night I could ate you?" and the smacking kiss which followed, Wolfe rather fancied kept a promise to the ear of Chaunette which it broke to the heart. "But what of the *Flail*, jewel?—shure you are joking?"

"And little joking is in my own head, Denny Slattery, for many is the day; and less maybe in my own heart, though you are a *joker*;—so keep your kisses for those you like better, and be off wid you while the way is free; for, as sure as the Saints are above, the *Flail* is after you. My own ears heard him tell the Mhaister to keep an eye on you the moment you come, though not expected till the morrow. And so he would but for the Commission which has driv all out of hade—and

her being in it; and working and cleaning, preparing for her, myself maybe little fit; and now the poor boy, Felix Doran, whose life they say she came to beg on her knees from that bloody and cruel lord of hers, has kilt her outright,—and it's from faint to faint wid her. But, och! mind you me now, Dennis, and be off—and keep off your hands, do. It was for no nonsense I come here; nor had you seen me had you not been in trubble, and you an ould neighbour's sone."

Slattery, without perhaps literally obeying her injunction, drew her yet deeper under the shadow of the carriage, and appeared to be anxiously questioning her on all the particulars of the affair.

"I would scorn, plaise God! to be a false listener, Dennis; but as I was scrubbing the crib behind the bar they call St. Peter's Sentry-box, the *Flail* comes in to the Mhaister and had a cool draught of wormwood beer; and shure I could not help noticing when the blistering lips of him named an ould neighbour's sone of the parents dear that are wid the Saints, and left me alone in a cowld black world."

Grahame could only gather the import of Slattery's whisper from the reply of the girl.

"Keep your nonsense for those you like better,

Denny Slattery; and be off' wid yourself, I say again—that's all I want of you; and take this in token of a poor girl who maybe once minded your blarney more nor was wise or dacent, but found you out and despised your false heart; and so would not have been here the night had the trubble not come on you, and you an ould neighbour's sone."

And the generous and womanly Chaunette put into the hands of her fickle if not perfidious admirer a small chip, Dutch toy-box, in which she had hoarded her hard earnings for many a day, till open flirtations with Cathleen the bar-maid, and Bridget the chamber-maid, and twenty others of their class, had made her as reckless of wealth as hopeless of a cabin and a potato-garden in her native parish of Castle-connor, a cow, a pig, and connubial happiness with Denny Slattery. The entire sum of this wealth was three *golden* English guineas, and a few blackened ten-pennies. Of ribbons, from the happy days when Dennis had escorted her to wakes and fairs, Chaunette had indeed ample store; and to these he would have been equally welcome; for what cared Chaunette for personal decoration which no longer captivated the regard of her "parents' ould neighbour's sone."

But all she could she gave, and, feeling that she was never to see him more, bade him "fly and never mind her, and she would herself tell Cathleen."

For the first time in his life, probably, the gallant Dennis lost the use of his tongue. It was Chaunette—whose feelings all gave way before the really affectionate clasp in which the *volage* post-boy now enfolded her—who first spoke. "And, oh! blessings be wid you, Dennis; and if you be other than a good one shure it's not the time to think of it now, and you in the sore trubble, ma chree!"

Dennis put up her money and kissed her again most affectionately, unheeding, or perhaps forgetting the presence of Wolfe, of which poor Chaunette, who was a very modest creature, was totally unconscious. How could she indeed have borne a stranger's eye upon her heart who had often and bitterly feared that her love was now unvalued and unsought! At this unfeigned, unlooked for, unhoped for kindness in Dennis, life and death seemed to meet and struggle in the bosom of the poor girl; and for an instant she leaned her face on the breast of her fickle admirer, breathing out the simple words, "Och, Dennis dear!" in those

tones of passionate grief and tenderness from which even her gifted countrywoman, O'Neil, might have caught a lesson of the heart's own modulation.—And poor Chaunette hurried off to her dog-hole in the garrets, to gain ten minutes of respite from those duties over the kettles and pots of St. Peter's Keys, which durst not be neglected even in the very agony of her fate.

"I yield to Elizabeth!" thought Wolfe, while his eyes glistened in sympathy with Chaunette's distress. "Women are indeed the best lovers—from Sappho to the scullion of St. Peter's Keys!"

Meanwhile, Slattery, hemming off his emotion, addressed his late passenger, "Your honour sees how it stands wid the creature?"

Grahame could have knocked him down.—"And with you, rascal! and but for her sake I don't know what prevents me from giving you up to the punishment which I doubt not you richly merit. Attend to her affectionate warning, however, and be off lest I repent my forbearance.—He surely cannot be wholly good for nothing whom this generous young woman loves so well and truly."

"Better than the rogue desarves may be: I may say that in respect of Chaunette, the creature

though, plaise God! not of any other man that ever wore a beard, much less of the *Flail.* But I wish from my heart, as your honour has no *inside,* you would quarter on ould St. Peter this same rough night. Chaunette will cook ye up an elegant snatch of bacon and eggs, and get ye as purty and as clean a bed as in Munster. It will be a black night for crossing the mountain this, let me tell you. There's grief in my heart for you this black night! for I heard a kind name on you and the dacent people ye come of, many is the day since."

For a moment Grahame hesitated on the propriety of questioning the fellow; but his natural hardihood, and that contempt of personal danger, which, however rash, is in youth felt to be manly and graceful, checked the thought. Nor was he without suspicion that Master Slattery wished to enhance his own importance, by hinting mysterious and dangerous secrets.

"Seers view every danger but their own," he said coldly. "So look to yourself, friend; I hear the clatter of the horse-patrol advancing."

The trampling of the horses' feet in the yard brought out the Guard and the postilion who was to go the next stage, which, from the nature of

the ground, was at this time considered perilous travelling. As the Mail had already far outstaid its time, in waiting the arrival of the military, the Guard began to swear at Slattery for not having the horses harnessed.

"Where has he taken his long body to, and be d——d to him? Somewhere among the serving-wenches, I'll swear for him! Slattery, you lazy devil!—" and there followed a flourish of stable-yard eloquence.

"Shure, you have better prayers than these, Master Jerry," muttered Slattery, who stood on the shadowy side of the carriage by Wolfe; "and may need them too ere the reef and the mountain be passed.——So your honour wont be warned? Your danger be on yourself!—For her sake I meant ye well. I wash my hands of you!" And he darted off before Grahame, somewhat struck with the earnestness of his tone, could inquire to what female he alluded.

After the horses had been put to and the military had mounted, Wolfe ready, but yet most reluctant to depart without conversing with Monica, there came a fresh order for the detention of the Mail, till the gentleman who presided at the Commission had made up some important despatches

for the High Sheriff and the commanding officer of a distant county. To the rank and political consequence of this person every thing gave way. There were now loud murmurs of discontent among the dragoons, and Grahame, though but a minute before anxious to remain, also felt some irritation; but, folding his arms, he submitted to the necessity of the case.

Among the many screams, shouts, and yells which had greeted his ears since he had taken post in the Mail-coach, such as "A brace of the old claret to the Commission gentlemen"—"Cold water to the Filigree Mirrors"—"A pint of the genooine brandy and a fresh flagon of ale to the Oak Parlour—score to Sergeant Williams"—"A quartern of usquebaugh and ten fancy-bread, to the Killinagaad roaring boys in Pandemonium," Wolfe had been most amused with the vociferous call of, "Garçoon lit up your lady!" repeated as often as the Mistress of St. Peters Key's took her broad way in any fresh direction, preceded by her nimble and observant torch-bearer, like the full red moon ushered up the eastern horizon by some pale attendant planet. More portentous still was the scream of "Garçoon lit your lady to the Mail!" which was immediately followed by

the appearance of Mistress Mulroonie, with voluminous apologies for the neglect shown by Bridget, Cathleen, Chaunette, &c. &c. to the Captain's comforts and orders, and with entreaties that he would alight.

"St. Peter turns his kays on ten good parlours, and makes up forty beds," said she. "But this same unloocky night there is only the sentry-box parlour behind the bar; as your honour might not relish those English half-gentry in No. 5, where they, with their impudence, have stoock themselves up."

Wolfe, alighting, assured the lady that the sentry-box would suit him admirably; and the garçoon wheeling into the front, they re-crossed the court, and he was ushered into a wooden-walled crib behind the bar, shelved round, and stored with bottles, fragments of meat, cold turkeys and fowls, pieces of cheese, and all the *debris* of a thriving, well-frequented country inn. With her own hands, Mistress Mulroonie bountifully covered his narrow board, which literally groaned under the weight of her good cheer; but, unfortunately, before she had furnished either bread, salt, or knife, (Wolfe would probably not have lacked his dinner for want of a fork,) the garçoon was order-

ed on instant duty towards the "Chamber of the Mirrors."

Awaiting the landlady's return for the supply of those most necessary ingredients and implements of a repast, Grahame amused himself by looking through the sliding curtained window of his crib, which opened into the bar and commanded a distant view of the hall of the inn. Here he learned with an emotion of pleasure, which arose as much from sympathy with Chaunette's feelings as regard for her lover, that Slattery had just saved his distance; for in tramped the person named the *Protestant Flail*, with the mien and step of red-hot official consequence, followed by a party of three constables, fitter indeed for scaring crows from a potato-field than for seizing daring rebels against a government.

Mr. O'Toole, who bore the above nick-name, was a strong-made man, past middle age, his features swollen by a long course of low indulgence, and altogether of what Grahame felt to be a very inauspicious aspect; as much, probably, from the swaggering mien of vulgar importance—the something between sycophant and tyrant—as from natural physiognomy. But the physiognomy which men acquire from their habits and passions is that

by which they must be judged; and Grahame fancied he could read scoundrel very plainly written on this man's countenance.

"You attended finely to my orders, Master Mick!" was his address to the landlord, who sat in the bar twirling his thumbs, his ordinary occupation, and looking from him, his customary attitude.—"Close the gates there!—Secure the premises!—A ginny—a couple of ginnies, boys, for Slashing Slattery, dead or alive!" And he went to enforce the order, which the hospitable gates of St. Peter's Keys, which probably had not been closed since the siege of Limerick, or the battle of the Boyne Water, point-blank and firmly refused to obey—rusted in their obstinacy.

This proclamation, however, put all the *boys* on the alert, roused poor Chaunette from her flock-bed, and cost the garçoon a retrograde movement before he had yet reached the Chamber of the Filigree Mirrors; while, for once in his course of service, indignation at this bold and peremptory command threw his lady into advance of him. On the stairs she was met by Chaunette, who threw herself weeping on her knees, to beseech the protection of the most powerful person on earth, in her estimation, for "an ould neighbour's sone."

"Does the *Flail* mean to pound us all to calecannon?" exclaimed the insulted landlady, shaking off Chaunette. "Shut the gates of St. Peter's?—We'll try first whether the *Kays* or his crown be hardest!—Mind your work, hussey,—and be thankful if the gallows rid you of the rakehelly rogue.—Mick, Mick Mulroonie, give Chaunette a dhrop of the Cardamom cordial.——Shut the gates of St. Peter's Kays, he would!—Garçoon, rouse the Killinagaad boys!"——And now matters promised very fair for a row; for the chivalry of the Killinagaad boys it was never difficult to awaken in any cause where the enemy was Mr. O'Toole. In this desperate extremity Mr. Mick, who had some glimmering of common sense, actually unlocked his dove-tailed fingers and clasped Mistress Mulroonie in a close embrace; and the garçoon, who seemed to have no idea but one, instead of flying on her rash errand, lent his torch to illuminate Mr. Mick's prudent purpose. This excellent person—a sleeping partner—took, or, more properly, was allowed no share whatever in the internal management of St. Peter's Keys, save what he called "keeping the books"—that is, keeping a score in chalk behind the door of the bar, in hieroglyphics of his own invention, and helping to

swell the amount of the same as far as the civility of Mrs. Mulroonie's customers permitted.

Having thus as it were chained and muzzled up the mad passion of his lady, he forcibly dragged her towards the innermost recess of the bar, placed her in his own elbow-chair, and holding both her hands, cried vehemently, "Madam Mulroonie, my blessed woman, will ye keep yourself to yourself, I charge ye, till ye get your hade below the blankets!—Put out your hot brathe then, I give you lave; an Irishman's bed is his castle. Think of your wine and your beer license, my ilegant woman; and your house's character—not to mention the life of your husband dear—and the Commission in it—and the dragoons—and my lady above stairs—and the Killinagaad boys, that, if the row begin, wouldn't leave a whole peen in any window of St. Peter's Kays. Madame Mulroonie, you'll some day tie the noose with your tongue you can't loose with your teeth!"

These conjugal arguments were strongly enforced by the re-appearance of Mr. O'Toole, whose eye, in spite of herself, had from habit somewhat of the power over Mrs. Mulroonie's moods, which the keeper's glance obtains over the maniac. But to show Mick, at least, that she was not "to be brow-

bate by a spalpeen like him," she put out her breath though she shifted her ground.

"Shure, Mhaister Jorge O'Toole, you scarce use my lady well, to kick up a row in this quate family—and she in it half kilt, neither fit to order, nor ate a morsel of all that was prepared—after getting a surfeit to her stomach of the murdered boy."

"Sorry for her Ladyship's small stomach, and more sorry for your short bill, Mistress Mulroonie; but duty must be done—and I must see it done, were the Knight of Kerry in your place! and what is more, Denny Slattery must be produced—or it may go hard with those who harbour a proclaimed Papist, accused of correspondence with the rebels who lately attacked his Majesty's Mail."

"Garçoon lit up your lady!" shouted Master Mick, who trembled for a fresh and worse explosion. "Mistress Mulroonie, my angel, you forget my Lady's bell rung twice;" and Mistress Mulroonie, who could not altogether depend on herself, prudently allowed her torch-bearer to light her off the scene in the usual manner.

On investigation it appeared that the accused person had been on the premises only a few minutes before: Chaunette had told her mistress that she had talked with him.

" And it was a lie if I did," cried Chaunette, half-sobbing. " Little did he care to talk with me, as Cathleen there knows well." And pardoning this departure from truth, to Wolfe her homely features, animated by the glow of her feelings, appeared even handsomer than those of pretty Cathleen, who, with a sort of coquetish giggle and curtsy, said,

" Indeed, it is a true Squire. Dennis and the boys never have a mooch to say to poor Chaunette."

A great deal of gabbling, squabbling, and contradiction now followed; and, after beating up stables, hay-lofts, and dog-kennel, and even searching under pretty Cathleen's flock-bed, it was too evident that the bird was flown.

" I have other duty than to mind what raps of post-boys, or other scullions, come or go to St. Peter's Kays," said Mrs. Mulroonie, returning.

" Get into the house now, my blessed woman, this cowld night, and brew the Squire a jug of your best:—and in truth then, Squire, take rest you must, if I should make pretty Cathleen lay hands on you. You'll do yourself up, and be unfit for duty; and then what comes of king and country

within the bounds of merry Munster?—tell us that? Dennis the rogue has no doubt slipt, taking advantage of my being always busy with double entries in the ledger after the dinner."

"In the day-book," said Mr. O'Toole, his features relaxing, "meaning the port decanter. Call the jorum the ledger, Old Mick."

"Squire! and it's yourself is the friend of mirth and good fellowship—always was—though a smack of the pewter flagon is all a poor man can pretend to. But, as the rogue has taken the bog, and your boys can't stir till the moon rise, and you kilt already, to be killing yourself worse—you'll step in and taste the good woman's brewing for once. Here's Chaunette with her lady's hearty service to your honour.—And does your honour think a loyal, judicious Protestant man would bring his wine and his beer license, and his loyal character in danger, for ever a rap of a rebbel post-boy?"

Mr. O'Toole admitted that the thing appeared incompatible with all his previous knowledge of the good sense and loyalty of mine host of St. Peter's; and as that hotel was a more centrical point for his scouts than Orange Grove, as he had named his new brick house, besides being in the vicinity

of the Commission, who, if they chose to note, certainly had the power to reward his zeal, he sat down within the bar, and took the pipe offered, and his share of the balmy beverage compounded by Mick's "angel woman."

"So my Lady Monteglc gives herself such cursed airs about the bit of rebbel carrion I stuck over your dure. I say by —— if I were my Lord Lieutenant, as I am but a plain, honest, Protestant gentleman, I'd have her up as well as e'er I had one of her brethren bold in the west yonder! I would cure her of faintings if my Lord would take counsel of me how to manage his neither-die-nor-do-well lady."

"The women creatures are wake, Squire—wake, wake! What would the misthréss do, clever girl as she is, without the hade to contrive and direct? But push the jug, for shure you require refreshment, after your labours this same day for king and country, and the Protestant religion; but if it were loyal and like a true Protestant now, for I may say anything to so good a friend to St. Peter's Kays——"

"Blast St. Peter's Keys! I'll have you new-christened, man. You shall be bonny St. George, my merry host—or the Royal Oak—or——"

" The ould names being known on the road have a convenience, Mr. O'Toole," said mine host, drily—" but if you thought it loyal and like a true Protestant—not otherwise—God forbid ! I wish the ould woman, Doran, the grand-dame of him, had the hade in her lap to wake it or sleep it as she likes best. She came over the mountain the day to see the boy ; and will keep ullalooing under the porch all night about getting him Christian burying. I know the way of the Papist cattle ; and a wake man like myself will feel quare to be hearing her moans through his sleep, Mr. O'Toole."

Mr. O'Toole condescended to laugh at this confession of nervous weakness in the fat-ribbed host of St. Peter's Keys ; and proceeded to relate some of his own recent exploits when out with a horse-patrol, which, for the honour of humanity, it is to be hoped might not be above half true. Yet it is not wonderful if this dark period was marked by some authorized violence, and by atrocities which, if not authorized, were perchance necessarily winked at. Few generations have passed, even in this peaceful and happy land, since torture itself was inflicted on the limbs of free men, not in secret, but as if the brutal office of the hangman had

been an object of ambition to men of illustrious birth, who glutted their eyes with the sanguinary spectacles from which shame alone held back their hands.

Grahame had an understanding too enlightened to doubt of the justice and imperative necessity of the service in which he was about to be actively engaged; yet it was in nothing recommended to him by the co-operation of such adherents as the person he heard named the *Protestant Flail*,—a name probably bestowed by some Catholic wag, and borrowed from a weapon once well-known in England. This man was, indeed, a rank and disgusting specimen of that race of reptiles, which, in all ages and countries, are quickened amid corruption by the hot and pestilential breath of party-strife. To be *loyal*, according to his distorted meaning of the term, was, in the opinion of Mr. O'Toole, equivalent to justice, truth, and humanity; and to revile and insult his fellow-subjects of another belief, was equal to the fear of God and the love of man: united, they, in his opinion, gave impunity to the rapacity, arrogance, and petty tyranny of brief authority.

"Such loyalty and such faith!" was the young soldier's secret thought. "Fortunately the reign

of such worthies must be as brief as it is odious;" and he almost forgave Madam Mulroonie's failure of the bread and salt, those universal symbols of hospitality, when, on Mr. O'Toole's stepping out to issue fresh orders, he heard her exclaim—

"He bid you look out for Dennis, was id?—Dirty thief! I make the boys wilcome to the long ears of him—it's myself that does—first time, plaise God! they ketch him, mass or market, bog or hill. He, the scullion! would know what belongs to the feelings of ilegant females—and herself too that knew the boy on her father's demesne, and all his kin, dacent people all: The older brother's blood flowed for hers, and now the younger boy's. The curse of St. Patrick, and of my own heart, be on them would spill blood for sparing blood!"

"Madam Mulroonie, my angel!" exclaimed Mick, driven desperate by the rashness of his lady; and he again clipt her in a strict embrace, and almost gagged her with kisses; for which endearments she lent him a rattling box on the ear—the garçoon meanwhile gravely holding up his candle. "As I live, you forget, jewel, the dragoon-officer gentleman in St. Peter's Sentry-box——"

"Be under no alarm," said Grahame, stepping forward with a countenance which bore no marks

of displeasure. " I am deaf to all that is not intended for my ears. But is Lady Montegle indeed the sister of the fled O'Connor ?"

" In truth then she is, sir; and never a good in denying it.—None of your thieving winks and nods, Mick Mulroonie; it's a new world in Munster that were to be counted shame," cried the landlady, looking disdain and defiance on her temporizing lord.

" His only sister ?"

" As ever myself heard," replied the landlady. —" Quit my skirts, Mick. Does the *Flail* call it trasone to say the ould O'Connor had but the one girl ?"

Wolfe heard no more. Without pause for reflection he stood by the door of the Chamber of the Mirrors, which, on his hasty summons, was half opened by old Monica.

" Monica," he whispered, stooping over her as she drew back on seeing him, " evasion is too late. In Scotland I met O'Connor.—I have this night beheld the mother of my wife ! Longer you dare not deny it. Introduce me to her; or, by Heaven ! I will unasked reveal myself. I am in no mood for trifling."

The old woman, in some confusion, had already

advanced into the passage, closing the door of the lady's chamber. She drew the young man yet farther back into the narrow corridor which gave access to a range of small unoccupied dormitories.

"Wolfe Grahame! do I look like one that trifles," she whispered in her turn, holding up her wasted arms, and gazing on him with earnest and sorrowful entreaty. "Is it on the same day that has blighted her eyes, and broken her heart, the old mother would sport with the feelings of any human being—how much less with yours! But you have judged aright—yonder lies the most unhappy and scarce breathing mother of your Elizabeth! If you wish that dear one ever to know the blessing of a living mother, intrude not here. Your place is not yet here. The blood-thirsty man has left the Court and will shortly visit his lady."

"Heavens! then 'tis as I feared. The wife of Montegle is the mother of Elizabeth de Bruce?"

"His most wretched wife!"

Grahame recoiled a step ere he said, "Monica, I have heard enough. What Elizabeth must never hear—never surmise.—Woman, how have you juggled with me!"

Monica could not, in the dim gleam shed by a

distant lamp in the corridor, see the flush which shame, grief, and indignation had brought to the young man's cheek and brow, but she at once understood the tone of his mind; and catching his hand she said very solemnly, "Captain Wolfe Grahame, as true as the God who is in Heaven hears us! your present thoughts do cruel wrong where they should now, and will yet be all respectful tenderness."

And Grahame breathed more freely as he said, "Then how, or where has this lady met my unfortunate kinsman?"

"Beneath her father's roof, as his betrothed Bride, Aileen O'Connor met and loved de Bruce, with the wild, fond, daring love which draws down evil on the heart that owns its power."

"A clandestine connexion—unsanctioned by her family,—as it, I know, was unwelcome to his?"

"A prince might have wooed the daughter of O'Connor of the West!" said the old woman proudly,—"and gloried in his conquest.—Unsanctioned by her family? Oh, no, no! Heaven and earth smiled upon their union; and the old father's trembling voice grew firm as he blessed her troth-plight pledged to de Bruce; brethren and kindred heaped kindness and blessing upon the young, the

beloved, the happy, the beautiful! But hell and its incarnate demons stept between!—Aileen O'-Connor is the wife of Monteglc!"

"'Tis a strange tale!" said Grahame, shocked and subdued, though not yet cured of his eager desire for the explanation of the mystery.

"She plighted her faith, she interwove her fate with one of a doomed race! One is mad, the other, miserable! Leave her then. In her own time she will reveal herself; and think not 'tis for herself she fears, or herself she spares: were O'Connor once beyond the reach of pursuit, that were the signal of a long delayed justice."

"I trust that he is," said Wolfe; "on the morning I left him he rode a good horse; and had a faithful guide, though a strange and a wild one."

"And was she faithful—that poor wretch?" exclaimed the old woman. "Do *you* say it? You outcast and degraded woman, forsaken of God and goodness! was *she* faithful?" She laid her hand on Wolfe's arm, her emotion betraying deeper interest in the vagrant Rouge-mantle than one so worthy could be supposed to feel for one so vile.

"God forgive the mother, who, in her bitter sorrow and burning shame, cursed the first living thing that ever clung to her bosom in infant inno-

cence, and impute it not as evil to her, or as sin to me."

It was but a transient interest that Grahame could at this time take in the information thus conveyed; but he saw that the heart of Monica, though bruised, was not chilled; and he felt pleasure in repeating his commendations of the address and fidelity of his late acquaintance.

"She is stained with crimes enow, and faults, but too many; but the leprosy of treachery never yet tainted the blood of the Dorans. Oh! pardon so much speech of that unhappy one, who has haunted my thoughts, and corroded my heart for many a lonely year! Why should not the decent mother have an evil child? May not the human fiend prove the angel's sire? But part in peace now, I entreat; and I shall know neither rest nor solace till I have redeemed the promise to you, which I this night solemnly repeat."

"Monica, you treat me as a child," said Wolfe; "but your devotion to my Elizabeth, and to her mother, I dare not doubt. I go, since you enjoin my departure. But remember, even within the month I must again see you."

"'Tis brief notice; but you shall. Then go in peace.

"Always glad to be rid of me!" said Wolfe, half-smiling. But before he could withdraw, the figure of Mrs. Honour, adjusted cap-à-pie, appeared in far off perspective, advancing from No. 5 to her lady's chamber.

"The Englishwoman," whispered Monica, in tones of aversion; and she hastily pulled the sleeve of her companion, who followed her into a small cabinet or dressing-room, communicating both with the corridor of the dormitories, and the Chamber of the Mirrors; and leaving him here, she passed into the chamber, so as to anticipate the arrival of the waiting woman. That official brought "My Lord's compliments, and hopes my Lady is able to see him just now, on business rather particular."

"I will myself, bear my Lady's reply to your Lord," said the old nurse, sparing the lady the effort of a reply.

"Marry, come up! I 'sposes my Lady has a tongue of her own," muttered Mrs. Honour, parting in state.

"Monica, secure the door of the chamber. I would be alone with you. I have need of preparation for an interview like this!" was whispered in tones which thrilled to the heart of the unsus-

pected listener—the soft, liquid, heart-modulated tones of his own Elizabeth.

The door of the cabinet was between the old-fashioned, high-testered bed, and the couch on which the lady reclined; and exactly opposite to this door, was one of those large filigree-framed mirrors so prized by the landlady. It was but to push the door a little aside—an almost pardonable act of curiosity—and reflected in a hazy phantom light, Grahame beheld the delicate reclining form, tinted with flitting dream-like hues, which threw around the pale and exquisitely beautiful countenance a shadowy, indescribable, and almost aerial softness; as if the whole being were a floating vision of enchantment, impalpable to touch. Thus, in as it were her own element of mystery, was revealed the mother of his Elizabeth! Almost afraid to breathe, lest a breath might dissipate the fairy scene, Wolfe stood silent and watchful.

"Monica, sit by me while I tell you my dreams. I have had happy dreams to-night!—Is not this All-Hallow Eve when spirits have power? But tell me first of my daughter—of O'Connor? In her young dream of felicity, how happy she must be!—Tell me too, of him—that young and generous kinsman of de Bruce—who for her own sake loved the poor Elizabeth."

"She is well, and carries her full cup humbly and steadily," said Monica. "But this must be for another day. Have compassion on yourself and me. I know that for nights you have not slept."

"I know what you mean; but, Monica, I am pardoned the blood of your Felix!" she whispered, raising herself on the couch, and bending the swan-like, slender neck, which had before attracted the admiration of Grahame, towards the faithful old woman who knelt by her;—"and the chosen messenger of Heaven's forgiveness!—it was *himself*, it was de Bruce!" Her voice sunk into the low, solemn, yet impassioned whisper, which falls so deeply on the heart.

"Alas! Aileen!" cried the old woman, clasping the lady's hand; and her eye darted to the door of the cabinet.

Regardless of this exclamation, in tones yet more passionate, the lady whispered:—"His countenance was young and radiant—his clasp warm and human. Monica was it his *Fetch*, warning me of his death, and of mine to follow?—On earth I have but one duty—to my Elizabeth. Once assured of O'Connor's safety, I will brave Heaven and Earth to do justice to my daughter. I have yet another task; for I too, will this night

with you, wake your Felix !—And his shall be the bravest wake Munster has seen for ages—ay ! as if a prince of O'Connor's race had departed in his glory !" and she bent forward, and clasped the old woman's neck. " And prayers shall be said for him at every shrine in Spain and Italy, at which Pilgrim kneels, or at which Christian rites are celebrated—even at those distant shrines in the lands that hold the Holy Sepulchre. And to all who prize heroic faith, or who love devoted affection, his grave will be as a shrine. O ! stint me not in this !—I will this night with you, in the chapel of Brian's Tower, wake your Felix.—The lifeless body is there already—the bleeding head !—Oh, men ! into what demons are ye changed !"

Monica whispered in a tone so low that Grahame could not ascertain one word of her meaning ; but there was a gleam of melancholy delight in her thin and wasted features, which brought a faint reciprocal glow of satisfaction into the countenance of the lady.

" This is enough ! I have but one more duty on earth—then come again ! Oh, come ! bright and beloved messenger !" Her clasped hands were stretched out—her figure bent forward—her eyes beaming in rapt and supernatural feeling, wan-

dered round the apartment, till they rested on the mirror, where the dim, half-seen image of Wolfe was reflected. She started to her feet, and flew as if to clasp this vanishing shadow; then recoiled, and sunk on the couch in a state of complete exhaustion.

Of this interval Monica took advantage to conjure her concealed friend to fly,—an injunction which he readily obeyed, justly alarmed by the consequences of his own rashness.

On his way down stairs he was met by an uproar from the hall. It appeared that the bloody trophy over the arch-way had disappeared within the last ten minutes, no one knew how. Chaunette was alone in the hall when Mr. O'Toole made the discovery, her lips as white as her 'kerchief, trembling, and he said guilty.

"And if I tremble can I help it?" she exclaimed. "Have not I seen the black lips speak and smile, and the glazed eyes glancing blithely in the living boy's hade?"

Wolfe was not permitted to see how the investigation proceeded; for the horn of the guard sounded, and he was compelled to follow the garçoon who departed in search of his great-coat to No. 5, but never found time to return.

The passengers were all seated ere he had the satisfaction to ascertain that, cold as was the night, his great-coat was no where to be found. He threw Mr. Mick his last half-guinea, desiring that the surplus might be given to Chaunette.

"Cathleen, your honour manes,—St. Peter's tight waiting-lass,—straight as a bolt, and wincing as a colt," said Mr. Mick.

"No, Chaunette, the kitchen girl."

The coach started off at last,—the *boys* trotting alongside to the end of the town, to see how the new leader took the road.

"See you yon fires lit up, my jolly boys?" said one of the runners, pointing to the fires which blazed in various parts of the open country.

"Shure, 'tis All-Hallow Eve," shouted Padhre O'Finn to the postilion.

"All Devils' Eve rather, ere it be over!"

"The wake-lights of the poor boy Doran, perchance?"

"Ye said it then. But give her—the Male—a cheer boys!"

"Good loock! good loock! and a plaisant passage, and a quate, through the mountain!" was the final shout; and the carriage and the dragoons flashed away, and disappeared in darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BLACK CASTLE.

And prayed for vengeance, but found
Best comfort in his curses.

SOUTHEY.

These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. — — —
— — — Strive to make her look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about her
Let them be dry and leafless. Let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind her
Make all a desolation.

Old Play.

"FLASH away, boys! Neck or nothing!" was the exulting shout of the Mail-Guard, who, with the reins in his own hands, stood up balancing himself, as he lashed the four spirited young animals which flew on before him, the vehicle, meanwhile, rocking and reeling, till it steadied like a vigorously whipped top, by its own rapidity of motion. And still the shout was, "Flash away!" as the echo of the farewell cheer of the group from

the yard of St. Peter's Keys died in distance; men and horses appearing to sympathize in one brave and reckless impulse, as they swept onwards like spirits careering on the night-breeze.

"They must be bold fellows would dare but look at us," said Grahame, as they swept forward; and, during a short pause which they made, he looked round with martial pride on the "bold dragoons," and their pawing and snorting horses.—The men flourished their sabres, the horses pranced and tossed their manes; and again the cavalcade swept on.

The road lying along the seashore was flat, and, for some time, bordered by hedge-rows, studded here and there with single trees. The night, which was stilly calm, was also uncommonly dark; and, tinted by the glare of the carriage lamps as the cavalcade hurried forward, the leafless trees, in dizzying succession, danced ever back, back, into the thick gloom, like a linked and endless array of spectres. Distinct from the roll of the carriage and the measured tramp of the cavalry, Wolfe now heard the continuous booming of the waves as they broke on the beach, uttering, in the calm ear of night, the most deep and solemn breathings of nature's pauseless voice.

"We have reached the shore; this surely is not the point of danger?" inquired Wolfe, as they emerged from among the enclosures upon open sandy downs, and the rays of the lamps danced in ripples on the waters, now lying in broad lines of silvery gloom, or in massive blackness, beneath the star-light sky, or under the gathered heavy clouds.

"Is the point of danger past?" said Grahame, again.

"We have left the Devil behind, and now plunge into the Deep sea," replied the guard, as they wheeled from those open downs, by an ascent back into the country.

The road beyond this point lay through a gentleman's demesne, and was enclosed on each side by high walls. Here a pause was made, and a consultation held between the guard and the non-commissioned officer commanding the escort, on the propriety of extinguishing the carriage lamps, and putting the horses to the gallop through what was called *The Pass*.

"No, curse it, that might be constred flying!" said the English sergeant; "and the lamps we'll keep a-lit to see how we lay over their snouts, if the cowardly Irish raps dare but look at us."

" Cowardly raps wont look at you, Master Sergeant," replied the guard, who, if loyal, was also national. " But you are master and commander on the road, and may do your pleasure. 'Tis my duty, however, to warn you, that I don't above half like yon same fires along the mountain's face and round the bay—as if this blessed All-Saints' Eve were Midsummer St. John's !—Look ye ! yonder is another breaking out a-top of the *Black Castle !*—Whose corpse light is yon, boys ? 'Tis thought we have O'Toole on board, I know."

A sudden blaze, as if from dry brush-wood, or very resinous splintered bog-wood, streamed suddenly upon the darkness like a meteor, throwing a gleam on the sloping plantations of the demesne, and shewing the sweep of the bay to the left, and the fretted rocks of the low narrow ridge which bore the *Black Castle* on its horn, far out into the waters. The building seemed in this brilliant yet dubious light, not above a half mile distant, bare and lonely, and washed by the tide, which at high water, Grahame was told, completely surrounded it.

" They have lit their beacon in Brian's cradle," said the Guard ; " a purty phœnix he was, and a black bird he is hatching this same night !" and

the man went on to tell, that the *Black Castle* was an old residence of the O'Connors of the West though now abandoned; and that it had been left them on the singular tenure of *Brian's Cradle* remaining on the summit of the tower which bore the same hero's name; for that there the whimsical donor had ordered his remains to be laid; and there accordingly they still mouldered in a leaden coffin cased in another of Kilkenny marble. Considerable pains were therefore taken to keep this architectural monument of family antiquity in good repair, though the other parts of the building were all allowed to go into decay. The Tower overlooked a great part of the fair and fertile Province, and a wide expanse of ocean. Altogether it had been a place of note, while the O'Connors continued to make it an occasional residence; and it was still an object of interest to the antiquarian, the painter, or the tasteful traveller.

"They are all gone to the devil," said the guard; "which is a kind of pity too; for the old unmixed blood gets both scarcer and colder among us."

"There is neither courage nor wisdom, however, in our loitering here studying their fire-works," said Wolfe. "Our route lies onward! If they

dare shew face, or attempt to intercept us, they almost deserve the meeting, were it only for their bravery. Onward then!"

"Onward!" shouted the soldiers; and they plunged headlong into the ravine, which at every step became more steep and narrow, till, on running on a few hundred yards, the road was found to occupy its entire breadth. Yet that depth was not so great as to make the defile an object of much interest, apart from the idea of a danger which if here encountered must be boldly faced out. An encounter here was like fighting a duel in a room; one party must fall, and probably both.

Perpendicular blocks of rock walled in the path on each hand; and these again were crowned by the lofty walls of the demesne. An arch thrown over above the road formed a communication between the grounds thus divided. Long streamers of ivy, floating down from this arch-way, dangled round Wolfe's head as they passed under; and, on looking up, he fancied he saw the dark outline of a man's figure inclined over the parapet.

"'Tis an owl in the ivy-tod, or some of the apostles; for there's a whole garland of them there stuck round the bridge—all the worse of the wear, and a few with broken noses," said the guard.

Plants and shrubs growing in the crevices of the rocks, marked the boundary between the natural and artificial enclosures; and the trees within the walls often shot huge fantastic limbs across the ravine, and interlaced their boughs many feet above the level of Grahame's seat as he swept through the hollow. At intervals these branches dropt so near as completely to shut out the faint gleam of starlight which the travellers might have enjoyed. Where the branches again opened, the air-hung trees seemed to rush back into the sky.

The scene altogether was romantic, and to Wolfe would have been attractive, but for those occasional admonitory bumps on the forehead, to which a love of the picturesque once or twice exposed him, and which compelled him to keep a sharp look out whenever a mass of tangled branches dropt a-head.

While stooping on one occasion to avoid this unpleasant contact, a murmur was heard among the dragoons who rode in advance; and he caught the glance of a pair of wild eyes in the branches above him. In the same instant the lamps were smashed, the guard was borne down, and the trees crashed with the weight of a man who dropt from them on the top of the vehicle. Wolfe snapped his pistol—

but it merely flashed the priming. Already were the invaders firing on the dragoons in the rear; and from the front came the shout, "Draw up! The road is blocked!" A yell rose—the genuine Irish war-whoop,—showers of heavy missiles were hurled from above, while below the horses were assailed by pikes and spike-headed staves. The man whom his fire had missed Grahame now grappled with in the dark—endeavouring, at the same time, to rein in the horses which were becoming restive, and threatening to back upon the dragoon party in the rear, who having fired their pistols almost at random, were already borne back by a vigorous assault of the rebels or robbers,—or were they both?

"Press on—we will win a way! use pistol and sabre, and spare not!" exclaimed Grahame.

The voice, heard above the confusion of that agitating moment, was followed by a rallying cheer, and a rapid discharge of fire-arms on both sides. It was now Wolfe's thought to leap down and join his friends; but it seemed the object of the desperate man who had dropt from the trees, to convert the vehicle and the four champing and restive animals into a dreadful instrument of destruction against the soldiers; and this could be frustrated

only by his maintaining this dangerous post, exposed to the fire of both friends and foes.

"At deadly peril to your friends you fire," shouted Wolfe's prisoner, in the well-known voice of Slattery.

"Villain! this is the reward of my remissness. Fire, men! Think not of friends but foes! They cluster round me—above—below! They are possessing themselves of the Mail papers. Cowardly, midnight ruffians! With light we would win our way against double their numbers!"

"Say it again then jewel!" was croaked in his ear, by the thrilling, peculiar voice of Slattery; and Grahame, hearing the party behind borne farther and farther back, and fearing that of the few men in front some were already unhorsed, tried to hurl his captive to the earth before him, and to leap down; but so strongly and lovingly did his prisoner, now become his jailer, coil his muscular and snaky limbs around him, that their fall must have been together. To retain the reins and get rid of the man at the same time was impossible. In his efforts to accomplish the latter object, Slattery dexterously over-mastered his hand; and in a second the horses were bounding forwards, bearing down alike friend and foe as they

furiously cleared the Pass. With the jerk in surmounting the obstacle thrown across the path, which proved to be only a few broken boughs, the reins were lost to both the parties who occupied this strange field of battle; and the carriage springs gave way. Still Slattery, by whoop and halloo, cheered the prancing animals forward; and the yells of the trampled, the dying, and the wounded wretches, now left far behind, was all that was heard in the wild chase.

"Now I'll make them show their paces and do their manners:—the rogues know who is spaking to them," said Wolfe's companion, who had taken his position too strongly to be easily dislodged; and with shouts, curses, expostulations, and coaxing, he contrived to make the animals draw up for a halt.

"We may parley now, Captain," he said very coolly, as he regained the reins. "I meant you fair, nor would I harm you; but one I thought was within—the fiend! the monster!—I will have his blood. Informer—traitor—murderer of the Dorans,—I will lap his blood!" And his eyes flashed out in the starlight, shewing his wild and impassioned features as if by the light of the fiery spirit within.

Thrown off his guard, either by confidence in his companion or the vehemence of his passions, Grahame took advantage of the moment for which he had lain in wait, and was again master of the field, with no disposition to yield it up a second time. But his companion was as active as athletic: no sooner was he borne down than up again.

"You are scarce grateful, Captain;—take it then in God's name:"—and Grahame received a blow on the temple from a short bludgeon. They grappled once more, and rolled to the earth together, the well-trained horses meanwhile remaining perfectly quiet.

"Gentlemen insides, look to yourselves!" cried Slattery to the fellows within, who, during the wild gallop, had been deliberately rifling the mails. "I'm afraid I have done for this good fellow."

Strange fires were flickering before the eyes of Grahame—strange sounds were ringing in his ears; then came a dreamy and not unpleasing lull of all the senses, as if he were languishing into some state of luxurious quietude,—he felt as if borne flying through the air, and knew no more.

The interval might have been fifty years, or only as many minutes for what he knew, when his

mental recollection, gradually returning, asserted its power over his disturbed senses.

"Slattery, where are my companions? Am I your prisoner?" was his whispered address to the fellow, who, with an air of real concern, bent over him.

"Bless you for spaking!" was the reply; "and swallow this dhrop. Who would have thought a man's hade so soft with a beard on the chin? Mine would have stood ten times as much! I don't mind the few dhrops in your arm, one way or another; but the hade—the hade! I feared the death was on you."

"And were deeply concerned, no doubt!" replied Grahame, with some bitterness. "Where are my fellow-travellers—my friends? Have they beat off the rebels?—Are the despatches safe?"

"Mind the patches of your own skull, Captain. Your friends, if you knew them, are about you: the English red-coats, if you mean them, are suppered and sauced too for one night; though the cowardly villain has escaped me. Well, there will be many a dark night yet, between this blessed All-Hallow Eve and St. John the Baptist's morning."

Wolfe again became exceedingly faint, and sunk

back on his wretched lair. His companion plied him a second time with his strong cordial, and even held it to his lips. "By all the saints that hallow this blessed night and every night, I meant no ill to *you*. Did I not warn you? The boys needed the *blunt*—the captain, the arms and papers—and I—I thirsted—I panted for *his* blood—his blood! The cowardly ruffian shrunk from the journey. But I have sworn it—and *she* has sworn it double. We'll compass him yet:—to die the next hour were pleasure!" And he knitted his brows, clenched his teeth, and puckered his eyelids till the eyes emitted that intense, concentrated tiger-glance, darkling and flashing, which gave his face its unpleasing physiognomical distinction.

"It certainly was rather unhandsome of O'Toole not to come on to-night when you intended him so hospitable a reception, and had made such excellent preparations for him," said Wolfe. "But pray where am I?"

Wolfe now reclined in the corner of a long and narrow arched vault. A grated loop-hole, at the top of one extremity, admitted air, and probably light. A flight of broken rough steps at the other led to a low-browed arched door-

way. A lamp set on the floor, diffused through the vault a yellow, opaque light, circumscribed by a smoky halo. Beyond this ring all was thick darkness; and without, the dash of the surge was heard continually beating on the thick-ribbed walls.

"Where are ye, did ye say, Captain? Faith, then, where a day was ye would have been kindly welcome did ye send up one of the names that's on ye. Ye are in the voute under the chapel—and I hope you don't tire already of your nate, dry lodgings, and asy *hottoman*, as Mrs. Honour calls it."

"And how came I here?—more properly, how am I to go hence?"

"Across a pair of lusty shoulders ye come," replied Slattery, giving his own shoulders a slap. —"How ye next thravel is not so clear to myself."

"On my own legs, perhaps; and the sooner I commence the journey the better. You are a frank fellow, Slattery,—and I need not remind you this is not quite fit quarters for an officer in his Majesty's service. Perhaps if some of those worthy gentlemen, your friends, return to look after their new acquisitions"—and he glanced round on the

portmanteaus, letter-bags, and other spoils, strewed about—" we might differ in opinion on sundry points."

" Then, faith, it's myself does not know what to make of you," said Slattery, with an air of ludicrous perplexity. " What do you advise? To let you off, and get my ears cropped by the boys; and have you bring your red-coats to cut the throats of us all,—or keep you here, whatever the ould woman may say?"

" If you refer to me," replied Grahame, smiling, " I certainly give my vote for instant freedom; though I cannot pretend to be quite an impartial judge."

" Musha, then! there they come drive. They are at the chapel-dure above. Swear then—but there's here neither cross or gospel! Here though are my lumps of thumbs—make the great oath not to betray us;" and he crossed his thumbs.

" Dennis, this is too absurd—almost profanation. If you wish to act the part of an honest man, give me instant freedom, and trust to my honour and gratitude."

" This a-way then—and quiet. The priests, the rogues, had a peeping-hole above. I'll stow you up there. The boys will be locked up here

below till the funeral-service is over for poor Felix. This a-ways."

The limbs of Grahame were aching—his head was again confused and giddy; but, leaning on Dennis, he ascended the shattered steps leading from the vault to the chapel. They passed the low-arched door, thickly studded with broad-headed nails, which divided the chapel from the vault, and Dennis placed his lamp on the floor; his comrades meanwhile earnestly demanding admittance.

"Is it you, Padhre Breachd, with the priest's vestments?—Have patience a-vich. I did not get the place made half dacent for ye yet.—They were cunning rogues them priests," he continued whispering to Grahame, and placing his finger on a spring in the volutes of a hollow pillar, the front of which was carved into the grotesque, colossal resemblance of a man. It was one of three pillars which supported a small gallery at the end of the chapel, opposite the altar. "This is the effigy of St. Boniface. The ould goat, what a beard he had, and a mouth from ear to ear!—In, Captain! and through the saint's own blessed left eye you will have as sweet a peep of all the whole chapel as man need wish; which will divert you till better times come round."

"But why coop me up in this rat-trap? Why not let me away instantly?"

"The King said sail—but the wind said no," replied the other coolly. "The boys are at the dure.—Will you be asy outside there, Padhre Breachd! Is that a way for a dacent man to rattle on the door of the house of the Lord, think ye,—as if it were a hedge alehouse?"

"Tunder and ounds! open Dennis!—This is no Padhre Breachd; and the people are on us," cried those without.

"To the keeping of the blessed St. Boniface I commit ye," whispered Slattery, pushing Grahame into the place of refuge.—Again Wolfe would have remonstrated.

"Madhre Dhieu! and be done then, red soldier!" cried the other fiercely, his eyes scintillating. "Hide, if you hold your life worth a rap! —Captain, I crave your pardon;—but have I not some small risk?"

The case admitted of no farther parley. The stroke of the oars was heard in regular cadence with the recitative of the lament; and ever and anon above all rose the wild ullaloo or screech of the female mourners. The aperture in the hollow pillar shut on Wolfe with a loud clap,

which echoed through the chapel and the vault. —"In a trap indeed," thought the prisoner, already repenting his wavering resolution.

Grahame now heard the quick tread and hoarse whispers of the party which Dennis hurried into the vault; and that worthy had only time to light a few tapers round the altar of this small and unadorned domestic chapel, when the attendants entered carrying the bier. It was laid on a platform in the centre of the chapel, and exactly over the grave already opened to receive the dead.

Wolfe from his loop-hole could now see a concourse of country people, mostly females, kneeling around. Of the men, some knelt, others leaned against the walls and pillars. The women threw back the hoods of their dark mantles—the men were uncovered; and in all, the exterior signs of devotion were deep, warm, and intense, though the regular service had not yet commenced.—There is ever something impressive in sincere devotion, whatever be the form of faith.—Grahame looked on with respectful interest.

"We wait the good father and the Lady Aileen," was the whisper of a man who stood just under Wolfe's pillar of vision.—"She did not come among her poor people for nineteen years before."

"And does she come now to be choked with

the clouds of Lundy Foote ye scatter about ye?" was whispered in the voice of Slattery.—" Get out of that, will ye, Padhre Breachd. Ye are enough to make the blessed St. Boniface himself above sneeze. Have ye no more grace nor manners in a holy place, than keep rapping on a snuff box? And the blessed saint does sneeze, I vow, to shew his anger wid you—snuffy, profane baste!" In a very different tone he exclaimed, " Chaunette! Chaunette! my brave Chaunette!" and sprang forward.—Wolfe heard the quick panting of the girl thus addressed, some time before he saw her walk up to the centre of the chapel, where, in the face of the whole kneeling congregation, she removed the pall, placed on the bier the head of Felix Doran, and fell fainting in the arms of Dennis.—There was a quick murmur and rush among the assembly of admiration and sympathy, as Dennis, with ready wit, bore her for air to the space around the pillar, from which he ordered every one to remove.

" My brave Chaunette, you have brought your dowry in your lap—and won your husband!" was the whisper overheard by Grahame.—" There is one bloody head dearer yet;—but my own right hand must gain me that."

"Och then, Dennis a-chree! and do not say it," sobbed the girl; and at the tinkling of the bell they dropped on their knees, side by side, still clasping each others hands. The priest, an aged, wasted, but venerable looking man, entered from a side door, and was followed by two female figures whom Wolfe instantly recognised. A deep black veil, in the fashion of those worn by professed nuns, enveloped the lady. The people, still on their knees, drew themselves back as she proceeded towards the bier; and hands and weeping eyes were raised to heaven to draw down blessings, as she slowly passed on.

The worship of the Mass was followed by the burial service; and, during this time, the muffled figure was only revealed by the quiet grace of its varied movements in kneeling or standing amidst the humbler worshippers, or in bending over the bier. Once, as she arose, the veil dropt aside, and again, with a feeling of almost superstitious reverence, Wolfe held his breath as he gazed on the pale shadowy mother of his Elizabeth.

When dust had been solemnly committed to dust, and a pause of a few seconds allowed for the indulgence of those feelings of sorrow and affection which find no interpreter in any known ritual,

the priest rose to address the congregation ere he pronounced his benediction. He conjured them to depart in peace. They had fulfilled every becoming duty to their late friend; would they now disgrace the holy and venerable faith which they professed, grieve the spirit of him who had devoted a long and toilsome life to spend and to be spent among them; above all, would they bring deeper affliction over her who had broken from the vowed solitude of nineteen years, only to supplicate for the life of their dear young friend; and who, failing in that, now joined in the midst of them, in the sacred rites which hallowed his latter end.

At this appeal many of the poor people and all the females, again dropt on their knees, and, with the fervid feelings of their country, supplicated blessings upon *her* head. "Blessings, and long life!—if that to her be blessing," was the whisper among the aged women.

When this burst of feeling had subsided the priest resumed. "A handful," he said, "of those misled and desperate men who set the laws at defiance—parricides of their unhappy land—the worst enemies of the religion whose strongest injunctions they violated and put to open shame—

had, on this same night, made a fresh, and no doubt a premeditated attack on a party of the King's soldiers, guilty of no crime save fulfilling their commanded duty. The consequences had been dreadful; and there was no doubt that they would be dreadfully visited on the innocent as well as the guilty. Was such conduct like men, like Irishmen—like Catholic Christians? He would not suspect any now present of being concerned in such wicked and desperate courses; still he must implore and warn all who heard him against what must bring ruin, misery, and the blackest shame on themselves and all they loved, and on their immortal souls eternal damnation!"

"I trust the worthy gentlemen below hear their excellent character, as certified by their own good priest," thought Grahame. He also overheard what he fancied Chaunette's efforts to keep down her turbulent lover, while she said, "Och, Dennis, hear out the good father!"

"Be quate, Chaunette. The priest carries a breviary, and I wear—no matter what. Every man to his weapon."—And Wolfe saw old Monica advancing with eager steps to the pillar.

"Black son of a blacker mother, did ye dare to touch but one hair of the youth's head?"

"I might not care if you thought so," said the fellow half sullenly. "But *no* then, if that satisfy you. And whatever you say of me spare *her*."

"God forgive me! But where then is he?"

"St. Boniface has him in his holy keeping," whispered Dennis.

This little circumstance produced a very happy revulsion in the spirits of the prisoner. There was one zealous friend near him,—one who felt a strong interest in his fate, from many fixed and powerful motives.

The people began to drop off gradually, and in a few minutes there were none present save the priest, the lady and her aged attendant, Dennis, and Chaunette. The lady sat apart on a stone bench under a window, her eyes wandering round the chapel as if in some melancholy survey. Monica approached her; and in the deep clear voice whose liquid whispers are so distinctly heard, she replied to something the old woman had said.— "The witness of a nuptial benediction—to-night, and here? Oh, Monica, not here—not here!"

The reply could not be distinguished; but Wolfe saw the lady bow her head, as if in acquiescence, and Monica rejoined the pair, whom he now understood to be bride and bridegroom. She

then led Dennis back to where the lady sat. With many profound reverences he took the ring which she drew from her finger for the approaching ceremony, and they again returned to the pillar against which Chaunette still leaned.

"Since poor Chàunette cannot return to her service, I see not what better may be," said Monica.

"And who else would convey food or bring comfort to poor Dennis, for the many days he must hide here?" said Chaunette, half sobbing.

"This is a melancholy bridal," rejoined the old woman. "And, boy, turn not the woful into the wicked; lay not your household hearth in blood—it makes bad mortar. To God leave vengeance; and be warned, for your own sake—for the sake of this strong-hearted girl—for the sake of those grey hairs, if you will. Because I lost Felix, for that must I also lose Dennis?"

"I thought then it was little you cared either for Dennis or his poor mother," said the man in a softened voice.

"We do not break our hearts over their wickedness,—we do not madden in our wrath against those for whom we care not," said Monica.

"Now Heaven send the blessed St. Boniface a

safe and asy delivery," replied Dennis, in his natural bold voice. "And keep his gossips quate below," he whispered as if to Wolfe. "Come to light, Captain; and tell my grand-dame that both Dennis and his wandering mother may have some good about them she knows not of." Grahame did not require a second invitation.

"'Tis decreed we shall not part strangers, Monica," said he to the old woman. "May I crave an introduction now;" and his eyes turned with respectful interest to the dim-seen, distant figure which reclined against the railing of the altar, as if totally unconscious of all that was passing around.

"No, no, Wolfe Grahame! again must my word be God speed you! Ours is a fate in which the wise must not mingle. We are a people unhappy and unblest. In peace go from among us."

"And is this your best argument of dissuasion, Monica? For what cold-hearted, ungenerous man do you hold me? Let me rather, as becomes a man, go forward, and on my knees implore to know how the dedication of my life may lessen the unhappiness of the mother of my Elizabeth."

"That very wish has power to lessen it," returned the old woman, warmly. "Then yet be patient,—if you would not defeat your own object

be patient, and be gone. I have not forgotten my promise." Wolfe again looked with respectful interest on the lady, and glided from the chapel, followed by Slattery.

"Chaunette must be your guide to the mountain road," said the man. "You may reach your quarters before day if your legs fail not; and if your first service is to make me repent my trust—remember, though all the red-coats in Ireland formed a triple wall around you, I will whisk you from the middle of them, and never a one the wiser!"

"I must see to that," replied the young man haughtily. "Be assured no fear of personal safety, much less your threats, shall ever make me shrink from my duty. Return to your bride, and make a better husband than you have done a subject. I shall ferry myself across, and make my own way. My papers you say are safe?"

"Unless some of the boys took a fancy to light his pipe with a five-hundred pound bill," replied Slattery, in a tone which made Wolfe think that the sooner they parted the pleasanter would be the farewell.

Wolfe leaped into one of the two small chaloupes that lay moored in an indenture of the

rocks which formed a sort of natural dock; and sculled along under the shadow of the edifice. The stripe of water which, as the tide rose, girdled the castle like a moat, was not above eighty yards in breadth. It was on the land side that he thought it prudent to wait the arrival of his fair guide, who, with swiftness and silence, led him to the mountain gorge, through which wound a wild bridle road. Next day by noon, Grahame, in his barrack-room bed, was surrounded by his brother officers, congratulating him on his escape, and listening to such particulars of his adventure as he thought fit to communicate.

He rose and wrote letters to his home,—a brief one to his uncle, which he forthwith despatched, and a long, rambling, heart-full history to Elizabeth, which he locked into his desk to be concluded when he had accomplished the adventure in which he was about to engage. An interview with the commanding officer, which he had written to solicit, was granted immediately; and three hours after dark he was seen to leave the town, accompanied by a sergeant and a party of foot soldiers, on some secret expedition into the country.

Next morning this party returned, fatigued and in very ill humour, from an ambuscade into which

they had fallen, when left by Captain Grahame near the Bridge over the Pass, and from which they had with difficulty extricated themselves.—But he never returned, and the parties sent out in pursuit of him ever came back disappointed. Many of the officers volunteered on this service, but their efforts were attended with no better success. Public and private rewards, and a day's pay subscribed by the whole regiment for the discovery of a popular officer, were often claimed but never gained.

When Grahame had thus mysteriously disappeared for about a month, his barrack was broken into, and robbed of his papers and clothes, a few of his books, and the bugle which was become his favourite instrument, as well as all the letters which had been addressed to him in this interval.

Another light was thrown on the affair by the discovery of the assistance which he had given to the fugitive traitor O'Connor. And now the regimental mess was divided into violent factions; the English gentlemen belonging to it openly condemning, the Scottish officers as stoutly defending the absent party—though even the latter began to wish that if alive he would appear, and clear himself from these dishonourable imputations. When another month had elapsed a fresh commotion

arose, from the circumstance of a woman in a red cloak coming, in violent haste, to the post-office of the little town in which the regiment was quartered, and claiming all letters lately addressed to Captain Grahame, who, she said, had just escaped from the rebels and returned to head-quarters.—She succeeded in her errand, and was clear off before the postmaster, suspecting the fraud, had raised the hue and cry among the soldiers.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JOHN JOHNSTONE.